Sam. Todis.

THE

HISTORY

Of the RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE De la MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

TRANSLATED by Several HANDS:

And Publiſh'd by

PETER MOTTEUX.

Adorn'd with New SCULPTURES.

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By *J. OZELL.*

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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

DON QUIXOTE

OF

LA MANCHA.

To the Honourable

Edward Coke, Esq;

SIR,

IT was the Practice of most Authors in the last Age, to prefix their own Pictures to their Books; but our present Writers, much happier in their Politicks, have chosen to set off their Productions with nobler Frontispieces, prefixing the Effigies of Persons of Quality and Merit to recommend their Works to the World.

This Practice, Sir, though very prudent, is, in many Caſes, very preſumptuous. To draw in the Wit and Perfections of a fine Gentleman, to patronize the Impertinence and Folly of ſome inſipid Piece, may bring the Patron's Merit, and the Author's Modeſty, very much in Queſtion. But here, Sir, I make bold to ſay, that I have ſuited my Book to my Patron. The great *Cervantes* begs the Protection of the Noble Mr. *Coke*. The fineſt Flowers, principally thoſe of Foreign Growth, require the higheſt Shelter and the warmeſt Sun. Then where ſhould Wit fly in theſe tempeſtuous Times, but where the Nobility and Greatneſs of a Houſe may protect it from the Storm; where a generous Hoſpitality emboldens it to intrude and the Warmth of Fortune may cheriſh and enliven it? The Bleſſin

of a plentiful Eſtate ſets you above all Anxieties in this Life, and the Riches of your Mind ſecure your Happineſs in the future. To double your Fortune, you have a charming and virtuous Partner to ſhare it: She makes your Life truly happy, for your Deſires are at home. There *Cervantes* expects a candid Reception; he knows that where the Mind is eaſy, the Sentiments will be mild; he chuſes to be entertained where he ſhall find no Diverſions but what are innocent and ingenious, like his own.

Your youthful Thoughts have been ſo improv'd by converſing with the beſt Authors, that what is the Study of others, is now your Recreation; and thoſe Years, which, among many, are thrown away in ſuperficial Vanities, were by you employ'd in admiring the authentick Worthies of

Hiſtory, and in modelling your Life by their great Examples. Among other Obſervations that you have made on this Subject, you found, that the greateſt Men have ſtill been the greateſt Patrons. Hence flows your Candour and indulgent Favour to Wit and Learning; and from hence the declining Stage finds the Benefit of your generous Support. Your Judgment in Dramatick Poetry can ſeparate the Improvement and Morality of the Scene from the Viciouſneſs of an Expos'd Character; and you can receive the true Diverſion of a well-wrought Play; for where-ever Virtue is rewarded, your Merit is juſtly complimented.

On this Conſideration Don *Quixote*, being, in a manner, a Dramatick Piece, lays a Claim to your Protection; and thoſe who have the Honour of your

Con-

Converſation, muſt draw this Remark from your nice Taſte, and judicious Sentiments on that Subject, and other polite Studies, That the Beauties of *Cervantes* are properly your own; Inſtruction without Severity, Learning without Pedantry, and the Senſe of Philoſophy in the Words of a Gentleman.

Theſe Motives, Sir, were ſufficient of themſelves to make me beg your Acceptance of this Work, ſure of the Approbation of thoſe ingenious Gentlemen who have done me the Favour to join with me in the Tranſlation of this Volume. But I had ſtill a further Engagement to this Addreſs, my own private Ambition of owning to the World how much I have been obliged to your Generoſity. And I cannot forbear complimenting myſelf upon the Countenance of a Perſon of

your Merit, for whom I have ſo great a Reſpect. This Occaſion, Sir, might engage me to make you an Author's Acknowledgment, were not your Virtues ſo far above the Reach of my Pen. Yet, as long as this Work ſhall endure, your Favours ſhall be found upon Record, and that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble

and moſt Obliged Servant,

P. MOTTEUX.

THE
Life and Atchievements
Of the RENOWNED
Don *Quixote de la Mancha.*

PART I.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The pleaſant new Adventure which the Curate and the Barber met in Sierra Morena.

MOST fortunate and happy was the Age that uſher'd into the World that moſt daring Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha!* For from his generous Reſolution to revive and reſtore the ancient Order of Knight-Errantry, that was not only wholly neglected, but almoſt loſt and

aboliſh'd, our Age, barren in itſelf of pleaſant Recreations, derives the Pleaſure we reap from his true Hiſtory, and the various Tales and Novels with which 'tis intermix'd, in ſome Reſpects, as entertaining, as artful, and authentick. We told you, that as the Curate was preparing to give *Cardenio* ſome ſeaſonable Conſolation, he was prevented by a Voice, whoſe doleful Complaints reach'd his Ears. O Heavens, cry'd the unſeen Mourner, is it poſſible I have at laſt found out a Place that will afford a private Grave to this miſerable Body, whoſe Load I ſo repine to bear? Yes, if the Silence and Solitude of theſe Deſarts do not deceive me, here I may die conceal'd from Humane Eyes. Ah me! Ah wretched Creature! To what Extremity has Affliction driven me, reduc'd to think theſe hideous Woods and Rocks a kind Retreat! 'Tis true indeed, I may here freely complain to Heaven, and beg for that Relief which I might ask in vain of falſe Mankind; For 'tis vain, I find, to ſeek below either Counſel, Eaſe, or Remedy. The Curate and his Company, who heard all this diſtinctly, juſtly conjectur'd they were very near the Perſon who thus expreſs'd his Grief, and therefore roſe to find him out. They had not gone above twenty Paces, before they ſpy'd a Youth in a Country Habit, ſitting at the Foot of a Rock behind an Aſh-tree; but they cou'd not well ſee his Face, being bow'd almoſt upon his Knees, as he ſat waſhing his Feet in a Rivulet that glided by. They approach'd him ſo ſoftly that he did not perceive 'em: And, as he was gently paddling in the clear Water, they had time to diſcern that his Legs were as white as Alabaſter, and ſo taper, ſo curiouſly proportion'd, and ſo fine, that nothing of the kind cou'd appear more beautiful. Our Obſervers were amaz'd at this

this Diſcovery, rightly imagining that ſuch tender Feet were not us'd to trudge in rugged ways, or meaſure the Steps of Oxen at the Plough, the common Employments of People in ſuch Apparel; and therefore the Curate, who went before the reſt, whoſe Curioſity was heighten'd by this ſight, beckon'd to 'em to ſtep aſide, and hide themſelves behind ſome of the little Rocks that were by; which they did, and from thence making a ſtricter Obſervation, they found he had on a ſhort Jerkin of coarſe ruſſet Cloth ty'd about his Waſte, with a kind of Linnen Scarf, and a pair of Breeches of the ſame, together with a Thrum-cap, under which his Hair was turn'd up. After he had waſh'd his Feet, to dry 'em he pull'd out from under his Cap a Handkerchief that partly hid his Cheeks; and with that looking up, he diſcover'd ſo charming a Face, ſo accompliſh'd a Beauty, that *Cardenio* cou'd not forbear ſaying to the Curate, that ſince this was not *Lucinda*, 'twas certainly no humane Form, but an Angel. And then the Youth taking off his Cap, and ſhaking his Head, an incredible quantity of lovely Hair flow'd down upon his Shoulders, and not only cover'd 'em, but almoſt all his Body; by which they were now convinc'd, that what they at firſt took to be a Country Lad, was a young Woman, and one of the moſt beautiful Creatures in the World. *Cardenio* was not leſs ſurpriz'd than the other two, and once more declar'd, that no Face could vie with 'hers but *Lucinda*'s. To part her diſhevel'd Treſſes, ſhe only us'd her ſlender Fingers, and at the ſame time diſcover'd ſo fine a pair of Arms and Hands, ſo white and lovely, that our three admiring Gazers grew more impatient to know who ſhe was, and mov'd forwards to accoſt her. At the Noiſe they made, the pretty Creature ſtarted; and peeping thro' her Hair,

which ſhe haſtily remov'd from before her Eyes with both her Hands, ſhe no ſooner ſaw three Men coming towards her, but in a mighty fright ſhe ſnatch'd up a little Bundle that lay by her, and fled as faſt as ſhe cou'd, without ſo much as ſtaying to put on her Shoos, or do up her Hair. But alas! ſcarce had ſhe gone ſix Steps, when her tender Feet not being able to endure the rough encounter of the Stones, the poor affrighted Fair fell on the hard Ground; ſo that thoſe from whom ſhe fled, haſt'ning to help her; Stay, Madam, cry'd the Curate, whoever you be, you have no reaſon to fly; We have no other Deſign but to do you Service. With that, approaching her, he took her by the Hand, and perceiving ſhe was ſo diſorder'd with Fear and Confuſion, that ſhe cou'd not anſwer a Word; he ſtrove to compoſe her Mind with kind Expreſſions. Be not afraid, Madam, contínu'd he; tho' your Hair has betray'd what your Diſguiſe conceal'd from us, we are but the more diſpos'd to aſſiſt you, and do you all manner of Service. Then pray tell us how we may beſt do it. I imagine it was no ſlight occaſion that made you obſcure your ſingular Beauty under ſo unworthy a Diſguiſe, and venture into this Deſart, where it was the greateſt Chance in the World that e'er you met with us. However, we hope it is not impoſſible to find a Remedy for your Misfortunes, ſince there are none which Reaſon and Time will not at laſt ſurmount: And therefore, Madam, if you have not abſolutely renounc'd all humane Comfort, I beſeech you tell us the Cauſe of your Affliction, and aſſure yourſelf we do not ask this out of meer Curioſity, but a real Deſire to ſerve you, and either to condole or aſſwage your Grief.

While

While the Curate endeavour'd thus to remove the trembling Fair one's Apprehenſion, ſhe ſtood amaz'd, ſtaring, without ſpeaking a Word, ſometimes upon one, ſometimes upon another, like one ſcarce well awake, or like an ignorant Clown who happens to ſee ſome ſtrange Sight. But at laſt the Curate having given her time to recollect herſelf, and perſiſting in his earneſt and civil Intreaties, ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, and then unclo-ſing her Lips, broke Silence in this manner. Since this Deſart has not been able to conceal me, and my Hair has betray'd me, 'twou'd be needleſs now for me to diſſemble with you; and ſince you deſire to hear the Story of my Misfortunes, I cannot in Civility deny you, after all the obliging Offers you have been pleas'd to make me: But yet, Gentlemen, I am much afraid, what I have to ſay will but make you ſad, and afford you little Satisfaction; for you will find my Diſaſters are not to be remedy'd. There's one thing that troubles me yet more; it ſhocks my Nature to think I muſt be forc'd to reveal to you ſome Secrets which I had deſign'd to have bury'd in my Grave: But yet conſidering the Garb and the Place you've found me in, I fancy 'twill be better for me to tell you all, than to give you occaſion to doubt of my paſt Conduct and my preſent Deſigns by an affected Reſervedneſs. The diſguis'd Lady having made this Anſwer, with a modeſt Bluſh and extraordinary Diſcretion, the Curate and his Company, who now admir'd her the more for her Senſe, renew'd their kind Offers and preſſing Solicitations; and then they modeſtly let her retire a Moment to ſome diſtance to put herſelf in decent Order. Which done, ſhe return'd, and being all ſeated on the Graſs, after ſhe had us'd no ſmall Violence to ſmother her Tears, ſhe thus began her Story.

I was

I was born in a certain Town of *Andaluzia*, from which a Duke takes his Title, that makes him a Grandee of *Spain*. This Duke has two Sons, the Eldeſt Heir to his Eſtate and Virtues, the Youngeſt Heir to nothing I know of, but the Deceit and Perfidiouſneſs of the greateſt Traitor that ever liv'd. My Father, who is one of his Vaſſals, is but of low degree; but ſo very rich, that, had Fortune equal'd his Birth to his Eſtate, he cou'd have wanted nothing more, and I, perhaps, had never been ſo miſerable; for I verily believe, my not being of noble Blood is the chief occaſion of my Ruin. And yet my Parents are not ſo meanly born neither, as to have any cauſe to be aſham'd of their Original. 'Tis true, they have been Farmers from Father to Son, yet without any Mixture or Stain of infamous or ſcandalous Blood. They are good old Chriſtians (as we call our true primitive *Spaniards*) and the Antiquity of their Family, together with their large Poſſeſſions, and the Port they live in, raiſes 'em much above their Profeſſion, and has by little and little almoſt univerſally gain'd them the Name of Gentlemen, ſetting 'em, in a manner, equal to many ſuch in the World's Eſteem. As I am their only Child, they ever lov'd me with all the Tenderneſs of indulgent Parents; and their great Affection made 'em eſteem themſelves happier in their Daughter, than in the peaceable Enjoyment of their large Eſtate. Now as it was my good Fortune to be poſſeſs'd of their Love, they were pleas'd to intruſt me with their Wealth. The whole Houſe was left to my Management, and I took ſuch care not to abuſe the Truſt they repos'd in me, that I never forfeited their good Opinion of my Diſcretion. The time I had to ſpare from the Care of the Family, I commonly employ'd in

the

the uſual Exerciſes of young Women, ſometimes making Lace, or at my Needle, and now and then reading ſome good Book, or playing on the *Spaniſh* Harp; having experienc'd that Muſick was very proper to recreate the wearied Mind: And this was the Innocent Life I led. I have not deſcended to theſe Particulars out of vain Oſtentation, but meerly that when I come to relate my Misfortunes, you may obſerve I do not owe 'em to my ill Conduct. While I thus liv'd the Life of a Nun, unſeen, as I thought, by any Body but our own Family, and never leaving the Houſe but to go to Church, which was commonly betimes in the Morning, and always with my Mother, and ſo cloſe hid in a Veil that I cou'd ſcarce find my way; notwithſtanding all the Care that was taken to keep me from being ſeen, 'twas unhappily rumour'd abroad that I was handſome, and to my eternal Diſquiet, Love intruded into my peaceful Retirement. Don *Ferdinand*, ſecond Son to the Duke I've mention'd, had a ſight of me ——Scarce had *Cardenio* heard Don *Ferdinand* nam'd, but he chang'd Colour, and betray'd ſuch a Diſorder of Body and Mind, that the Curate and the Barber were afraid he wou'd have fallen into one of thoſe frantick Fits that often us'd to take him; but by good Fortune it did not come to that, and he only ſet himſelf to look ſtedfaſtly on the Country Maid, preſently gueſſing who ſhe was; while ſhe continu'd her Story, without taking any notice of the Alteration of his Countenance.

No ſooner had he ſeen me, ſaid ſhe, but, as he ſince told me, he felt in his Breaſt that violent Paſſion of which he afterwards gave me ſo many Proofs. But not to tire you with a needleſs Relation of every Particular, I will paſs over all the Means

Means he us'd to inform me of his Love: He purchas'd the good Will of all our Servants with private Gifts: He made my Father a thousand kind Offers of Service: Every Day seem'd a Day of Rejoycing in our Neighbourhood, every Evening usher'd in some Serenade, and the continual Musick was even a Disturbance in the Night. He got an infinite number of Love-Letters transmitted to me, I don't know by what means, every one full of the tendereſt Expreſſions, Promiſes, Vows, and Proteſtations. But all this aſſiduous Courtſhip was ſo far from inclining my Heart to a kind Return, that it rather mov'd my Indignation; inſomuch that I look'd upon Don *Ferdinand* as my greateſt Enemy, and one wholly bent on my Ruin: Not but that I was well enough pleas'd with his Gallantry, and took a ſecret Delight in ſeeing myſelf thus courted by a Perſon of his Quality. Such Demonſtrations of Love are never altogether diſpleaſing to Women, and the moſt diſdainful, in ſpight of all their Coyneſs, reſerve a little Complaiſance in their Hearts for their Admirers. But the Diſproportion between our Qualities was too great to ſuffer me to entertain any reaſonable Hopes, and his Gallantry too ſingular not to offend me. Beſides my Father, who ſoon made a right Conſtruction of Don *Ferdinand*'s Pretenſions, with his prudent Admonitions concur'd with the Senſe I ever had of my Honour, and baniſh'd from my Mind all favourable Thoughts of his Addreſſes. However, like a kind Parent, perceiving I was ſomewhat uneaſy, and imagining the flattering Proſpect of ſo advantagious a Match might ſtill amuſe me, he told me one Day he repoſed the utmoſt Truſt in my Virtue, eſteeming it the ſtrongeſt Obſtacle he could oppoſe to Don *Ferdinand*'s dishonourable

honourable Deſigns; yet if I wou'd Marry, to rid me at once of his unjuſt Purſuit, and prevent the ruin of my Reputation, I ſhou'd have liberty to make my own choice of a ſuitable Match, either in our own Town or the Neighbourhood; and that he wou'd do for me whatever cou'd be expected from a loving Father. I humbly thank'd him for his Kindneſs, and told him, that as I had never yet had any Thoughts of Marriage, I wou'd try to rid myſelf of Don *Ferdinand* ſome other way. Accordingly I reſolv'd to ſhun him with ſo much Precaution, that he ſhou'd never have the Opportunity to ſpeak to me: But all my Reſervedneſs, far from tiring out his Paſſion, ſtrengthened it the more. In ſhort, Don *Ferdinand*, either hearing or ſuſpecting I was to be marry'd, thought of a Contrivance to croſs a Deſign that was likely to cut off all his Hopes. One Night therefore, when I was in my Chamber, no Body with me but my Maid, and the Door double-lock'd and bolted, that I might be ſecur'd againſt the Attempts of Don *Ferdinand*, whom I took to be a Man who wou'd ſtick at nothing to compaſs his Deſigns, unexpectedly I ſaw him juſt before me; which amazing ſight ſo ſurpriz'd me, that I was ſtruck dumb, and fainted away with Fear. So I had not power to call for help, nor do I believe he wou'd have given me time to have done it, had I attempted it; for he preſently ran to me, and taking me in his Arms, while I was ſinking with the Fright, he ſpoke to me in ſuch endearing Terms, and with ſo much Addreſs, and pretended Tenderneſs and Sincerity, that I did not dare to cry out when I came to myſelf. His Sighs, and yet more his Tears, ſeem'd to me undeniable Proofs of his vow'd Integrity; and I being but young, bred up in perpetual Retirement, from all

all Society but my virtuous Parents, and unexperienc'd in thoſe Affairs, in which even the moſt knowing are apt to be miſtaken, my Reluctancy abated by Degrees, and I began to have ſome ſenſe of Compaſſion, yet none but what was conſiſtent with my Honour. However, when I was pretty well recover'd from my firſt Fright, my former Reſolution return'd; and then, with more Courage than I thought I ſhou'd have had; My Lord, ſaid I; if at the ſame time that you offer me your Love, and give me ſuch ſtrange Demonſtrations of it, you wou'd alſo offer me Poiſon, and leave to take my Choice, I wou'd ſoon reſolve which to accept, and convince you by my Death, that my Honour is dearer to me than my Life. To be plain, I can have no good Opinion of a Preſumption that endangers my Reputation; and unleſs you leave me this Moment, I will ſo effectually make you know how much you are miſtaken in me, that if you have but the leaſt ſenſe of Honour left, you'll repent the driving me to that Extremity as long as you live. I was born your Vaſſal, but not your Slave; nor does the Greatneſs of your Birth privilege you to injure your Inferiours, or exact from me more than the Duties which all Vaſſals pay: That excepted, I do not eſteem myſelf leſs in my low Degree, than you have reaſon to value yourſelf in your high Rank. Do not then think to awe or dazle me with your Grandeur, or fright or force me into a baſe Compliance; I am not to be tempted with Titles, Pomp, and Equipage, nor weak enough to be mov'd with vain Sighs, and falſe Tears. In ſhort, my Will is wholly at my Father's Diſpoſal, and I will not entertain any Man as a Lover, but by his Appointment. Therefore, my Lord, if you wou'd have me believe

you

you ſo ſincerely love me, give over your vain and injurious Purſuit; ſuffer me peaceably to enjoy the Benefits of Life in the free poſſeſſion of my Honour, the loſs of which for ever imbitters all Life's Sweets; and ſince you cannot be my Huſband, do not expect from me that Affection which I cannot pay to any other. What do you mean, charming *Dorothea*? cry'd the perfidious Lord. Cannot I be yours by the ſacred Title of Husband? Who can hinder me, if you'll but conſent to bleſs me on thoſe Terms? Too happy if I have no other Obſtacle to ſurmount. I am yours this Moment, beautiful *Dorothea*; ſee, I give you here my Hand to be yours, and yours alone for ever: And let all-ſeeing Heaven, and this Holy Image here on your Oratory, witneſs the ſolemn Truth.

Cardenio hearing her call herſelf *Dorothea*, was now fully ſatisfy'd ſhe was the Perſon whom he took her to be: However, he wou'd not interrupt her Story, being impatient to hear the End of it; only addreſſing himſelf to her, Is then your Name *Dorothea*, Madam, cry'd he? I have heard of a Lady of that Name, whoſe Misfortunes have a great Reſemblance with yours. But proceed I beſeech you, and when you have done, I may, perhaps, ſurprize you with an Account of things that have ſome Affinity with thoſe you relate. With that *Dorothea* made a ſtop to ſtudy *Cardenio*'s Face, and his wretched Attire; and then earneſtly deſir'd him, if he knew any thing that concern'd her, to let her know it preſently; telling him, that all the Happineſs ſhe had left, was only the Courage to bear with Reſignation all the Diſaſters that might befall her, well aſſur'd that no new one cou'd make her more unfortunate than ſhe was already. Truly, Madam, re-

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ply'd *Cardenio*, I would tell you all I know, were I ſure my Conjectures were true; but ſo far as I may judge by what I have heard hitherto, I don't think it material to tell it you yet, and I ſhall find a more proper time to do it. Then *Dorothea* reſuming her Diſcourſe, Don *Ferdinand*, ſaid ſhe, repeated his Vows of Marriage in the moſt ſerious manner; and giving me his Hand, plighted me his Faith with the moſt binding Words, and ſacred Oaths. But before I wou'd let him engage himſelf thus, I adviſ'd him to have a Care how he ſuffer'd an unruly Paſſion to get the Aſcendant over his Reaſon, to the endangering of his future Happineſs. My Lord, ſaid I, let not a few tranſitory and imaginary Charms, which cou'd never excuſe ſuch an exceſs of Love, hurry you to your Ruin: Spare your noble Father the Shame and Diſpleaſure of ſeeing you marry'd to a Perſon ſo much below your Birth; and do not raſhly do a thing of which you may repent, and that may make my Life uncomfortable. I added ſeveral other Reaſons to diſſuade him from that haſty Match, but they were all unregarded. Don *Ferdinand*, deaf to every thing but to his Deſires, engag'd and bound himſelf like an inconſiderate Lover, who ſacrifices all things to his Paſſion, or rather like a Cheat, who does not value a Breach of Vows. When I ſaw him ſo obſtinate, I began to conſider what I had to do. I am not the firſt, thought I to myſelf, whom Marriage has rais'd to unhop'd for Greatneſs, and whoſe Beauty alone has ſupply'd her want of Birth and Merit: Thouſands beſides Don *Ferdinand* have marry'd meerly for Love, without any regard to the inequality of Wealth or Birth. The Opportunity was fair and tempting; and as Fortune is not always favourable, I thought it an impru-

imprudent thing to let it ſlip. Thought I to myſelf, while ſhe kindly offers me a Husband who aſſures me of an inviolable Affection, why ſhould I by an unreaſonable Denial make myſelf an Enemy of ſuch a Friend? And then there was one thing more; I apprehended it would be dangerous to drive him to Deſpair by an ill-tim'd Refuſal: Nor could I think myſelf ſafe alone in his Hands, leſt he ſhould reſolve to ſatisfy his Paſſion by Force; which done, he might think himſelf free from performing a Promiſe which I wou'd not accept, and then I ſhou'd be left without either Honour or an Excuſe; for it wou'd be no eaſy matter to perſwade my Father, and the cenſorious World, that this Nobleman was admitted into my Chamber without my Conſent. All theſe Reaſons, which in a Moment offer'd themſelves in my Mind, ſhook my former Reſolves; and Don *Ferdinand*'s Sighs, his Tears, his Vows, and the ſacred Witneſſes by which he ſwore, together with his graceful Mien, his extraordinary Accompliſhments, and the Love which I fancy'd I read in all his Actions, help'd to bring on my Ruin, as I believe they would have prevail'd with any one's Heart as free and as well guarded as was mine. Then I call'd my Maid to be Witneſs of Don *Ferdinand*'s Vows and ſacred Engagements, which he reiterated to me, and confirm'd with new Oaths and ſolemn Promiſes; he call'd again on Heaven, and on many particular Saints, to witneſs his Sincerity, wiſhing a thouſand Curſes might fall on him, in caſe he ever violated his Word. Again he ſigh'd, again he wept, and mov'd me more and more with freſh Marks of Affection; and the treacherous Maid having left the Room, the perfidious Lord preſuming on my Weakneſs, compleated his pernicious Deſign.

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The Day which ſucceeded that unhappy Night had not yet begun to dawn, when Don *Ferdinand*, impatient to be gone, made all the haſte he cou'd to leave me. For after the Gratifications of Bruti∫h Appetite are paſt, the greateſt Pleaſure then, is, to get rid of that which entertain'd it. He told me, though not with ſo great a ſhow of Affection, nor ſo warmly as before, that I might rely on his Honour and on the Sincerity of his Vows and Promiſes; and as a further Pledge, he pull'd off a Ring of great Value from his Finger, and put it upon mine. In ſhort he went away, and my Maid, who, as ſhe confeſs'd it to me, had let him in privately, took care to let him out into the Street by Break of Day, while I remain'd ſo ſtrangely concern'd at the Thoughts of all theſe Paſſages, that I cannot well tell whether I was ſorry or pleaſed. I was in a manner quite diſtracted, and either forgot or had not the Heart to chide my Maid for her Treachery, not knowing yet whether ſhe had done me Good or Harm. I had told Don *Ferdinand* before he went, that ſeeing I was now his own, he might make uſe of the ſame means to come again to ſee me, till he found it convenient to do me the Honour of owning me publickly for his Wife: But he came to me only the next Night, and from that time I never cou'd ſee him more, neither at Church nor in the Street, though for a whole Month together I tir'd myſelf endeavouring to find him out; being credibly inform'd he was ſtill near us, and went a Hunting almoſt every Day. I leave you to think with what uneaſineſs I paſs'd thoſe tedious Hours, when I perceiv'd his Neglect, and had reaſon to ſuſpect his Breach of Faith. So unexpected a Slight, which I look'd upon as the moſt ſenſible Affliction that cou'd be

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fal me, had like to have quite overwhelm'd me. Then it was that I found my Maid had betray'd me; I broke out into ſevere Complaints of her Preſumption, which I had ſmother'd till that time. I exclaim'd againſt Don *Ferdinand*, and exhauſted my Sighs and Tears without aſſwaging my Sorrow. What was worſe, I found myſelf oblig'd to ſet a guard upon my very Looks, for fear my Father and Mother ſhou'd inquire into the cauſe of my Diſcontent, and ſo occaſion my being guilty of ſhameful Lies and Evaſions to conceal my more ſhameful Diſaſter. But at laſt I perceiv'd 'twas in vain to diſſemble, and I gave a looſe to my Reſentments; for I could no longer hold when I heard that Don *Ferdinand* was marry'd in a neighbouring Town to a young Lady of rich and noble Parentage, and extremely handſome, whoſe Name is *Lucinda*. *Cardenio* hearing *Lucinda* nam'd, felt his former Diſorder, but by good Fortune it was not ſo violent as it us'd to be, and he only ſhrug'd up his Shoulders, bit his Lips, knit his Brows, and a little while after let fall a ſhower of Tears, which did not hinder *Dorothea* from going on. This News, continu'd ſhe, inſtead of freezing up my Blood with Grief and Aſtoniſhment, fill'd me with burning Rage. Deſpair took poſſeſſion of my Soul, and in the Tranſports of my Fury I was ready to run raving thro' the Streets, and publiſh Don *Ferdinand*'s Diſloyalty, tho' at the expence of my Reputation. I don't know whether a remainder of Reaſon ſtop'd theſe violent Motions, but I found myſelf mightily eas'd as ſoon as I had pitch'd upon a Deſign that preſently came into my Head. I diſcover'd the Cauſe of my Grief to a young Country Fellow that ſerv'd my Father, and deſir'd him to lend me a Suit of Man's Apparel, and to go along with me to the Town where I

heard

heard Don *Ferdinand* was. The Fellow us'd the beſt Arguments he had to hinder me from ſo ſtrange an Undertaking; but finding I was inflexible in my Reſolution, he aſſur'd me he was ready to ſerve me. Thereupon I put on this Habit which you ſee, and taking with me ſome of my own Clothes, together with ſome Gold and Jewels, not knowing but I might have occaſion for 'em, I ſet out that very Night, attended with that Servant and many anxious Thoughts, without ſo much as acquainting my Maid with my Deſign. To tell you the truth, I did not well know myſelf what I went about; for as there could be no Remedy, Don *Ferdinand* being actually marry'd to another, what could I hope to get by ſeeing him, unleſs it were the wretched Satisfaction of upbraiding him with his Infidelity? In two Days and a half we got to the Town; where the firſt thing I did was to inquire where *Lucinda*'s Father liv'd. That ſingle Queſtion produc'd a great deal more than I deſir'd to hear; for the firſt Man I addreſs'd myſelf to, ſhew'd me the Houſe, and inform'd me of all that had happen'd at *Lucinda*'s Marriage, which it ſeems was grown ſo publick, that it was the Talk of the whole Town. He told me how *Lucinda* ſwoon'd away as ſoon as ſhe had anſwer'd the Prieſt, that ſhe was contented to be Don *Ferdinand*'s Wife; and how after he had approach'd to open her Stays to give her more room to breath, he found a Letter under her own Hand, wherein ſhe declar'd ſhe could not be Don *Ferdinand*'s Wife, becauſe ſhe was already contracted to a conſiderable Gentleman of the ſame Town, whoſe Name was *Cardenio*; and that ſhe had only conſented to that Marriage in obedience to her Father. He alſo told me, that it appear'd by the Letter, and Dagger which was found about her, that ſhe de-

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ſign'd to have kill'd herſelf after the Ceremony was over; and that Don *Ferdinand*, inrag'd to ſee himſelf thus deluded, would have kill'd her himſelf with that very Dagger, had he not been prevented by thoſe that were preſent. He added, 'twas reported, that upon this Don *Ferdinand* immediately left the Town; and that *Lucinda* did not come to herſelf till the next Day; and then ſhe told her Parents, that ſhe was really *Cardenio*'s Wife, and that he and ſhe were contracted before ſhe had ſeen Don *Ferdinand*. I heard alſo that this *Cardenio* was preſent at the Wedding; and that as ſoon as he ſaw her marry'd, which was a thing he could never have believ'd, he left the Town in deſpair, leaving a Letter behind him full of Complaints of *Lucinda*'s Breach of Faith, and to inform his Friends of his Reſolution to go to ſome place where they ſhould never hear of him more. This was all the Diſcourſe of the Town when I came hither, and ſoon after we heard that *Lucinda* alſo was miſſing, and that her Father and Mother were grieving almoſt to Diſtraction, not being able to learn what was become of her. For my part, this News reviv'd my hopes, having Reaſon to be pleas'd to find Don *Ferdinand* unmarry'd. I flatter'd myſelf that Heaven had perhaps prevented his ſecond Marriage to make him ſenſible of his violating the firſt, and to touch his Conſcience, in order to his acquitting himſelf of his Duty like a Chriſtian, and a Man of Honour. So I ſtrove to beguile my Cares with an imaginary proſpect of a far diſtant Change of Fortune, amuſing myſelf with vain hopes that I might not ſink under the Load of Affliction, but prolong my Life; tho' this was only a lengthning of my Sorrows, ſince I have now but the more reaſon to wiſh to be eas'd of the trouble of living. But while I ſtaid in that

Town, not knowing what I had beſt to do, ſeeing I cou'd not find Don *Ferdinand*, I heard a Crier publickly deſcribe my Perſon, my Cloaths, and my Age, in the open Street, promiſing a conſiderable Reward to any that cou'd bring Tidings of *Dorothea*. I alſo heard that 'twas rumour'd I was run away from my Father's Houſe with the Servant who attended me; and that Report touch'd my Soul as much as Don *Ferdinand*'s Perfidiouſneſs; for thus I ſaw my Reputation wholly loſt, and that too for a Subject ſo baſe and ſo unworthy of my nobler Thoughts. Thereupon I made all the haſte I could to get out of the Town with my Servant who even then, to my thinking, began by ſome Tokens to betray his faultering in the Fidelity he had promis'd me. Dreading to be diſcover'd, I reach'd the moſt deſart part of this Mountain that Night: But, as 'tis a common Saying, that Misfortunes ſeldom come alone, and the end of one Diſaſter is often the beginning of a greater, I was no ſooner got to that Place, where I thought myſelf ſafe, but the Fellow, whom I had hitherto found to be modeſt and reſpectful, now rather incited by his own Villany, than my Beauty, and the Opportunity which that Place offer'd, than any thing elſe, had the Impudence to talk to me of Love; and ſeeing I anſwer'd him with Anger and Contempt, he wou'd no longer loſe time in clowniſh Courtſhip, but reſolv'd to uſe violence to compaſs his wicked Deſign. But juſt Heaven, with a happy preſence of Mind, aſſiſted me in that Diſtreſs; and his brutiſh Paſſion ſo blinded him, that not perceiving he was on the Brink of a ſteep Rock, I eaſily puſh'd him down; and then without looking to ſee what was become of him, I ran as faſt as I could into the thickeſt part of the Deſart to ſecure myſelf. The next Day I met a Coun-

man, who took me to his Houſe amidſt theſe Mountains, and employ'd me ever ſince in the nature of his Shepherd. There I have continu'd ſome Months, making it my buſineſs to be as much as poſſible in the Fields, the better to conceal my Sex: But notwithſtanding all my Care and Induſtry, he at laſt diſcover'd I was a Woman; which made him preſume to importune me with beaſtly Offers: So that Fortune not favouring me with the former Opportunity of freeing myſelf, I left his Houſe, and choſe to ſeek a Sanctuary among theſe Woods and Rocks, there with Sighs and Tears to beſeech Heaven to pity me, and to direct and relieve me in this forlorn Condition; or at leaſt to put an end to my miſerable Life, and bury in this Deſart the very Memory of an unhappy Creature, who, more thro' ill Fortune than ill Intent, has given the idle World occaſion to be too buſy with her Fame.

CHAP. II.

An Account of the beautiful Dorothea's *Diſcretion, with other pleaſant Paſſages.*

THIS, Gentlemen, continu'd *Dorothea*, is the true Story of my tragical Adventures; and now be you Judges whether I had Reaſon to make the Complaint you overheard, and whether ſo unfortunate and hopeleſs a Creature be in a Condition to admit of Comfort. I have only one Favour to beg of you; be pleas'd to direct me to ſome Place where I may paſs the reſt of my Life ſecure from the Search and Inquiry of my Parents; not but their former Affection is a ſufficient Warrant for my kind Reception, could the Senſe I have of the Thoughts they muſt have of my paſt

Conduct permit me to return to 'em; but when I think they muſt believe me guilty, and can now have nothing but my bare Word to aſſure them of my Innocence, I can never reſolve to ſtand their Sight. Here *Dorothea* ſtopt, and the Bluſhes that overſpread her Cheeks were certain Signs of the Diſcompoſure of her Thoughts, and the unfeigned Modeſty of her Soul. Thoſe who had heard her Story were deeply mov'd with Compaſſion for her hard Fate, and the Curate would not delay any longer to give her ſome charitable Comfort and Advice. But ſcarce had he begun to ſpeak, when *Cardenio* addreſſing himſelf to her interrupted him; How, Madam, ſaid he, taking her by the Hand, are you then the beautiful *Dorothea*, the only Daughter of the rich *Cleonardo*? *Dorothea* was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear her Father nam'd, and by one in ſo tatter'd a Garb. And pray who are you Friend, ſaid ſhe to him, that know ſo well my Father's Name? for I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole Relation of my Afflictions. I am *Cardenio*, reply'd the other, that unfortunate Gentleman, whom *Lucinda*, as you told us, declar'd to be her Husband: I am that miſerable *Cardenio*, whom the Perfidiouſneſs of the Man who has reduc'd you to this deplorable Condition, has alſo brought to this wretched State, to Rags, to Nakedneſs, to Deſpair, nay to Madneſs itſelf, and all Hardſhips and Want of human Comforts; only enjoying the Privilege of Reaſon by ſhort Intervals, to feel and bemoan my Miſeries the more. I am the Man, fair *Dorothea*, who was the unhappy Eye-witneſs of Don *Ferdinand's* unjuſt Nuptials, and who heard my *Lucinda* give her Conſent to be his Wife; that heartleſs Wretch, who, unable to bear ſo ſtrange a Diſappointment, loſt in Amazement and Trouble, flung out of the Houſe, without ſtaying to know what would

would follow her Trance, and what the Paper that was taken out of her Boſom would produce. I abandon'd myſelf to Deſpair; and having left a Letter with a Perſon whom I charg'd to deliver it into *Lucinda*'s own Hands, I haſten'd to hide myſelf from the World in this Deſart, reſolv'd to end there a Life, which from that Moment I abhorr'd as my greateſt Enemy. But Fortune has preſerv'd me, I ſee, that I may venture it upon a better Cauſe; for from what you have told us now, which I have no Reaſon to doubt, I am embolden'd to hope that Providence may yet reſerve us both to a better Fate than we durſt have expected; Heaven will reſtore you Don *Ferdinand*, who cannot be *Lucinda*'s, and to me *Lucinda*, who cannot be Don *Ferdinand*'s. For my Part, tho' my Intereſts were not link'd with yours, as they are, I have ſo deep a Senſe of your Misfortunes, that I would expoſe myſelf to any Dangers to ſee you righted by Don *Ferdinand*: And here, on the Word of a Gentleman and a Chriſtian, I vow and promiſe not to forſake you till he has done you Juſtice, and to oblige him to do it at the Hazard of my Life, ſhould Reaſon and Generoſity prove ineffectual to force him to be bleſt with you. *Dorothea*, raviſh'd with Joy, and not knowing how to expreſs a due Senſe of *Cardenio*'s obliging Offers, would have thrown herſelf at his Feet, had he not civilly hinder'd it. At the ſame Time the Curate diſcreetly ſpeaking for 'em both, highly applauded *Cardenio* for his generous Reſolution, and comforted *Dorothea*. He alſo very heartily invited 'em to his Houſe, where they might furniſh themſelves with Neceſſaries, and conſult together how to find out Don *Ferdinand*, and bring *Dorothea* home to her Father; which kind Offer they thankfully accepted. Then the Barber, who had been ſilent all this while, put in

for a Share, and handſomly aſſur'd them, he would be very ready to do 'em all the Service that might lie in his Power. After theſe Civilities, he acquainted 'em with the Deſign that had brought the Curate and him to that Place; and gave 'em an Account of Don *Quixote's* ſtrange kind of Madneſs, and of their ſtaying there for his Squire. *Cardenio* hearing him mention'd, remember'd ſomething of the Scuffle he had with them both, but only as if it had been a Dream; ſo that tho' he told the Company of it, he could not let them know the Occaſion. By this Time they heard ſome Body call, and by the Voice they knew it was *Sancho Panza*, who not finding 'em where he had left 'em, tore his very Lungs with hollowing. With that they all went to meet him; which done, they ask'd him what was become of Don *Quixote?* Alas, anſwer'd *Sancho*, I left him yonder in an ill Plight: I found him in his Shirt, lean, pale, and almoſt ſtarv'd, ſighing and whining for his Lady *Dulcinea*. I told him how that ſhe'd have him come to her preſently to *Toboſo*, where ſhe look'd for him out of Hand; yet for all this he would not budge a foot, but e'en told me he was reſolv'd he wou'd ne'er ſet Eyes on her ſweet Face again, till he had done ſome Feats that might make him worthy of her Goodneſs: So that, added *Sancho*, if he leads this Life any longer, I fear me my poor Maſter is never like to be an Emperor, as he is bound in Honour to be, nay not ſo much as an Archbiſhop, which is the leaſt thing he can come off with; therefore, good Sir, ſee and get him away by all Means I beſeech you. The Curate bid him be of good Cheer, for they would take care to make him leave that Place whether he would or not; and then turning to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea*, he inform'd 'em of the Deſign which he and the Barber had

had laid in order to his Cure, or at leaſt to get him home to his Houſe. *Dorothea*, whoſe Mind was much eas'd with the Proſpect of better Fortune, kindly undertook to act the diſtreſs'd Lady herſelf, which ſhe ſaid ſhe thought wou'd become her better than the Barber, having a Dreſs very proper for that Purpoſe; beſides ſhe had read many Books of Chivalry, and knew how the diſtreſs'd Ladies us'd to expreſs themſelves when they came to beg ſome Knight-Errant's Aſſiſtance. This is obliging, Madam, ſaid the Curate, and we want nothing more: So let's to work as faſt as we can; we may now hope to ſucceed, ſince you thus happily facilitate the Deſign. Preſently *Dorothea* took out of her Bundle a Petticoat of very rich Stuff, and a Gown of very fine green Silk, alſo a Necklace, and ſeveral other Jewels out of a Box; and with theſe in an Inſtant ſhe ſo adorn'd herſelf, and appear'd ſo beautiful and glorious, that they all ſtood in Admiration that Don *Ferdinand* ſhould be ſo injudicious to ſlight ſo accompliſh'd a Beauty. But he that admir'd her moſt was *Sancho Pança*; for he thought he had ne'er ſet Eyes on ſo fine a Creature, and perhaps he thought right: Which made him earneſtly ask the Curate, who that fine Dame was, and what Wind had blown her thither among the Woods and Rocks? Who that fine Lady *Sancho*? anſwer'd the Curate; ſhe's the only Heireſs in a direct Line to the vaſt Kingdom of *Micomicon*: Mov'd by the Fame of your Maſter's great Exploits, that ſpreads itſelf over all *Guinea*, ſhe comes to ſeek him out, and beg a Boon of him; that is, to redreſs a Wrong which a wicked Giant has done her. Why that's well, quoth *Sancho*; a happy Seeking and a happy Finding. Now if my Maſter be but ſo lucky as to right that Wrong, by killing that Son of a Whore of a Giant you tell

me of, I'm a made Man: Yes he will kill him, that he will, if he can but come at him, and he ben't a Hobgoblin; for my Maſter can do no good with Hobgoblins. But Mr. Curate, an't pleaſe you, I have a Favour to ask of you, I beſeech you put my Maſter out of Conceit with all Archbiſhopricks, for that's what I dread; and therefore to rid me of my Fears, put it into his Head to clap up a Match with this ſame Princeſs; for by that Means 'twill be paſt his Power to make himſelf Archbiſhop, and he'll come to be Emperor, and I a great Man as ſure as a Gun. I have thought well of the Matter, and I find 'tis not at all fitting he ſhould be an Archbiſhop for my Good; for what ſhould I get by it? I an't fit for Church Preferment, I am a marry'd Man; and now for me to go to trouble my Head with getting a Licenſe to hold Church-Livings, 'twould be an endleſs Piece of Buſineſs: Therefore 'twill be better for him to marry out of hand this ſame Princeſs, whoſe Name I can't tell, for I never heard it. They call her the Princeſs *Micomicona*, ſaid the Curate; for her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, 'tis a clear Caſe ſhe muſt be call'd ſo. Like enough, quoth *Sancho*; for I have known ſeveral Men in my Time go by the Names of the Places where they were born, as *Pedro de Alcala*, *Juan de Ubeda*, *Diego de Valladolid*; and mayhap the like is done in *Guinea*, and the Queens go by the Name of their Kingdoms. 'Tis well obſerv'd, reply'd the Curate: As for the Match, I'll promote it to the utmoſt of my Power. *Sancho* was heartily pleas'd with this Promiſe; and on the other Side, the Curate was amaz'd to find the poor Fellow ſo ſtrangely infected with his Maſter's mad Notions, as to rely on his becoming an Emperor. By this Time *Dorothea* being mounted on the Curate's Mule,

Mule, and the Barber having clap'd on his Ox-tail Beard, nothing remain'd but to order *Sancho* to ſhew 'em the Way, and to renew their Admonitions to him, leſt he ſhou'd ſeem to know 'em, and ſo ſpoil the Plot, which if he did, they told him 'twould be the Ruin of all his Hopes and his Maſter's Empire. As for *Cardenio*, he did not think fit to go with 'em, having no Buſineſs there; beſides, he cou'd not tell but that Don *Quixote* might remember their late Fray. The Curate likewiſe, not thinking his Preſence neceſſary, reſolv'd to ſtay to keep *Cardenio* Company; ſo after he had once more given *Dorothea* her Cue, ſhe and the Barber went before with *Sancho*, while the two others follow'd on foot at a Diſtance.

Thus they went on for about three Quarters of a League, and then among the Rocks they ſpy'd Don *Quixote*, who had by this Time put on his Cloaths, tho' not his Armour. Immediately *Dorothea*, underſtanding he was the Perſon, whip'd her Palfry, and when ſhe drew near Don *Quixote*, her Squire alighted and took her from her Saddle. When ſhe was upon her Feet, ſhe gracefully advanc'd towards the Knight, and with her Squire, falling on her Knees before him, in ſpight of his Endeavours to the contrary; Thrice valorous and invincible Knight, ſaid ſhe, never will I riſe from this Place, till your Generoſity has granted me a Boon, which ſhall redound to your Honour, and the Relief of the moſt diſconſolate and moſt injur'd Damſel that the Sun ever ſaw: And indeed if your Valour and the Strength of your formidable Arm be anſwerable to the Extent of your immortal Renown, you are bound by the Laws of Honour, and the Knighthood which you profeſs, to ſuccour a diſtreſs'd Princeſs, who, led by the reſounding Fame of your marvellous and redoubted

Feats of Arms, comes from the remoteſt Regions, to implore your Protection. I cannot, ſaid Don *Quixote*, make you any Anſwer, moſt beautiful Lady, nor will I hear a Word more, unleſs you vouchſafe to riſe. Pardon me, noble Knight, reply'd the petitioning Damſel; my Knees ſhall firſt be rooted here, unleſs you will courteouſly condeſcend to grant me the Boon which I humbly requeſt. I grant it then, Lady, ſaid Don *Quixote*, provided it be nothing to the Diſſervice of my King, my Country, and that Beauty who keeps the Key of my Heart and Liberty. It ſhall not tend to the Prejudice or Detriment of any of theſe, cry'd the Lady. With that *Sancho* cloſing up to his Maſter, and whiſpering him in the Ear, Grant it, Sir, quoth he, grant it, I tell ye; 'tis but a Trifle next to nothing, only to kill a great Looby of a Giant; and ſhe that asks this, is the high and mighty Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the huge Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what ſhe will, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I will diſcharge my Duty, and obey the Dictates of my Conſcience, according to the Rules of my Profeſſion. With that turning to the Damſel, Riſe Lady, I beſeech you, cry'd he; I grant you the Boon which your ſingular Beauty demands. Sir, ſaid the Lady, the Boon I have to beg of your magnanimous Valour, is, that you will be pleas'd to go with me inſtantly whither I ſhall conduct you, and promiſe me not to engage in any other Adventure, till you have reveng'd me on a Traitor who uſurps my Kingdom, contrary to the Laws both Human and Divine. I grant you all this, Lady, quoth Don *Quixote*; and therefore from this Moment ſhake off all deſponding Thoughts that ſit heavy upon your Mind, and ſtudy to revive your drooping Hopes; for by the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and my ſtrenuous Arm, you

ſhall

ſhall ſee yourſelf reſtor'd to your Kingdom, and ſeated on the Throne of your Anceſtors, in ſpight of all the Traitors that dare oppoſe your Right. Let us then haſten our Performance; Delay always breeds Danger; and to protract a great Deſign is often to ruin it. The thankful Princeſs, to ſpeak her grateful Senſe of his Generoſity, ſtrove to kiſs the Knight's Hand; however, he who was, in every thing, the moſt gallant and courteous of all Knights, would, by no means, admit of ſuch a Submiſſion; but having gently rais'd her up, he embrac'd her with an awful Grace and Civility, and then call'd to *Sancho* for his Arms. *Sancho* went immediately, and having fetch'd 'em from a Tree, where they hung like Trophies, arm'd his Maſter in a Moment. And now the Champion being compleatly accoutred, Come on, ſaid he, let us go and vindicate the Rights of this diſpoſeſs'd Princeſs. The Barber was all this while upon his Knees, and had enough to do to keep himſelf from laughing, and his Beard from falling, which, if it had drop'd off, as it threaten'd, wou'd have betray'd his Face and their whole Plot at once. But being reliev'd by Don *Quixote*'s haſte to put on his Armour, he roſe up, and taking the Princeſs by the Hand, they both together ſet her upon her Mule. Then the Knight mounted his *Rozinante*, and the Barber got on his Beaſt. Only poor *Sancho* was forc'd to foot it, which made him fetch many a heavy Sigh, for the loſs of his dear Dapple: However, he bore his Croſſes patiently, ſeeing his Maſter in ſo fair a way of being next door to an Emperor; for he did not queſtion but he wou'd marry that Princeſs, and ſo be, at leaſt, King of *Micomicon*. But yet it griev'd him, to think his Maſter's Dominions were to be in the Land of the Negroes, and that, conſequently, the

People, over whom he was to be Governor, were all to be Black. But he presently bethought himself of a good Remedy for that: What care I, quoth he, tho' they be Blacks? Best of all; 'tis but loading a Ship with them, and having 'em into *Spain*, where I shall find Chapmen enow to take 'em off my Hands, and pay me ready Money for 'em; and so I'll raise a good round Sum, and buy me a Title or an Office to live upon frank and easy all the Days of my Life. Hang him that has no Shifts, say I; it's a sorry Goose that will not baste herself. Why what if I am not so Book-learn'd as other Folks, sure I've a Head-piece good enough to know how to sell ten, twenty, or thirty thousand Slaves. 'Tis as easy as jumping over a Straw. Let 'em e'en go higgledy-piggledy, little and great. What tho' they be as black as the Devil in Hell, let me alone to turn 'em into white and yellow Boys: I think I know how to lick my own Fingers. Big with these Imaginations, *Sancho* trudg'd along so pleas'd and light-hearted, that he forgot his Pain of travelling afoot. *Cardenio* and the Curate had beheld the pleasant Scene thro' the Bushes, and were at a loss what they should do to join Companies: But the Curate, who had a contriving Head, at last bethought himself of an Expedient; and pulling out a pair of Scissars, which he us'd to carry in his Pocket, he snip'd off *Cardenio*'s Beard in a Trice; and having pull'd off his black Cloak and a sad-colour'd Riding-hood which he had on, he equip'd *Cardenio* with 'em, while he himself remain'd in his Doublet and Breeches. In which new Garb *Cardenio* was so strangely alter'd, that he wou'd not have known himself in a Looking-glass. This done, they made to the High-way, and there stay'd till Don *Quixote* and his Company were got clear of

of the Rocks and bad ways, which did not permit Horſemen to go ſo faſt as thoſe on foot. When they came near, the Curate look'd very earneſtly upon Don *Quixote*, as one that was in a Study whether he might not know him; and then, like one that had made a Diſcovery, he ran towards the Knight with open Arms, crying out, Mirrour of Chivalry, my noble Countryman Don *Quixote de la Mancha!* the Cream and Flower of Gentility! the Shelter and Relief of the Afflicted, and Quinteſſence of Knight-Errantry! How over-joy'd am I to have found you! At the ſame time he embrac'd his left Leg. Don *Quixote* admiring what Adorer of his heroick Worth this ſhould be, look'd on him earneſtly; and at laſt calling him to Mind, wou'd have alighted to have pay'd him his Reſpects, not a little amaz'd to meet him there. But the Curate hindring him, Reverend Sir, cry'd the Knight, I beſeech you let me not be ſo rude as to ſit on Horſe-back, while a Perſon of your Worth and Character is on foot. Sir, reply'd the Curate, you ſhall by no means alight: Let your Excellency be pleas'd to keep your Saddle, ſince thus mounted you every Day atchieve the moſt ſtupendous Feats of Arms and Adventures that were ever ſeen in our Age. 'Twill be Honour enough for an unworthy Prieſt, like me, to get up behind ſome of your Company, if they will permit me; and I will eſteem it as great a Happineſs, as to be mounted upon *Pegaſus*, or the *Zebra* or Elephant of the famous Moor *Muſaraque*, who to this Hour lies inchanted in the dreary Cavern of *Zulema*, not far diſtant from the great *Compluto*. Truly, good Sir, I did not think of this, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*; but I ſuppoſe my Lady the Princeſs will be ſo kind as to command her Squire to lend you his Saddle, and to ride behind himſelf, if his Mule

Mule be but us'd to carry double. I believe it will, cry'd the Princeſs; and my Squire, I ſuppoſe, will not ſtay for my Commands to offer his Saddle, for he is too courteous and well-bred to ſuffer an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon to go afoot, when we may help him to a Mule. Moſt certainly, cry'd the Barber; and with that diſmounting, he offer'd the Curate his Saddle, which was accepted without much Intreaty. By ill Fortune the Mule was a hir'd Beaſt, and conſequently unlucky; ſo as the Barber was getting up behind the Curate, the reſty Jade gave two or three Jerks with her hinder Legs, that had they met with Maſter *Nicholas's* Scull or Ribs, he wou'd have bequeath'd his Rambling after Don *Quixote* to the Devil. However, he flung himſelf nimbly off, and was more afraid than hurt; but yet as he fell his Beard drop'd off, and being preſently ſenſible of that Accident, he cou'd not think of any better Shift than to clap both his Hands before his Cheeks, and cry out he had broken his Jaw-bone. Don *Quixote* was amaz'd to ſee ſuch an overgrown Buſh of Beard lie on the Ground without Jaws, and bloodleſs. Bleſs me, cry'd he, what an amazing Miracle is this! Here's a Beard as cleverly taken off by Accident, as if a Barber had mow'd it. The Curate perceiving the Danger they were in of being diſcover'd, haſtily caught up the Beard, and running to the Barber, who lay all the while roaring and complaining, he pull'd his Head cloſe to his own Breaſt, and then muttering certain Words, which he ſaid were a Charm appropriated to the faſtning on of fall'n Beards, he fix'd it on again ſo handſomely, that the Squire was preſently as bearded and as well as ever he was before; which rais'd Don *Quixote's* Admiration, and made him engage the Curate to teach him the Charm at his

his Leiſure, not doubting but its Virtue extended further than to the faſtning on of Beards, ſince 'twas impoſſible that ſuch a one cou'd be torn off without fetching away Fleſh and all; and conſequently ſuch a ſudden Cure might be beneficial to him upon Occaſion. And now every thing being ſet to rights, they agreed that the Curate ſhou'd ride firſt by himſelf, and then the other two by turns relieving one another, ſometimes riding, ſometimes walking, till they came to their Inn, which was about two Leagues off. So Don *Quixote*, the Princeſs and the Curate being mounted, and *Cardenio* the Barber, and *Sancho* ready to move forwards on foot, the Knight addreſſing himſelf to the diſtreſs'd Damſel, Now Lady, ſaid he, let me intreat your Greatneſs to tell me which Way we muſt go to do you Service. The Curate, before ſhe cou'd anſwer, thought fit to ask her a Queſtion, that might the better enable her to make a proper Reply. Pray, Madam, ſaid he, towards what Country is it your Pleaſure to take your Progreſs? Is it not towards the Kingdom of *Micomicon*? I am very much miſtaken if that be not the Part of the World whither you deſire to go. The Lady having her Cue, preſently underſtood the Curate, and anſwer'd that he was in the right. Then, ſaid the Curate, your Way lies directly through the Village where I live, from whence we have a ſtrait Road to *Carthagena*, where you may conveniently take Shipping; and if you have a fair Wind and good Weather, you may in ſomething leſs than nine Years reach the vaſt Lake *Meona*, I mean the *Palus Mæotis*, which lies ſomewhat more than a hundred Days Journey from your Kingdom. Surely, Sir, reply'd the Lady, you are under a Miſtake; for 'tis not quite two Years ſince I left the Place; and beſides, we have had

had very little fair Weather all the while, and yet I am already got hither, and have ſo far ſucceeded in my Deſigns, as to have obtain'd the Sight of the Renown'd Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Fame of whoſe Atchievements reach'd my Ears as ſoon as I landed in *Spain*, and mov'd me to find him out, to throw myſelf under his Protection, and commit the Juſtice of my Cauſe to his invincible Valour. No more, Madam, I beſeech you, cry'd Don *Quixote*; ſpare me the trouble of hearing myſelf prais'd, for I mortally hate whatever may look like Adulation; and tho' your Compliments may deſerve a better Name, my Ears are too modeſt to be pleas'd with any ſuch Diſcourſe; 'tis my Study to deſerve and to avoid Applauſe. All I will venture to ſay, is, that whether I have any Valour or no, I am wholly at your Service, even at the Expence of the laſt drop of my Blood; and therefore waving all theſe Matters till a fit Opportunity, I would gladly know of this Reverend Clergyman what brought him hither, unattended by any of his Servants, alone, and ſo ſlenderly cloath'd, for I muſt confeſs I am not a little ſurpriz'd to meet him in this Condition. To tell you the Reaſon in few Words, anſwer'd the Curate, you muſt know, that Mr. *Nicholas*, our Friend and Barber, went with me to *Sevil*, to receive ſome Money which a Relation of mine ſent me from the *Indies*, where he has been ſettled theſe many Years; neither was it a ſmall Sum, for 'twas no leſs than ſeventy thouſand Pieces of Eight, and all of due Weight, which is no common thing, you may well judge: But upon the Road hereabouts we met four Highway-men that rob'd us of all we had, even to our very Beards, ſo that the poor Barber was forc'd to get him a Chin-Perriwig. And for that young Gentleman whom you ſee there (continu'd he, pointing to

to *Cardenio*) after they had ſtrip'd him to his Shirt, they transfigur'd him as you ſee. Now every Body hereabouts ſays, that thoſe who rob'd us were certainly a Pack of Rogues condemn'd to the Gallies, who, as they were going to Puniſhment, were reſcu'd by a ſingle Man, not far from this Place, and that with ſo much Courage, that in ſpite of the King's Officer and his Guards he alone ſet 'em all at Liberty. Certainly that Man was either mad, or as great a Rogue as any of 'em; for wou'd any one that had a Grain of Senſe or Honeſty, have let looſe a Company of Wolves among Sheep, Foxes among innocent Poultry, and Waſps among the Honey-pots? He has hinder'd publick Juſtice from taking its Courſe, broke his Allegiance to his lawful Soveraign, diſabled the Strength of his Gallies, rebelled againſt him, and oppos'd his Officers in contempt of the Law, and alarm'd the holy Brotherhood, that had lain quiet ſo long; nay, what is yet worſe, he has endanger'd his Life upon Earth, and his Salvation hereafter. *Sancho* had given the Curate an Account of the Adventure of the Gally-Slaves, and this made him inveigh againſt it ſo ſeverely, to try how Don *Quixote* wou'd bear it. The Knight chang'd Colour at every Word, not daring to confeſs he was the pious Knight-Errant who had deliver'd thoſe worthy Gentlemen out of Bondage. Theſe, ſaid the Curate, by way of Concluſion, were the Men that reduc'd us to this Condition; and may Heaven in Mercy forgive him that freed 'em from the Puniſhment they ſo well deſerv'd.

CHAP. III.

The pleasant Stratagems us'd to free the enamour'd Knight from the rigorous Penance which he had undertaken.

SCARCE had the Curate made an end, when *Sancho* addressing himself to him, Faith and Troth quoth he, Master Curate, he that did that rare Job was my Master his nown self, and that not for want of fair Warning; for I bid him have a care what he did, and told him over and over, 'twould be a grievous Sin to put such a Gang of wicked Wretches out of Durance, and that they all went to the Gallies for their Roguery. You buffleheaded Clown, cry'd Don *Quixote*, Is it for a Knight-Errant when he meets with People laden with Chains, and under Oppression, to examine whether they are in those Circumstances for their Crimes, or only thro' Misfortune? We are only to relieve the Afflicted, to look on their Distress, and not on their Crimes. I met a Company of poor Wretches, who went along sorrowful, dejected, and link'd together like the Beads of a Rosary; thereupon I did what my Conscience and my Profession oblig'd me to. And what has any Man to say to this? If any one dares say otherwise, saving this reverend Clergyman's Presence and the holy Character he bears, I say, he knows little of Knight-Errantry, and lies like a Son of a Whore, and a base-b[illegible]rillain; and this I will ma[illegible] him know more effectually, with the convincing Edge of my Sword! This said with a grim Look, he fix'd himself in his Stirrups, and pull'd his Helmet o'er his Brows; for the Bason, which he

he took to be *Mambrino*'s Helmet, hung at his Saddle-bow, in order to have the Damage repair'd which it had receiv'd from the Gally-Slaves. Thereupon *Dorothea*, by this time well acquainted with his Temper, ſeeing him in ſuch a Paſſion, and that every Body, except *Sancho Pança* made a Jeſt of him, reſolv'd, with her Native Sprightlineſs and Addreſs, to carry on the Humour. I beſeech you, Sir, cry'd ſhe, remember the Promiſe you have made me, and that you cannot engage in any Adventure whatſoever, till you have perform'd that we are going about. Therefore pray aſſwage your Anger; for had Maſter Curate known the Gally-Slaves were reſcu'd by your invincible Arm, I'm ſure he wou'd rather have ſtitch'd up his Lips, or bit off his Tongue, than have ſpoken a Word that ſhou'd make him incur your Diſpleaſure. Nay, I aſſure you, cry'd the Curate, I wou'd ſooner have twitch'd off one of my Muſtachoes into the Bargain. I am ſatisfy'd, Madam, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and for your ſake the Flame of my juſt Indignation is quench'd; nor will I be induc'd to engage in any Quarrel, till I have fulfil'd my Promiſe to your Highneſs. Only in recompenſe of my good Intentions, I beg you will give us the Story of your Misfortunes, if this will not be too great a Trouble to you; and let me know who and what, and how many are the Perſons of whom I muſt have due and full Satisfaction on your behalf. I am very willing to do it, reply'd *Dorothea*; but yet I fear a Story like mine, conſiſting wholly of Afflictions and Diſaſters, will prove but a tedious Entertainment. Never fear that, Madam, cry'd Don *Quixote*. Since then it muſt be ſo, ſaid *Dorothea*, be pleas'd to lend me your Attention. With that *Cardenio* and the Barber gather'd up to her, to hear what kind of Story ſhe had provided ſo ſoon;

Sancho

Sancho alſo hung his Ears upon her Side-Saddle, being no leſs deceiv'd in her than his Maſter; and the Lady having ſeated herſelf well on her Mule, after coughing once or twice, and other Preparations, very gracefully began her Story.

Firſt, Gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, you muſt know my Name is——here ſhe ſtop'd, and cou'd not call to mind the Name the Curate had given her; whereupon finding her at a nonplus, he made haſte to help her out. 'Tis not at all ſtrange, ſaid he, Madam, that you ſhou'd be ſo diſcompos'd by your Diſaſters, as to ſtumble at the very beginning of the Account you are going to give of 'em; extreme Affliction often diſtracts the Mind to that degree, and ſo deprives us of Memory, that ſometimes we for a while can ſcarce think on our very Names: No wonder then, that the Princeſs *Micomicona*, Lawful Heireſs to the vaſt Kingdom of *Micomicon*, diſorder'd with ſo many Misfortunes and perplex'd with ſo many various Thoughts for the Recovery of her Crown, ſhou'd have her Imagination and Memory ſo incumber'd; but I hope you will now recollect yourſelf, and be able to proceed. I hope ſo too, ſaid the Lady, and I will try to go thro' with my Story, without any further Heſitation. Know then, Gentlemen, that the King my Father, who was call'd *Tinacrio* the Sage, having great Skill in the Magick Art, underſtood by his profound Knowledge in that Science, that Queen *Xaramilla*, my Mother, ſhou'd die before him, that he himſelf ſhou'd not ſurvive her long, and I ſhou'd be left an Orphan. But he often ſaid, that this did not ſo much trouble him, as the foreſight he had by his Speculations, of my being threaten'd with great Misfortunes, which wou'd be occaſion'd by a certain Giant, Lord of a great Iſland near the Confines of my Kingdom; his Name

Name *Pandafilando*, ſirnam'd *of the gloomy Sight*; becauſe tho' his Eye-balls are ſeated in their due Place, yet he affects to ſquint and look askew on purpoſe to fright thoſe on whom he ſtares. My Father, I ſay, knew that this Giant, hearing of his Death, wou'd one Day invade my Kingdom with a powerful Army, and drive me out of my Territories, without leaving me ſo much as the leaſt [illegible]age for a Retreat; tho' he knew withal that I might avoid that Extremity, if I wou'd but conſent to marry him; but, as he found out by his Art, he had reaſon to think I never wou'd incline to ſuch a Match. And indeed I never had any Thoughts of marrying this Giant, or really any other Giant in the World, how unmeaſurably Great and Mighty ſoever he were. My Father therefore charg'd me patiently to bear my Misfortunes, and abandon my Kingdom to *Pandafilando* for a Time, without offering to keep him out by force of Arms, ſince this wou'd be the beſt means to prevent my own Death, and the ruin of my Subjects; conſidering the impoſſibility of withſtanding the deviliſh Force of the Giant. But withal, he order'd me to direct my Courſe towards *Spain*, where I ſhou'd be ſure to meet with a powerful Champion, in the Perſon of a Knight-Errant, whoſe Fame ſhou'd at that time be ſpread over all the Kingdom; and his Name, my Father ſaid, ſhou'd be, if I forget not, Don *Azote*, or Don *Digote*. An't pleaſe you, Forſooth, quoth *Sancho*, you wou'd ſay Don *Quixote*, otherwiſe call'd the Knight of the *woful Figure*. You are right, anſwer'd *Dorothea*, and my Father alſo deſcrib'd him, and ſaid he ſhou'd be a tall thin-fac'd Man, and that on his right Side, under the left Shoulder, or ſomewhere thereabouts, he ſhou'd have a tawny Mole overgrown with a tuft of Hair, not much

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unlike that of a Horſe's Main. With that Don *Quixote* calling for his Squire to come to him; Here, ſaid he, *Sancho*, help me off with my Cloaths, for I'm reſolv'd to ſee whether I be the Knight of whom the Negromantick King has propheſy'd. Pray, Sir, why wou'd you pull off your Cloaths, cry'd *Dorothea*? To ſee whether I have ſuch a Mole about me as your Father mention'd, reply'd the Knight. Your Worſhip need not ſtrip to know that, quoth *Sancho*; for to my Knowledge, you've juſt ſuch a Mark as my Lady ſays, on the ſmall of your Back, which betokens you to be a ſtrongbody'd Man. That's enough, ſaid *Dorothea*; Friends may believe one another without ſuch a ſtrict Examination; and whether it be on the Shoulder or on the Backbone, 'tis not very material. In ſhort, I find my Father aim'd right in all his Predictions, and ſo do I in recommending myſelf to Don *Quixote*, whoſe Stature and Appearance ſo well agree with my Father's Deſcription and whoſe Renown is ſo far ſpread, not only in *Spain*, but over all *La Mancha*, that I had no ſooner landed at *Oſſuna*, but the Fame of his Proweſs reach'd my Ears; ſo that I was ſatisfy'd in myſelf he was the Perſon in queſt of whom I came. But pray, Madam, cry'd Don *Quixote*, how did you do to land at *Oſſuna*, ſince 'tis no Sea-port Town? Doubtleſs, Sir, (ſaid the Curate, before *Dorothea* cou'd anſwer for herſelf) the Prince wou'd ſay, that after ſhe landed at *Malaga*, the firſt place where ſhe heard of your Feats of Arms was *Oſſuna*. That's what I wou'd have ſaid, reply'd *Dorothea*. 'Tis eaſily underſtood, ſaid the Curate; then pray let your Majeſty be pleas'd to go on with your Story. I've nothing more to add, anſwer'd *Dorothea*, but that Fortune has at laſt ſo far favour'd me, as to make me find the noble

Don *Quixote*, by whoſe Valour I look upon myſelf as already reſtor'd to the Throne of my Anceſtors; ſince he has ſo courteouſly, and magnanimouſly vouchſaf'd to grant me the Boon I beg'd, to go with me whereſoever I ſhall guide him. For all I have to do is, to ſhew him this *Pandafilando* of *the gloomy Sight*, that he may ſlay him, and reſtore that to me of which he has ſo unjuſtly depriv'd me. For all this will certainly be done with the greateſt eaſe in the World, ſince 'twas foretold by *Tinacrio* the Sage, my good and Royal Father, who has alſo left a Prediction written either in *Chaldæan* or *Greek* Characters (for I cannot read 'em) which denotes, that after the Knight of the Prophecy has cut off the Giant's Head, and reſtor'd me to the Poſſeſſion of my Kingdom, if he ſhou'd ask me to marry him, I ſhou'd by no means refuſe him, but inſtantly put him in poſſeſſion of my Perſon and Kingdom. Well Friend *Sancho* (ſaid Don *Quixote* hearing this, and turning to the Squire) what think'ſt thou now? Doſt thou not hear how Matters go? Did not I tell thee as much before? See now, whether we have not a Kingdom which we may command, and a Queen whom we may eſpouſe. Ay marry have you, reply'd *Sancho*, and a pox take the Son of a Whore, ſay I, that will not wed and bed her Majeſty's Grace as ſoon as Maſter *Pandafilando*'s Windpipes are ſlit. Look what a dainty Bit ſhe is! ha! wou'd I never had a worſe Flea in my Bed! With that to ſhew his Joy, he gave two or three friſks in the Air; and turning to *Dorothea*, laid hold on her Mule by the Bridle, and flinging himſelf down on his Knees, beg'd ſhe wou'd be graciouſly pleas'd to let him kiſs her Hand, in token of his owning her for his Soveraign Lady. There was none of the Beholders, but was ready to burſt for Laughter,

Laughter, having a ſight of the Maſter's Madneſs, and the Servant's Simplicity. In ſhort, *Dorothea* was oblig'd to comply with his Intreaties, and promis'd to make him a Grandee, when Fortune ſhould favour her with the Recovery of her loſt Kingdom. Whereupon *Sancho* gave her his Thanks, in ſuch a manner as oblig'd the Company to a freſh Laughter. Then going on with her Relation, Gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, this is my Hiſtory; and among all my Misfortunes, this only has eſcap'd a Recital, That not one of the numerous Attendants I brought from my Kingdom has ſurviv'd the Ruins of my Fortune, but this good Squire with the long Beard: The reſt ended their Days in a great Storm, which daſh'd our Ship to pieces in the very ſight of the Harbour; and he and I had been Sharers in their Deſtiny, had we not laid hold of two Planks, by whoſe Aſſiſtance we were driven to Land, in a manner altogether miraculous, and agreeable to the whole Series of my Life, which ſeems, indeed, but one continu'd Miracle. And if in any part of my Relation I have been tedious, and not ſo exact as I ſhou'd have been, you muſt impute it to what Maſter Curate obſerv'd to you, in the beginning of my Story, that continual Troubles oppreſs the Senſes, and weaken the Memory. Thoſe Pains and Afflictions, be they ever ſo intenſe and difficult, ſaid Don *Quixote*, ſhall never deter me (moſt virtuous and high-born Lady) from adventuring for your Service, and enduring whatever I ſhall ſuffer in it: And therefore I again ratify the Aſſurances I've given you, and ſwear that I will bear you Company, tho' to the end of the World, in ſearch of this implacable Enemy of yours, till I ſhall find him; whoſe inſulting Head, by the help of Heaven, and my own invincible Arm, I am reſolv'd to cut off, with

the Edge of this (I will not ſay good) Sword; a curſe on *Gines de Paſſamonte*, who took away my own! This he ſpoke murmuring to himſelf, and then proſecuted his Diſcourſe in this manner: And after I have divided it from the Body, and left you quietly poſſeſs'd of your Throne, it ſhall be left at your own Choice to diſpoſe of your Perſon, as you ſhall think convenient: For as long as I ſhall have my Memory full of her Image, my Will captivated, and my Underſtanding wholly ſubjected to Her, whom I now forbear to name, 'tis impoſſible I ſhould in the leaſt deviate from the Affection I bear to her, or be induc'd to think of marrying another, tho' ſhe were a Phœnix in her kind.

The Cloſe of Don *Quixote*'s Speech, which related to his not marrying, touch'd *Sancho* ſo to the quick, that he cou'd not forbear bawling out his Reſentments: Body o' me, Sir Don *Quixote*, cry'd he, you are certainly out of your Wits, or how is it poſſible you ſhou'd ſtick at ſtriking a Bargain with ſo great a Lady as this is? D' you think, Sir, Fortune will put ſuch dainty Bits in your way at every Corner? Is my Lady *Dulcinea* handſomer, d' you think? No marry is ſhe not half ſo handſome: I cou'd almoſt ſay ſhe's not worthy to tie this Woman's Shoos. I am likely, indeed, to get the Earldom I have fed myſelf with hopes of, if you ſpend your time in fiſhing for Muſhrooms in the bottom of the Sea. Marry, marry out of hand, or *Old Nick* take you for me: lay hold of the Kingdom which is ready to leap into your Hands; and as ſoon as you are a King, then make me a Marqueſs, or a Peer of the Land; and afterwards let things go at Sixes and Sevens, 'twill be all a Caſe to *Sancho*. Don *Quixote*, quite veſted of all Patience, at the Blaſphemies which

were ſpoken againſt his Lady *Dulcinea*, cou'd bear with him no longer; and therefore, without ſo much as a Word to give him notice of his Diſpleaſure, gave him two ſuch Blows with his Lance, that poor *Sancho* meaſur'd his length on the Ground, and had certainly there breath'd his laſt, had not the Knight deſiſted, through the Perſwaſions of *Dorothea*. Think'ſt thou (ſaid he, after a conſiderable Pauſe) moſt infamous Peaſant, that I ſhall always have leiſure and diſpoſition to put up thy Affronts; and that thy whole Buſineſs ſhall be to ſtudy new Offences, and mine to give thee new Pardons? Doſt thou not know, excommunicated Traitor (for certainly, Excommunication is the leaſt Puniſhment can fall upon thee, after ſuch Profanations of the peerleſs *Dulcinea*'s Name) and art thou not aſſur'd, vile Slave and ignominious Vagabond, that I ſhou'd not have Strength ſufficient to kill a Flea, did not ſhe give Strength to my Nerves, and infuſe Vigour into my Sinews? Speak, thou Villain, with the Viper's Tongue, who do'ſt thou imagine has reſtor'd the Queen to her Kingdom, cut off the Head of the Giant, and made thee a Marqueſs (for I count all this as done already) but the Power of *Dulcinea*, who makes uſe of my Arm, as the Inſtrument of her Acts in me? She fights and overcomes in me; and I live and breath in her, holding Life and Being from her. Thou baſe-born Wretch! art thou not poſſeſs'd of the utmoſt Ingratitude, thou who ſeeſt thyſelf exalted from the very Dregs of the Earth to Nobility and Honour, and yet doſt repay ſo great a Benefit with Obloquies againſt the Perſon of thy Benefactreſs?

Sancho was not ſo mightily hurt, but he could hear what his Maſter ſaid well enough; wherefore getting upon his Legs in all haſte, he ran

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ſhelter behind *Dorothea*'s Palfry, and being got thither, Hark you, Sir, cry'd he to him, if you have no Thoughts of marrying this ſame Lady, it's a clear Caſe that the Kingdom will never be yours; and if it be not, what good can you be able to do me? Then let any one judge whether I have not cauſe to complain. Therefore, good your Worſhip, marry her once for all, now we have her here rain'd down, as it were, from Heaven to us, and you may after keep Company with my Lady *Dulcinea*; for I gueſs you'll not be the only King in the World, that has kept a Miſs or two in a Corner. As for Beauty, d' you ſee, I'll not meddle nor make; for (if I muſt ſay the Truth) I like both the Gentlewomen well enough in Conſcience; tho', now I think on't, I have never ſeen the Lady *Dulcinea*. How, not ſeen her, blaſphemous Traitor, reply'd Don *Quixote*, when muſt now thou brought'ſt me a Meſſage from her! I ſay, anſwer'd *Sancho*, I have not ſeen her ſo leiſurely as to take notice of her Features and good Parts one by one; but yet, as I ſaw 'em at a Bluſh, and all at once, methought I had no reaſon to find fault with 'em. Well, I pardon thee now, ſaid Don *Quixote*, and thou muſt excuſe me for what I have done to thee; for the firſt Motions are not in our Power. I perceive that well enough, quoth *Sancho*, and that's the reaſon my firſt Motions are always in my Tongue; and I can't for my Life help ſpeaking what comes uppermoſt. However, friend *Sancho*, ſaid Don *Quixote*, thou had'ſt beſt think before thou ſpeakeſt; for the Pitcher never goes ſo oft to the Well————I need ſay no more. Well, what muſt be muſt be, anſwer'd *Sancho*, there's ſomebody above who ſees all, and will one Day judge which has moſt to anſwer for, whether I for ſpeaking amiſs, or you for doing

ſo. No more of this, *Sancho*, ſaid *Dorothea*, but run, and kiſs your Lord's Hands, and beg his Pardon; and, for the time to come, be more adviſ'd and cautious how you run into the Praiſe or Diſpraiſe of any Perſon; but eſpecially take care you do not ſpeak ill of that Lady of *Toboſo*, whom I do not know, tho' I am ready to do her any Service; and for your own Part, truſt in Heaven; for you ſhall infallibly have a Lordſhip, which ſhall enable you to live like a Prince. *Sancho* ſhrug'd up his Shoulders, and in a ſneaking Poſture went and ask'd his Maſter for his Hand, which he held out to him with a grave Countenance; and after the Squire had kiſs'd the back of it, the Knight gave him his Bleſſing, and told him he had a Word or two with him, bidding him come nearer that he might have the better convenience of ſpeaking to him. *Sancho* did as his Maſter commanded, and going a little from the Company with him: Since thy Return, ſaid Don *Quixote*, addreſſing himſelf to him, I have neither had Time nor Opportunity to inquire into the Particulars of thy Embaſſy, and the Anſwer thou haſt brought; and therefore ſince Fortune has now befriended me with Convenience and Leiſure, deny me not the Satisfaction thou may'ſt give me by the Rehearſal of thy News. Ask what you will, cry'd *Sancho*, and you ſhall not want for an Anſwer; but good your Worſhip, for the time to come, I beſeech you don't be too haſty. What occaſion haſt thou, *Sancho*, to make this requeſt, reply'd Don *Quixote*? Reaſon good enough truly, ſaid *Sancho*; for the Blows you gave me e'en now, were rather given me on Account of the Quarrel which the Devil ſtir'd up between your Worſhip and me t'other Night, than for your Diſlike of any thing which was ſpoken againſt my Lady *Dulcinea*. Prithee

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Sancho, cry'd Don *Quixote*, be careful of falling again into ſuch irreverent Expreſſions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offenſive. I pardon'd thee then for being a Delinquent, but thou art ſenſible that a new Offence muſt be attended with a new Puniſhment. As they were going on in ſuch Diſcourſe as this, they ſaw, at a diſtance, a Perſon riding up to 'em on an Aſs, who, as he came near enough to be diſtinguiſh'd, ſeem'd to be a Gipſy by his Habit. But *Sancho Panç*, who, whenever he got ſight of any Aſſes, follow'd them with his Eyes and his Heart, as one whoſe Thoughts were ever fix'd on his own, had ſcarce given him half an Eye, but he knew him to be *Gines de Paſſamonte*, and by the Looks of the Gipſy found out the Viſage of his Aſs; as really it was the very ſame which *Gines* had got under him; who, to conceal himſelf from the knowledge of the Publick, and have the better opportunity of making a good Market of his Beaſt, had cloth'd himſelf like a Gipſy; the Cant of that ſort of People, as well as the Languages of other Countries, being as natural and familiar to him as his own. *Sancho* ſaw him and knew him; and ſcarce had he ſeen and taken notice of him, when he cry'd out as loud as his Tongue would permit him: Ah! thou Thief *Geneſillo*, leave my Goods and Chattels behind thee; get off from the Back of my own dear Life: Thou haſt nothing to do with my poor Beaſt, without whom I can't enjoy a Moment's Eaſe: Away from my Dapple, away from my Comfort; take to thy Heels thou Villain; hence thou Hedge-bird, leave what is none of thine. He had no occaſion to uſe ſo many Words; for *Gines* diſmounted as ſoon as he heard him ſpeak, and taking to his Heels, got from 'em, and was out of ſight in an inſtant. *Sancho* ran immediately

diately to his Aſs, and embrac'd him: How haſt thou done, cry'd he, ſince I ſaw thee, my Darling and Treaſure, my dear Dapple, the Delight of my Eyes, and my deareſt Companion? And then he ſtroak'd and ſlabber'd him with Kiſſes, as if the Beaſt had been a rational Creature. The Aſs, for his part, was as ſilent as cou'd be, and gave *Sancho* the Liberty of as many Kiſſes as he pleas'd, without the return of ſo much as one Word to the many Queſtions he had put to him. At ſight of this the reſt of the Company came up with him, and paid their Complements of Congratulation to *Sancho* for the recovery of his Aſs, eſpecially Don *Quixote*, who told him, that tho' he had found his Aſs again, yet would not he revoke the Warrant he had giv'n him for the three Aſſes; for which Favour *Sancho* return'd him a multitude of Thanks.

While they were travelling together, and diſcourſing after this manner, the Curate addreſs'd himſelf to *Dorothea*, and gave her to underſtand, that ſhe had excellently diſcharg'd herſelf of what ſhe had undertaken, as well in the Management of the Hiſtory itſelf, as in her Brevity, and adapting her Stile to the particular Terms made uſe of in Books of Knight-Errantry. She return'd for anſwer, that ſhe had frequently convers'd with ſuch Romances, but that ſhe was ignorant of the Situation of the Provinces, and the Sea Ports, which occaſion'd the Blunder ſhe had made, by ſaying that ſhe landed at *Oſſuna*. I perceiv'd it, reply'd the Curate, and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought Matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing thing, to ſee how ready this unfortunate Gentleman is to give credit to theſe fictitious Reports, only becauſe they have the Air of the extravagant Stories in Books of Knight-Errantry? *Cardenio* ſaid, that he thought this ſo ſtrange

ſtrange a Madneſs, that he did not believe the Wit of Man cou'd deviſe any thing like it, ſhou'd any one ever ſtart the Thought of ſuch another. The Gentleman, reply'd the Curate, has ſome Qualities in him, ev'n as ſurprizing in a Madman, as his unparallel'd Frenzy: For, take him but off from his Romantick Humour, to diſcourſe with him of any other Subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of Reaſon, and ſhew himſelf, by his Converſation, to have very clear and entertaining Conceptions: Inſomuch, that if Knight-Errantry bears no relation to his Diſcourſe, there is no Man but will eſteem him for his Vivacity of Wit, and Strength of Judgment. While they were thus diſcourſing, Don *Quixote* proſecuting his Converſe with his Squire, *Sancho*, ſaid he, let us lay aſide all manner of Animoſity, and tell me as ſpeedily as thou can'ſt, without any remains of thy laſt Diſpleaſure, how, when, and where did'ſt thou find my Lady *Dulcinea*? What was ſhe doing when thou firſt pay'd'ſt thy reſpects to her? How did'ſt thou expreſs thyſelf to her? What Anſwer was ſhe pleas'd to make thee? What Countenance did ſhe put on at the peruſal of my Letter? Who tranſcrib'd it fairly for thee? and every thing elſe which has any relation to this Affair, without Addition, Lies or Flattery. On the other ſide, take care thou loſeſt not a Tittle of the whole Matter, by abbreviating it, leſt thou rob me of part of that Delight which I propoſe to myſelf from it. Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, if I muſt ſpeak the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, no body copy'd out the Letter for me; for I carry'd none at all. That's right, cry'd Don *Quixote*, for I found the Pocket-Book, in which it was written, two Days after thy departure, which occaſion'd exceeding Grief in me, becauſe I knew not what

thou could'ſt do, when thou found'ſt thyſelf without the Letter; and I could not but be induc'd to believe that thou would'ſt have return'd, in order to take it with thee. I had certainly done ſo, reply'd *Sancho*, were it not for this Head of mine, which kept it in Remembrance ever ſince your Worſhip read it to me, and help'd me to ſay it over to a Pariſh-Clerk, who writ it out for me Word for Word ſo purely, that he ſwore, tho' he had written out many a Letter of Excommunication in his Time, he never in all the Days of his Life had read or ſeen any thing ſo well ſpoken as it was. And do'ſt thou ſtill retain the Memory of it, my dear *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*? Not I, quoth *Sancho*; for as ſoon as I had giv'n it her, and your Turn was ſerv'd, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember any thing, 'tis what was on the Top; and it was thus: *High and Subterrene*, I would ſay, *Soveraign Lady*; and at the Bottom, *Yours until Death, the Knight of the Woful Figure*; and I put between theſe two things, three hundred *Souls* and *Lives* and *Pigſnyes*.

CHAP. IV.

The pleaſant Dialogue between Don Quixote *and his Squire continu'd, with other Adventures.*

ALL this is mighty well, ſaid Don *Quixote*, proceed therefore: You arriv'd, and how was that Queen of Beauty then employ'd? On my Conſcience thou found'ſt her ſtringing of Orient Pearls, or embroidering ſome curious Device in Gold for me her Captive Knight; was it not ſo, my *Sancho*? No faith, anſwer'd the Squire,

I found

I found her winnowing a parcel of Wheat very ſeriouſly in the Back-yard. Then ſaid the Don, you may reſt aſſur'd, that every Corn of that Wheat was a Grain of Pearl, ſince ſhe did it the honour of touching it with her divine Hand. Did'ſt thou obſerve the Quality of the Wheat, was it not of the fineſt ſort? Very indifferent, I thought, ſaid the Squire. Well, this, at leaſt, you muſt allow; it muſt make the fineſt whiteſt Bread, if ſifted by her white Hands: But go on; when you deliver'd my Letter, did ſhe kiſs it? Did ſhe treaſure it in her Boſom, or what Ceremony did ſhe uſe worthy ſuch a Letter? How did ſhe behave herſelf? Why truly, Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, when I offer'd her the Letter, ſhe was very buſy handling her Sieve; and, prithee honeſt Friend, ſaid ſhe, do ſo much as lay that Letter down upon the Sack there; I can't read it till I have winnow'd out what's in my Hands. O unparallel'd Diſcretion! cry'd Don *Quixote*, ſhe knew that a Peruſal requir'd Leiſure, and therefore deferr'd it for her more pleaſing and private Hours. But on, my Squire; while ſhe was thus employ'd, what Conferences paſt? What did ſhe ask about her Knight, and what did you reply? Say all, ſay all, my deareſt *Sancho*, let not the ſmalleſt Circumſtance eſcape thy Tongue; ſpeak all that Thought can frame, or Pen deſcribe. Her Queſtions were eaſily anſwer'd, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, for ſhe asked me none at all: I told her indeed, in what a ſad Pickle I had left you for her ſake, naked to the Waſte; that you eat and ſlept like the Brute Beaſts; that you wou'd let a Razor as ſoon touch your Throat as your Beard; that you were ſtill blubbering and crying, or ſwearing and curſing your Fortune. There you miſtook, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I rather bleſs my Fortune, and always ſhall, while Life

affords me Breath, ſince I am thought to merit the Eſteem of ſo high a Lady as *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. There you hit it, ſaid *Sancho*, ſhe is a high Lady indeed Sir, for ſhe's taller than I am by a Foot and a half. Why, how now, *Sancho*, ſaid the Knight, haſt thou meaſur'd thy Length with her! Ay marry did I, Sir, ſaid the Squire; for you muſt know that ſhe deſir'd me to lend her a hand in lifting a Sack of Wheat on an Aſs; ſo we buckl'd about it, and I came ſo cloſe to her, that I found ſhe was taller than I by a full Span at leaſt. Right, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, but thou art alſo conſcious that the uncommon Stature of her Perſon is adorn'd with innumerable Graces and Endowments of Soul; but *Sancho*, when you approach'd the charming She, did not an Aromatick Smell ſtrike thy Senſe, a Scent ſo odoriferous, pleaſing and ſweet, as I want a Name for it; ſweet as——— you underſtand me, as the richeſt Fragrancy diffus'd around a Perfumer's Magazine of Odors? this, at leaſt, you muſt grant me. I did indeed feel a ſort of Scent a little unſavory, ſaid *Sancho*, ſomewhat vigorous or ſo; for I ſuppoſe ſhe had wrought hard, and ſweat ſomewhat plentifully. 'Tis falſe, anſwer'd the Knight, thy ſmelling has been debauch'd by thy own Scent, or ſome Canker in thy Noſe; if thou could'ſt tell the Scent of opening Roſes, fragrant Lillies, or the choiceſt Amber, then thou might'ſt gueſs at her's. Cry mercy, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, it may be ſo indeed, for I remember that I myſelf have ſmelt very oft juſt as Madam *Dulcinea* did then; and that ſhe ſhou'd ſmell like me, is no ſuch wondrous thing neither, ſince there's never a Barrel the better Herring of us. But now, ſaid the Knight, ſuppoſing the Corn winnow'd and diſpatch'd to the Mill; what did ſhe after ſhe had read my Letter? Your Letter, Sir,

Sir! anſwer'd *Sancho*, your Letter was not read at all, Sir; as for her part, ſhe ſaid, ſhe cou'd neither read nor write, and ſhe would truſt no Body elſe, leſt they ſhould tell Tales, and ſo ſhe cunningly tore your Letter. She ſaid, that what I told her by word of Mouth of your Love and Penance was enough: To make ſhort now, ſhe gave her Service to you, and ſaid ſhe had rather ſee you than hear from you; and ſhe pray'd you, if ever you lov'd her, upon ſight of me, forthwith to leave your Madneſs among the Buſhes here, and come ſtrait to *Toboſo* (if you be at leiſure) for ſhe has ſomething to ſay to you, and has a huge Mind to ſee you: She had like to burſt with laughing, when I call'd you the Knight of the *Woful Figure*. She told me the *Biſcayan* whom you maul'd ſo was there, and that he was a very honeſt Fellow; but that ſhe heard no News at all of the Gally-Slaves.

Thus far all goes well, ſaid Don *Quixote*; but tell me pray, what Jewel did ſhe preſent you at your departure, as a Reward for the News you brought? For 'tis a Cuſtom of ancient ſtanding among Knights and Ladies-Errant, to beſtow on Squires, Dwarfs, or Damſels, who bring them good News of their Ladies or Servants, ſome precious Jewel as a grateful Reward of their welcome Tidings. Ay, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, that was the Faſhion in the Days of yore; and a very good Faſhion, I take it: But all the Jewels *Sancho* got, was a Luncheon of Bread and a piece of Cheeſe, which ſhe handed to me over the Wall, when I was taking my Leave, by the ſame Token (I hope there's no ill Luck in't) the Cheeſe was made of Sheep's Milk. 'Tis ſtrange, ſaid Don *Quixote*, for ſhe is liberal, even to Profuſeneſs; and if ſhe preſented thee not a Jewel, ſhe certainly had none

about her at that time; but what is deferr'd is not loſt, I ſhall ſee her, and Matters ſhall be accommodated. Know'ſt thou, *Sancho*, what raiſes my Aſtoniſhment? 'tis thy ſudden Return; for proportioning thy ſhort Abſence to the length of thy Journey, *Toboſo* being, at leaſt, thirty Leagues diſtant, thou muſt have ridden on the Wind; certainly the ſagacious Inchanter, who is my Guardian and Friend (for doubtleſs ſuch a one there is and ought to be, or I ſhou'd not be a true Knight-Errant) certainly, I ſay, that wiſe Magician has further'd thee on thy Journey unawares; for there are Sages of ſuch incredible Power, as to take up a Knight-Errant ſleeping in his Bed, and waken him next Morning a thouſand Leagues from the Place where he fell aſleep. By this Power Knight-Errants ſuccour one another in their moſt dangerous Exigents, when and where they pleaſe; for Inſtance, ſuppoſe me fighting in the Mountains of *Armenia* with ſome helliſh Monſter, ſome dreadful Spright, or fierce Gigantick Knight, where perhaps I am like to be worſted (ſuch a thing may happen) when juſt in the very Criſis of my Fate, when I leaſt expect it, behold on the top of a flying Cloud, or riding in a flaming Chariot, another Knight, my Friend, who but a Minute before was in *England* perhaps; he ſuſtains me, delivers me from Death, and returns that Night to his own Lodging, where he ſups with a very good Appetite after his Journey, having rid you two or three thouſand Leagues that Day: And all this perform'd by the Induſtry and Wiſdom of theſe knowing Magicians, whoſe only Buſineſs and Charge is glorious Knight-Errantry. Some ſuch expeditious Power, I believe, *Sancho*, though hidden from you, has promoted ſo great a Diſpatch in your late Journey. I believe, indeed,

(anſwer'd

(anſwer'd *Sancho*) that there was Witchcraft in the Caſe, for *Rozinante* went without a Spur all the Way, and was as mettleſom as though he had been a Gipſy's Aſs with Quickſilver in his Ears. Quickſilver! You Coxcomb, ſaid the Knight, ay, and a Troop of Devils beſides; and they are the beſt Horſe-courſers in Nature, you muſt know, for they muſt needs go whom the Devil drives; but no more of that. What is thy Advice as to my Lady's Commands to viſit her? I know her Power ſhould regulate my Will; but then my Honour, *Sancho*, my ſolemn Promiſe has engag'd me to the Princeſs's Service that comes with us, and the Law of Arms confines me to my Word: Love draws me one, and Glory t'other way; on this ſide *Dulcinea*'s ſtrict Commands, on the other my promis'd Faith; but———'tis reſolv'd. I'll travel Night and Day, cut off this Giant's Head, and having ſettl'd the Princeſs in her Dominions, will preſently return to ſee that Sun which enlightens my Senſes: She will eaſily condeſcend to excuſe my Abſence, when I convince her 'twas for her Fame and Glory; ſince the paſt, preſent, and future Succeſs of my victorious Arms depends wholly on the gracious Influences of her Favour, and the Honour of being her Knight. Oh ſad, oh ſad! ſaid *Sancho*, I doubt your Worſhip's Head is much the worſe for wearing: Are you mad, Sir, to take ſo long a Voyage for nothing? Why don't you catch at this Perferment that now offers, where a fine Kingdom is the Portion, twenty thouſand Leagues round, they ſay; nay, bigger than *Portugal* and *Caſtile* both together———Good your Worſhip! hold your Tongue, I wonder you are not aſham'd———take a Fool's Counſel for once, Marry her by the firſt Prieſt you meet, here's our own Curate can do the Job moſt curiouſly: Come

Come Maſter, I have Hair enough in my Beard to make a Counſellor, and my Advice is as fit for you, as your Shoo for your Foot; a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Buſh; and

He that will not when he may,
When he wou'd, he ſhall have nay.

Thou adviſeſt me thus, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, that I may be able to promote thee according to my Promiſe; but that I can do without marrying this Lady: For I ſhall make this the Condition of entring into Battel; that after my Victory, without marrying the Princeſs, ſhe ſhall leave part of her Kingdom at my Diſpoſal, to gratify whom I pleaſe; and who can claim any ſuch Gratuity but thyſelf? That's plain, anſwer'd *Sancho*, but pray Sir, take care that you reſerve ſome part near the Sea-ſide for me; that if the Air does not agree with me, I may tranſport my black Slaves, make my Profit of them, and go live ſomewhere elſe; ſo that I would have you reſolve upon it preſently, leave the Lady *Dulcinea* for the preſent, and go kill this ſame Giant, and make an end of the Buſineſs firſt; for I dare ſwear 'twill yield you a good Market. I am fix'd in thy Opinion (ſaid Don *Quixote*) but I admoniſh thee not to whiſper to any Perſon the leaſt hint of our Conference; for ſince *Dulcinea* is ſo cautious and ſecret, 'tis proper that I and mine ſhould follow her Example. Why the Devil then, ſaid *Sancho*, ſhould you ſend every Body you overcome packing to Madam *Dulcinea* to fall down before her, and tell her they came from you to pay their Obedience, when this tells all the World that ſhe's your Miſtreſs as much as if they had it under your own Hand? How dull of Apprehenſion and ſtupid thou art, ſaid the Knight ha

haſt thou not Senſe to find that all this redounds to her greater Glory? Know that in Proceedings of Chivalry, a Lady's Honour is calculated from the number of her Servants, whoſe Services muſt not tend to any Reward, but the Favour of her Acceptance, and the pure Honour of performing them for her ſake, and being call'd her Servants. I have heard our Curate, anſwer'd *Sancho*, preach up this Doctrine of loving for Love's-ſake, and that we ought to love our Maker ſo for his own ſake, without either hope of Good, or fear of Pain; though for my part I would love and ſerve him for what I could get. Thou art an unaccountable Fellow, cry'd Don *Quixote*; thou talk'ſt ſometimes with ſo much Senſe, that one would imagine thee to be ſomething of a Scholar. A Schollard, Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, lack a-day, I don't know, as I'm an honeſt Man, a Letter in the Book. Maſter *Nicholas* ſeeing them ſo deep in Diſcourſe, call'd to them to ſtop and drink at a little Fountain by the Road: Don *Quixote* halted, and *Sancho* was very glad of the Interruption, his Stock of Lies being almoſt ſpent, and he ſtood in danger beſides of being trap'd in his Words, for he had never ſeen *Dulcinea*, though he knew ſhe liv'd at *Toboſo*. *Cardenio* by this had chang'd his Cloaths for thoſe *Dorothea* wore, when they found her in the Mountains; and though they made but an ordinary Figure, they look'd much better than his own. They all ſtop'd at the Fountain, and fell aboard the Curate's Proviſion, which was but a Snap among ſo many, for they were all very hungry. While they ſat refreſhing themſelves, a young Lad travelling that way, obſerv'd them, and looking earneſtly on the whole Company, ran ſuddenly and fell down before Don *Quixote*, addreſſing him in a very doleful Manner. Alas, good Sir, ſaid he,

he, don't you know me? don't you remember poor *Andrew* whom you caus'd to be unty'd from the Tree? With that the Knight knew him; and and raising him up, turn'd to the Company, That you may all know, said he, of how great Importance, to the redressing of Injuries, punishing Vice, and the universal Benefit of Mankind, the Business of Knight-Errantry may be, you must understand, that riding through a Desart some Days ago, I heard certain lamentable Screeks and Out-cries: Prompted by the Misery of the Afflicted, and born away by the Zeal of my Profession, I follow'd the Voice, and found this Boy, whom you all see, bound to a great Oak; I'm glad he's present, because he can attest the Truth of my Relation. I found him, as I told you, bound to an Oak, naked from the Waste upwards, and a bloody-minded Peasant scourging his Back unmercifully with the Reins of a Bridle. I presently demanded the Cause of his severe Chastisement? The rude Fellow answer'd, that he had liberty to punish his own Servant, whom he thus us'd for some Faults that argu'd him more Knave than Fool. Good Sir, said the Boy, he can lay nothing to my Charge, but demanding my Wages. His Master made some reply, which I would not allow as a just Excuse, and order'd him immediately to unbind the Youth, and took his Oath that he would take him home and pay him all his Wages upon the nail, in good and lawful Coin. Is not this literally true, *Andrew*? Did you not mark besides, with what Face of Authority I commanded, and with how much Humility he promis'd to obey all I impos'd, commanded and desir'd? Answer me, Boy, and tell boldly all that pass'd to this worthy Company, that it may appear

pear how neceſſary the Vocation of Knight-Errants is upon the Roads.

All you have ſaid is true enough, anſwer'd *Andrew*, but the Buſineſs did not end after that manner you and I hop'd it would. How? ſaid the Knight, has not the Peaſant paid you? Ay, he has paid me with a Vengeance, ſaid the Boy, for no ſooner was your Back turn'd, but he ty'd me again to the ſame Tree, and laſh'd me ſo curſedly, that I look'd like St. *Bartholomew* flea'd alive; and at every Blow he had ſome Joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid me on as he did, I fancy I could not have help'd laughing myſelf. At laſt he left me in ſo pitiful a Caſe, that I was forc'd to crawl to an Hoſpital, where I have lain ever ſince to get cur'd, ſo wofully the Tyrant had laſh'd me. And now I may thank you for this, for had you rid on your Journey, and neither meddl'd nor made, ſeeing no Body ſent for you, and 'twas none of your Buſineſs, my Maſter, perhaps, had been ſatisfy'd with giving me ten or twenty Laſhes, and after that would have paid me what he ow'd me; but you was ſo huffy, and call'd him ſo many Names, that it made him mad, and ſo he vented all his Spight againſt you upon my poor Back, as ſoon as yours was turn'd, inſomuch that I fear I ſhall never be my own Man again. The Miſcarriage, anſwer'd the Knight, is only chargeable on my Departure before I ſaw my Orders executed; for I might, by Experience, have remembred, that the Word of a Peaſant is regulated, not by Honour, but Profit. But you remember, *Andrew*, how I ſwore if he diſobey'd, that I would return and ſeek him through the Univerſe, and find him, tho' hid in the Whale's Belly. Ay, Sir, anſwer'd *Andrew*, but that's no Cure for my ſore Shoulders. You ſhall

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be redreſs'd, anſwer'd the Knight, ſtarting fiercely up, and commanding *Sancho* immediately to bridle *Rozinante*, who was baiting as faſt as the reſt of the Company. *Dorothea* ask'd what he intended to do? he anſwer'd, that he intended to find out the Villain and puniſh him ſeverely for his Crimes, then force him to pay *Andrew* his Wages to the laſt * *Maravedi*, in ſpight of all the Peaſants in the Univerſe. She then deſir'd him to remember his Engagement to her, which withheld him from any new Atchievement till that was finiſh'd; that he muſt therefore ſuſpend his Reſentments till his Return from her Kingdom. 'Tis but juſt and reaſonable, ſaid the Knight, and therefore *Andrew* muſt wait with Patience my Return; but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former Oath and Promiſe, never to reſt till he be fully ſatisfy'd and paid. I dare not truſt to that, anſwer'd *Andrew*, but if you'll beſtow on me as much Money as will bear my Charges to *Sevill*, I ſhall thank your Worſhip more than for all the Revenge you take me of: Give me a Snap to eat, and a Bit in my Pocket, and ſo Heav'n be wi'ye and all other Knight-Errants, and may they prove as arrant Fools in their own Buſineſs as they have been in mine.

Sancho took a Cruſt of Bread and a Slice of Cheeſe; and reaching it to *Andrew*, there Friend, ſaid he, there's ſomething for thee; on my Word we have all of us a Share of thy Miſchance. What Share? ſaid *Andrew*. Why the curs'd Miſchance of parting with this Bread and Cheeſe to thee for my Head to a Half-penny, I may live to want it; for thou muſt know, Friend of mine, that we

* *Near the Value of a Farthing.*

the Squires of Knight-Errants, often pick our Teeth without a Dinner, and are ſubject to many other things which are better felt than told. *Andrew* ſnatch'd at the Provender, and ſeeing no likelihood of any more, he made his leg and went off. But looking over his Shoulder at Don *Quixote*, hark ye, you Sir Knight-Errant, cry'd he, if ever you meet me again in your Travels, which I hope you never ſhall; though I were torn in pieces, don't trouble me with your plaguy Help, but mind your own Buſineſs; and ſo fare you well, with a Curſe upon you and all the Knight-Errants that ever were born. The Knight thought to chaſtiſe him, but the Lad was too nimble for any there, and his Heels carry'd him off; leaving Don *Quixote* highly incens'd at his Story, which mov'd the Company to hold their Laughter, leſt they ſhould raiſe his Anger to a dangerous height.

CHAP. V.

What befel Don Quixote *and his Company at the Inn.*

WHEN they had eaten plentifully, they left that Place, and travell'd all that Day and the next, without meeting any thing worth notice, till they came to the Inn, which was ſo frightful a Sight to poor *Sancho*, that he wou'd willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The Inn-keeper, the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, met Don *Quixote* and his Squire with a very hearty Welcome: The Knight receiv'd them with a Face of Gravity and Approbation, bidding them prepare him a better Bed than their laſt Entertainment afforded him. Sir, ſaid

ſaid the Hoſteſs, pay us better than you did then, and you ſhall have a Bed for a Prince; and upon the Knight's Promiſe that he would, ſhe provided him a tolerable Bed, in the large Room where he lay before: He preſently undreſs'd, and being heartily craz'd in Body, as well as in Mind, he went to Bed. He was ſcarcely got to his Chamber, when the Hoſteſs flew ſuddenly at the Barber, and catching him by the Beard, on my Life, ſaid ſhe, you ſhall uſe my Tail no longer for a Beard; pray, Sir, give me my Tail, my Husband wants it to ſtick his Thing into, his Comb I mean, and my Tail I will have, Sir. The Barber held tug with her till the Curate advis'd him to return it, telling him that he might now undiſguiſe himſelf, and tell Don *Quixote*, that after the Gally-Slaves had pillag'd him, he fled to that Inn; and if he ſhou'd ask for the Princeſs's Squire, he ſhou'd pretend that he was diſpatch'd to her Kingdom before her, to give her Subjects an Account of her Arrival, and of the Power ſhe brought to free them all from Slavery. The Barber thus ſchool'd, gave the Hoſteſs her Tail, with the other Trinkets which he had borrow'd to decoy Don *Quixote* out of the Deſart. *Dorothea*'s Beauty, and *Cardenio*'s handſome Shape ſurpriz'd every Body. The Curate beſpoke Supper, and the Hoſt being pretty ſecure of his Reckoning, ſoon got them a tolerable Entertainment. They would not diſturb the Knight, who ſlept very ſoundly, for his Diſtemper wanted Reſt more than Meat; but they diverted themſelves with the Hoſteſs's Account of his Encounter with the Carriers, and of *Sancho*'s being toſs'd in a Blanket. Don *Quixote*'s unaccountable Madneſs was the principal Subject of their Diſcourſe, upon which the Curate inſiſting, and arguing it to proceed from his reading Romances, the

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Inn-keeper took him up. Sir, ſaid he, you can't make me of your Opinion; for in my Mind, it is the pleaſanteſt Reading that ever was. I have now in the Houſe two or three Books of that kind, and ſome other Pieces, that really have kept me, and many others, alive. In Harveſt-time, a great many of the Reapers come to drink here in the heat of the Day, and he that can read beſt among us takes up one of theſe Books; and all the reſt of us, ſometimes Thirty or more, ſit round about him, and liſten with ſuch Pleaſure, that we think neither of Sorrow nor Care; as for my own Part, when I hear the mighty Blows and dreadful Battels of theſe Knight-Errants, I have half a mind to be one myſelf, and am rais'd to ſuch a Life and Briskneſs, that I frighten away old Age; I could ſit and hear them from Morning till Night. I wiſh you wou'd, Husband, ſaid the Hoſteſs, for then we ſhould have ſome Reſt; for at all other times you are ſo out of Humour and ſo ſnapiſh, that we lead a helliſh Life with you. That's true enough, ſaid *Maritornes*; and for my part, I think there are mighty pretty Stories in thoſe Books, eſpecially that one about the young Lady who is hug'd ſo ſweetly by her Knight under the Orange-tree, when the Damſel watches leſt ſomebody comes, and ſtands with her Mouth watering all the while; and a thouſand ſuch Stories, which I would often forego my Dinner and Supper to hear. And what think you of this Matter, young Miſs, ſaid the Curate to the Inn-keeper's Daughter? Alack a-day, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I don't underſtand thoſe things, and yet I love to hear 'em; but I don't like that frightful ugly fighting that ſo pleaſes my Father. Indeed the ſad Lamentations of the poor Knights, for the Loſs of their Miſtreſſes, ſometimes makes me cry like any thing. I ſuppoſe

* * then,

then, young Gentlewoman, ſaid *Dorothea*, you will be tender-hearted, and will never let a Lover die for you. I don't know what may happen, as to that, ſaid the Girl; but this I know, that I will never give any Body reaſon to call me Tygreſs and Lioneſs, and I don't know how many other ugly Names, as thoſe Ladies are often call'd, and I think they deſerve yet worſe, ſo they do; for they can have neither Soul nor Conſcience to let ſuch fine Gentlemen die or run mad for a ſight of them? What ſignifies all their fiddling and coyneſs? If they are civil Women, why don't they marry 'em, for that's all their Knights would be at? Hold your prating, Miſtreſs, ſaid the Hoſteſs. How came you to know all this? 'Tis not for ſuch as you to talk of theſe Matters. The Gentleman only ask'd me a Queſtion, ſaid ſhe, and it would be uncivil not to anſwer him. Well, ſaid the Curate, do me the favour, good Landlord, to bring out theſe Books that I may have a ſight of them.

With all my Heart, ſaid the Inn-keeper; and with that ſteping to his Chamber, he open'd a little Portmantle that ſhut with a Chain, and took out three large Volumes, with a parcel of Manuſcripts in a fair legible Letter: the Title of the Firſt was Don *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*; the Second *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*; and the Third was the Hiſtory of the Great Captain *Gonçalo Hernandez de Corduba*, and the Life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, bound together. The Curate reading the Titles, turn'd to the Barber, and told him, they wanted now Don *Quixote*'s Houſe-keeper and his Niece. I ſhall do as well with the Books, ſaid the Barber, for I can find the way to the Back-yard, or the Chimney, there's a good Fire that will do their Buſineſs. Buſineſs! ſaid the Inn-keeper, I hope you

you wou'd not burn my Books. Only two of them, ſaid the Curate, this ſame Don *Cirongilio* and his Friend *Felixmarte*. I hope, Sir, ſaid the Hoſt, they are neither Hereticks nor Flegmaticks. Schiſmaticks you mean, ſaid the Barber ;. I mean ſo, ſaid the Inn-keeper; and if you muſt burn any, let it be this of *Gonçalo Hernandez* and *Diego Garcia*, for you ſhould ſooner burn one of my Children than the others. Theſe Books, honeſt Friend, ſaid the Curate, that you appear ſo concern'd for, are ſenſleſs Rhapſodies of Falſhoods and Folly; and this which you ſo deſpiſe is a true Hiſtory, and contains a true Account of two celebrated Men; the firſt by his Bravery and Courage purchas'd immortal Fame, and the Name of the Great General, by the univerſal Conſent of Mankind. The other, *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, was of Noble Extraction, and born in *Truxillo* a Town of *Eſtremadura*, and was a Man of ſingular Courage, and ſuch mighty Strength, that with one of his Hands he could ſtop a Mill-wheel in its moſt rapid Motion; and with his ſingle Force defended the Paſſage of a Bridge againſt a great Army. Several other great Actions are related in the Memoirs of his Life, but all with ſo much Modeſty and unbiaſs'd Truth, that they eaſily pronounce him his own Hiſtoriographer ; and had they been written by any one elſe, with Freedom and Impartiality, they might have eclips'd your *Hectors*, *Achilleſes*, and *Orlandos*, with all their Heroick Exploits. That's a fine Jeſt, faith, ſaid the Inn-keeper, my Father could have told you another Tale, Sir. Holding a Mill-wheel! why, is that ſuch a mighty Matter! Odds fiſh, do but turn over a Leaf of *Felixmarte* there; you'll find how with one ſingle Back-ſtroke he cut five ſwinging Giants off by the Middle, like ſo many Bean-ſtalks;

and read how at other time he charg'd a moſt mighty and powerful Army of above a Million and Six hundred thouſand fighting Men, all Arm'd Cap-a-pee, and routed them all like ſo many Sheep. And what can you ſay of the Worthy *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, who, as you may read there, going by Water one Day, was aſſaulted by a fiery Serpent in the middle of the River; he preſently leap'd nimbly upon her Back, and hanging by her Scaly Neck graſp'd her Throat faſt with both his Arms, ſo that the Serpent finding herſelf almoſt ſtrangl'd, was forc'd to dive into the Water to ſave herſelf, and carry'd the Knight, who would not quit his hold, to the very Bottom, where he found a ſtately Palace, and ſuch pleaſant Gardens, that 'twas a Wonder; and ſtrait the Serpent turn'd into a very old Man, and told him ſuch things as were never heard nor ſpoken.————Now a Fig for your great Captain, and your *Diego Garcia*. *Dorothea* hearing this, ſaid ſoftly to *Cardenio*, that the Hoſt was capable of making a Second Part to Don *Quixote*. I think ſo too, cry'd *Cardenio*, for 'tis plain he believes every Tittle contain'd in thoſe Books, nor can all the *Carthuſian* Friars in the World perſwade him otherwiſe. I tell thee Friend (ſaid the Curate) there were never any ſuch Perſons, as your Books of Chivalry mention upon the Face of the Earth; your *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*, and your *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, are all but Chimeras and Fictions of idle and luxurious Wits, who wrote them for the ſame reaſon that you read them, becauſe they had nothing elſe to do. Sir, (ſaid the Inn-keeper) you muſt Angle with another Bait, or you'll catch no Fiſh, I know what's what, as well as another; I can tell where my own Shoo pinches me; and you muſt not think, Sir, to catch old Birds with Chaff; 'tis

a pleaſant

pleaſant Jeſt, faith, that you ſhould pretend to erſwade me now that theſe notable Books are ies and Stories; why Sir, are they not in Print? re they not publiſh'd according to Order? Li-ens'd by Authority from the Privy-Council? And you think that they would permit ſo many ies to be printed at once, and ſuch a number of ttels and Enchantments to ſet us all a madding? have told you already (Friend) reply'd the Cu-te, that this is Licens'd for our Amuſement in r idle Hours; for the ſame Reaſon that Tennis, lliards, Cheſs, and other Recreations are tole-ted, that Men may find a Paſtime for thoſe urs they cannot find Employment for. Neither uld the Government foreſee this Inconvenience m ſuch Books, that you urge, becauſe they uld not reaſonably ſuppoſe any rational Perſon uld believe their Abſurdities. And were this a per time, I could ſay a great deal in Favour of h Writings, and how, with ſome Regulations, y might be made both inſtructive and diverting; I deſign, upon the firſt Opportunity, to commu-ate my Thoughts on this Head to ſome that y redreſs it: In the mean time, honeſt Land-d, you may put up your Books, and believe m true if you pleaſe, and much good may do . And I wiſh you may never halt of the ſame t as your Gueſt Don *Quixote*. There's no fear that, ſaid the Inn-keeper, for I never deſign to Knight-Errant, becauſe I find the Cuſtoms ſupported that Noble Order are quite out of rs.

bout the middle of their Diſcourſe enter'd *cho*, who was very uneaſy at hearing that ghts-Errant were out of Faſhion, and Books Chivalry full of nothing but Folly and Fiction; eſolv'd, however, (in ſpight of all their Con-

tempt of Chivalry) ſtill to ſtick by his Maſter and if his intended Expedition fail'd of Succeſs then to return to his Family and Plough. As the Inn-keeper was carrying away the Books, the Curate deſir'd his leave to look over thoſe Manuſcripts which appear'd in ſo fair a Character; he reach'd them to him, to the number of eight Sheets on one of which there was written in a large Hand, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.* The Title, ſaid the Curate, promiſes ſomething, perhaps it may be worth reading through; your Reverence, ſaid the Inn-keeper, may be worſe employ'd; for thoſe Papers have receiv'd the Approbation of ſeveral ingenious Gueſts of mine that read them, and who would have beg'd them of me; but I would by no means part with them till I deliver them to the Owner of this Portmantle who forgot it here with theſe Books and Papers I may, perhaps, ſee him again, and reſtore them honeſtly; for I am as much a Chriſtian as my Neighbours, though I am an Inn-keeper. But hope (ſaid the Curate) if it pleaſes me you will deny a Copy of it. Nay, as to that Matter, ſaid the Hoſt, we ſhan't fall out. *Cardenio* having by this perus'd it a little, recommended it to the Curate, and intreated him to read it for the Entertainment of the Company. The Curate would have excus'd himſelf, by urging the unſeaſonable time of Night, and that Sleep was then more proper, eſpecially for the Lady; a pleaſant Story, *Dorothea*, will prove the beſt Repoſe for ſome Hours to me; for my Spirits are not compos'd enough to allow me to reſt, though I want it. Mr. *Nicholas* and *Sancho* join'd in the Requeſt. To pleaſe ye then, and ſatisfy my own Curioſity, ſaid the Curate, I'll begin, if you'll but give Attention.

CH

CHAP. VI.

The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

Anſelmo, and *Lothario*, conſiderable Gentlemen of *Florence*, the Capital City of *Tuſcany*, in *Italy*, were ſo eminent for their Friendſhip, hat they were call'd nothing but the *Two Friends*. hey were both Young and Unmarry'd, of the me Age and Humour, which did not a little oncur to the continuance of their mutual Affec- on, though, of the two, *Anſelmo* was the moſt morouſly inclin'd, and *Lothario* the greater Lover Hunting; yet they lov'd one another above all her Conſiderations; and mutually quitted their wn Pleaſure for their Friend's; and their very ills, like the different Motions of a well regula- d Watch, were always ſubſervient to their Unity, d ſtill kept time with one another. *Anſelmo*, at t, fell deſperately in love with a Beautiful Lady the ſame City; ſo eminent for her Fortune and mily, that he reſolv'd, by the Conſent of his iend (for he did nothing without his Advice) demand her in Marriage. *Lothario* was the Per- employ'd in this Affair, which he manag'd with t Addreſs, that in a few Days he put his Friend o Poſſeſſion of *Camilla*, for that was the Lady's me; and this ſo much to their Satisfaction, t he receiv'd a thouſand Acknowledgments from h; for the equal Happineſs they deriv'd from Endeavours. *Lothario*, as long as the Nuptials ed, was every Day at *Anſelmo*'s, and did all he ld to add to the Sports and Diverſions of the caſion. But as ſoon as the new marry'd Pair had eiv'd the Congratulation of their Friends, and

the Nuptial Ceremonies were over, *Lothario* retir'd, with the reſt of their Acquaintance, and forbore his Viſits, becauſe he prudently imagin'd, that it was not at all proper to be ſo frequent at his Friend's Houſe after Marriage as before; for tho' true Friendſhip entirely baniſhes all Suſpicion and Jealouſy, yet the Honour of a marry'd Man is of ſo nice and tender a Nature, that it has been ſometimes ſully'd by the Converſation of the nearest Relations, and therefore more liable to ſuffer from that of a Friend. *Anſelmo* obſerv'd this Remiſneſs of *Lothario*; and, fond as he was of his Wife, ſhew'd by his tender Complaints how much it affected him. He told him, that if he could have believ'd he muſt have loſt ſo dear a Correſpondence by Marriage; as much as he lov'd, he would never have paid ſo great a Price for the Satisfaction of his Paſſion; and that he would never, for the idle Reputation of a cautious Husband, ſuffer ſo tender and agreeable a Name to be loſt, as that of *The Two Friends*, which before his Marriage they had ſo happily obtain'd; and therefore he beg'd him, if that were a Term lawful to be us'd between them two, to return to his former Familiarity and Freedom of Converſation; aſſuring him, that his Wife's Will and Pleaſure were entirely form'd by his; and that being acquainted with their ancient and ſtrict Friendſhip, ſhe was equally ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected a Change. *Lothario* reply'd to theſe endearing Perſwaſions of his Friend, with ſuch Prudence and Diſcretion, that he convinc'd him of the Sincerity of his Intentions in what he had done; and ſo in concluſion they agreed that *Lothario* ſhould dine twice a Week at his Houſe beſides Holy-days. Yet *Lothario*'s Compliance with this Reſolution being only not to diſoblige his Friend, he deſign'd to obſerve it no farther than

he ſhould find it conſiſtent with *Anſelmo*'s Honour, whoſe Reputation was as dear to him as his own; and he us'd to tell him, that the Husband of a beautiful Wife ought to be as cautious of the Friends whom he carry'd home to her himſelf, as other female Acquaintance and Viſitants. For a Friend's or Relation's Houſe often renders the Contrivance of thoſe things eaſy, and not ſuſpected, which could not be compaſs'd either in the Church, the Markets, or at publick Entertainments and Places of Reſort, which no Man can entirely keep a Woman from frequenting. To this *Anſelmo* reply'd, that for that very Reaſon, every marry'd Man ought to have ſome Friend to put him in mind of the defects of his Conduct; for a Husband's Fondneſs many times makes him either not ſee, or at leaſt, for fear of diſpleaſing his Wife, not command or forbid her what may be advantagious or prejudicial to his Reputation. In all which, a Friend's Warning and Advice might ſupply him with a proper Remedy. But where ſhall we find a Friend ſo qualify'd with Wiſdom and Truth as *Anſelmo* demands? I muſt confeſs I cannot tell, unleſs it were *Lothario*, whoſe Care of his Friend's Honour made him ſo cautious as not to comply with his promis'd viſiting Days, leſt the malicious Obſervers ſhould give a ſcandalous Cenſure of the frequent Admiſſion of ſo well qualify'd a Gentleman, both for his Wit, Fortune, Youth and Addreſs, to the Houſe of a Lady of ſo celebrated a Beauty as *Camilla*. For though his Virtue was ſufficiently known, to check the Growth of any malignant Report, yet he would not ſuffer his Friend's Honour, nor his own, to run the Hazard of being call'd in queſtion; which made him ſpend the greateſt part of thoſe Days, he had by Promiſe devoted to his Friend's Con-

verſation, in other Places and Employments; yet excuſing his Abſence ſo agreeably, that *Anſelmo* could not deny the Reaſonableneſs of what he alledg'd. And thus the time paſs'd away in pathetick Accuſations of want of Love and Friendſhip on one ſide, and plauſible Excuſes on the other.

I know very well, ſaid *Anſelmo*, walking one Day in the Fields with his Friend, that of all the Favours and Benefits for which Heaven commands my Gratitude, as the Advantage of my Birth, Fortune and Nature; the greateſt and moſt obliging is the Gift of ſuch a Wife, and ſuch a Friend; being both of you Pledges of ſo great Value, that tho' 'tis impoſſible for me to raiſe my Eſteem and Love equal to your Deſerts, yet is no Man capable of having a greater. And yet while I am in Poſſeſſion of all that can or uſually does make a Man happy, I live the moſt diſcontented Life in the World. I am not able to tell you when my Miſery began, which now inwardly torments me with ſo ſtrange, extravagant, and ſingular a Deſire, that I never reflect on it, but I wonder at myſelf, and condemn and curb my Folly, and would fain hide my Deſires even from myſelf: And yet I have received no more Advantage from this private Confuſion, than if I had publiſh'd my Extravagance to all the World. Since therefore 'tis evident that it will at laſt break out, dear *Lothario*, I would have it go no farther than thy known Fidelity and Secreſy; for that and my own Induſtry (which as my Friend thou wilt turn to my Aſſiſtance) will quickly, I hope, free me from the Anguiſh it now gives me, and reſtore me that Tranquility of which my own Folly has now deprived me.

Lothario

Lothario ſtood in great ſuſpenſe, unable to gueſs at the Conſequence of ſo ſtrange and prolix an Introduction. In vain he rack'd his Imagination for the Cauſes of his Friend's Affliction, the Truth was the laſt thing he could think of; but no longer to remain in doubt, he told *Anſelmo*, that he did his Friendſhip a particular Injury, in not coming directly to the Point in the diſcovery of his Thoughts to him, ſince his Counſels might enable him to ſupport, and perhaps, to loſe or compaſs ſuch importunate Deſires.

'Tis very true, reply'd *Anſelmo*, and with that Aſſurance I muſt inform you, that the Deſire that gives me ſo much Pain, is to know whether *Camilla* be really as Virtuous as I think her. Nor can this be made evident but by ſuch a Trial; that, like Gold by the Fire, the Standard and Degree of her Worth be diſcover'd. For, in my Opinion, no Woman has more Virtue than ſhe retains, after the force of the moſt earneſt Solicitations. *Caſta eſt quam nemo rogavit:* And ſhe only may be ſaid to be chaſte, who has withſtood the Force of Tears, Vows, Promiſes, Gifts, and all the Importunities of a Lover that is not eaſily deny'd: For where's the Praiſe of a Woman's Virtue whom no Body has ever endeavour'd to corrupt? Where is the Wonder if a Wife be reſerv'd, when ſhe has no Temptation nor Opportunity of being otherwiſe, eſpecially if ſhe have a jealous Husband, with whom the leaſt Suſpicion goes for a Reality, and who therefore puniſhes the leaſt Appearance with Death. Now I can never ſo much eſteem her who owes her Virtue meerly to Fear, or want of Opportunity of being Falſe, as I would one who victoriouſly ſurmounts all the Aſſaults of a vigorous and watchful Lover, and yet retains her Virtue intire and unſhaken. Theſe, and many

other Reaſons, which I could urge to ſtrengthe
my Opinion, make me deſire that my *Camilla*
Virtue may paſs through the fiery Tryal of vigo
rous Solicitations and Addreſſes, and theſe offer
by a Gallant, who may have merit enough to de
ſerve her good Opinion; and if, as I am confide
ſhe will, ſhe be able to reſiſt ſo agreeable a Temp
tation, I ſhall think myſelf the moſt happy Ma
in the World, and attain to the height and u
moſt Aim of my Deſires; and ſhall ſay, that
Virtuous Woman is fallen to my Lot, of whom th
Wiſe Man ſays, *Who can find her*? If ſhe yields,
ſhall, at leaſt, have the Satisfaction of finding m
Opinion of Women juſtify'd; and not be impo
on by a fooliſh Confidence, that abuſes moſt Me
which Conſideration will be ſufficient to mak
me ſupport the Grief I ſhall derive from ſo ex
penſive an Experiment. And aſſuring myſelf, tha
nothing which you can ſay can diſſwade me fro
my Reſolution, I deſire that you yourſelf, m
dear Friend, would be the Perſon to put my De
ſign in Execution. I will furniſh you with Oppor
tunities enough of making your Addreſſes, i
which I would have you omit nothing you ma
ſuppoſe likely to prevail, and mollify a Woma
of Quality, without Paſſion, and reſerv'd, an
diſcreet by Nature. The moſt prevailing Reaſo
that makes me chuſe you for this Affair abov
all others, is, becauſe if ſhe ſhould prove ſo
frail, as to be overcome by Addreſs and Impor
tunities, the Victory will not coſt me ſo dear
ſince I am ſecur'd from your taking that Advan
tage, of which another might make no Scrupl
And ſo my Honour will remain untouch'd, an
the intended Injury a Secret, in the Virtue of th
Silence; for I know my Friend ſo well, that
Death and the Grave will as ſoon divulge my Af
fairs

fairs. Wherefore if you would give me Life indeed, and deliver me from the moſt perplexing Torment of Doubt, you will immediately begin this Amorous Aſſault, with all that Vigour, Aſſiduity, and Courage, I expect from that Confidence I put in your Friendſhip.

Lothario gave ſo great an Attention to *Anſelmo*'s Reaſons, that he gave him no other Interruption, than what we mention'd. But, now finding his Diſcourſe was at an end, full of Amazement at the Extravagance of the Propoſal, he thus reply'd, Could I, my dear *Anſelmo*, perſwade myſelf that what you have ſaid were any more than a piece of Raillery, I ſhould not have been ſo long ſilent; no, I ſhould have interrupted you at the beginning of your Speech. Sure you know neither yourſelf nor me, *Anſelmo*, or you would never have employ'd me on ſuch an Affair, if you had not thought me as much alter'd from what I was, as you ſeem to be; for as the Poet has it, *uſque ad aras*; *A true Friend ought to deſire nothing of his Friend that is offenſive to Heaven.* But ſhould a Man ſo far exert his Friendſhip, as to deviate a little from the Severity of Religion, in compliance to his Friend, no trifling Motive can excuſe the Tranſgreſſion, and only his Honour and Life can make any tolerable Apology. Which therefore of theſe, *Anſelmo*, is in danger, to warrant my undertaking ſo deteſtable a thing as you deſire? Neither, I dare engage: On the contrary, you would make me the Aſſaulter of both, in which my own is included; for to rob you of your Reputation, is to take away your Life, ſince an infamous Life is worſe than Death; and by making me the guilty Inſtrument of this, as you would have me, you make me worſe than a dead Man, by the Murder of my Reputation. Therefore I deſire you would hear with Patience

what I have to urge againſt your extravagant Deſire, and I ſhall afterwards hear your Reply, without Interruption. *Anſelmo* having promis'd his Attention, *Lothario* proceeded in this manner. In my Opinion, you are not unlike the *Moors*, who are incapable of being convinc'd of the Errors of their Religion, by Scripture, ſpeculative Reaſons, or thoſe drawn immediately from the Articles of our Faith; and will yield to nothing but Demonſtrations, as evident as thoſe of the Mathematicks, and which can as little be deny'd, as when we ſay, *If from two equal Parts, we take away two equal Parts, the Parts that remain are alſo equal.* And when they do not underſtand this Propoſition, which they ſeldom do, we are oblig'd by our Hands, to make it yet more plain and obvious to their Senſes; and yet all this Labour will at laſt prove ineffectual to the convincing them of the Verities of our Religion. The ſame muſt be my Method with you, ſince your ſtrange Deſire is ſo very foreign to all manner of Reaſon, that I very much fear I ſhall ſpend my Time and Labour in vain, in endeavouring to convince you of your own Folly, for I can afford it no other Name. Nay, did I not love you as I do, I ſhould leave you to the Proſecution of your own odd Humour, which certainly tends to your Ruin. But to lay your Folly a little more open, you bid me, *Anſelmo*, attempt a Woman of Honour, cautious of her Reputation. And one who is not much inclin'd to Love; for all theſe good Qualifications you allow her. If therefore you already know your Wife is poſſeſs'd of all theſe Advantages of Prudence, Diſcretion, Honour, and Reſervedneſs, what have you more to enquire after? And if you believe, as I myſelf do, that ſhe will be impregnable to all my Aſſaults; what greater

and better Names will you give her, than ſhe already deſerves? Either you pretend to think better of her, than really you do, or elſe you deſire you know not what yourſelf. But then if you do not believe her as virtuous as you pretend, why would you put it to the Trial, why do you not rather uſe her as you think ſhe deſerves? On the other Hand, if ſhe be as good as you profeſs you believe her, why would you go to tempt Truth and Goodneſs itſelf, without any reaſonable proſpect of Advantage? For when the Trial is over, ſhe will be but the ſame virtuous Woman ſhe was before. Wherefore 'tis allow'd that it is the effect of Temerity, and want of Reaſon, to attempt what is likely to produce nothing but Danger and Detriment to the Undertaker, eſpecially, when there is no neceſſity for it, and when we may eaſily foreſee the Folly of the Undertaking. There are but theſe Motives to incite us to difficult Attempts, Religion, Intereſt, or both together. The Firſt makes the Saints endeavour to lead Angelick Lives in theſe frail Bodies. The Second makes us expoſe ourſelves to the Hazards of long Voyages and Travels in purſuit of Riches. The Third Motive is compounded of both, and prompts us to act as well for the Honour of God, as for our own particular Glory and Intereſts; as for Example, the daring Adventures of the valiant Soldier, who, urg'd by his Duty to God, his Prince, and his Country, fiercely runs into the midſt of a dreadful Breach, unterrify'd with any Conſiderations of the Danger that threatens him. Theſe are things done every Day, and let them be never ſo dangerous, they give Honour, Glory, and Profit, to thoſe that attempt them. But by the Project you deſign to reduce to an Experiment, you will never obtain either the Glory

of Heaven, Profit or Reputation: For ſhould the Experiment anſwer your Expectation, it will make no Addition, either to your Content, Honour, or Riches; but if it diſappoint your Hopes, it makes you the moſt miſerable Man alive. And the imaginary Advantage of no Man's knowing your Diſgrace will ſoon vaniſh, when you conſider, that to know it yourſelf, will be enough to ſupply you perpetually with all the tormenting Thoughts in the World. A Proof of this is what the famous Poet *Ludovico Taſſilo*, at the end of his firſt Part of * St. *Peter's Tears*, ſays, in theſe Words:

Shame, Grief, Remorſe in Peter's *Breaſt increaſe,*
Soon as the bluſhing Morn his Crime betrays.
When moſt unſeen, then moſt himſelf he ſees,
And with due Horror all his Soul ſurveys.

For a great Spirit needs no cens'ring Eyes
To wound his Soul, when conſcious of a Fault;
But ſelf-condemn'd, and e'en ſelf-puniſh'd lies,
And dreads no Witneſs like upbraiding Thought.

So that your boaſted Secreſy, far from alleviating your Grief, will only ſerve to increaſe it; and if your Eyes do not expreſs it by outward Tears, they will flow from your very Heart in Blood. So wept that ſimple Doctor, who, as our Poet tells us, made that Experiment on the brittle Veſſel, which the more prudent *Reynoldos* excus'd himſelf from doing. This, indeed, is but a Poetical Fiction, but yet the Moral which it enforces

* *This Poem, written Originally in* Italian, *is tranſlated into* Spaniſh *by* Juan Sedeno, *and into* French *by* Malherbe.

is worthy being obſerv'd and imitated. And accordingly I hope you will diſcover the ſtrange Miſtake into which you would run, principally when you have heard what I have farther to ſay to you.

Suppoſe, *Anſelmo*, you had a Diamond, as valuable, in the Judgment of the beſt Jewellers, as ſuch a Stone could be, would you not be ſatisfy'd with their Opinion, without trying its Hardneſs on the Anvil? you muſt own, that ſhould it be proof againſt your Blows, it would not be one Jot the more valuable, than really it was before your fooliſh Trial; but ſhould it happen to break, as well it might, the Jewel were then entirely loſt, as well as the Senſe and Reputation of the Owner. This precious *Diamond*, my Friend, is your *Camilla*, for ſo ſhe ought to be eſteem'd in all Mens Opinions as well as your own; why then would you imprudently put her in danger of falling, ſince your Trial will add no greater value to her than ſhe has already? But if ſhe ſhould prove frail, reflect with yourſelf on the Unhappineſs of your Condition, and how juſtly you might complain of your being the Cauſe of both her Ruin and your own. Conſider, that as a modeſt and honeſt Woman is the moſt valuable Jewel in the World, ſo all Womens Virtue and Honour conſiſt in the Opinion and Reputation they maintain with other People. And ſince that of your Wife is perfect, both in your own and all other Mens Opinion, why will you go, to no purpoſe, to call the reality of it in queſtion? You muſt remember, my Friend, that the Nature of Women is, at beſt, but weak and imperfect; and for that Reaſon we ſhould be ſo far from caſting Rubs in its way, that we ought, with all imaginable Care, to remove every

Ap-

Appearance that might hinder its Courſe to that Perfection it wants, which is *Virtue*.

If we believe the Naturaliſts, the *Ermine* is a very white little Creature; when the Hunters have found its Haunts, they ſurround it almoſt with Dirt and Mire, towards which the *Ermine* being forc'd to fly, rather than ſully its native White with Dirt, it ſuffers itſelf to be taken, preferring its Colour to its Liberty and Life. The Virtuous Woman is our *Ermine*, whoſe Chaſtity is whiter than Snow; but to preſerve its Colour unſully'd, you muſt obſerve juſt a contrary Method: The Addreſſes and Services of an importunate Lover, are the Mire into which you ſhould never drive a Woman; for 'tis ten to one ſhe will not be able to free herſelf and avoid it, being but too apt to ſtumble into it; and therefore that ſhould be always remov'd, and only the Candour and Beauty of Virtue, and the Charms of a good Fame and Reputation plac'd before her. A good Woman is alſo not unlike a Mirrour of Cryſtal, which will infallibly be dim'd and ſtain'd by breathing too much upon it: She muſt rather be us'd like the Reliques of Saints, ador'd but not touch'd; or like a Garden of curious tender Flowers, that may at a diſtance gratify the Eye, but are not permitted by the Maſter to be trampled on or touch'd by every Beholder. I ſhall add but a few Verſes out of a late new Play, very fit for our preſent Purpoſe, where a prudent old Man adviſ'd his Neighbour, that had a Daughter, to lock her up cloſe; and gives theſe Reaſons for it, beſides ſeveral others.

Since nothing is frailer than Woman and Glaſs,
He that wou'd expoſe 'em to fall is an Aſs;
And ſure the raſh Mortal is yet more unwiſe,
Who on Bodies ſo tickliſh Experiments tries.

With

With Eaſe both are damag'd; then keep that with
(Care
Which no Art can reſtore, nor no Soder repair.
Fond Man take my Counſel, watch what is ſo frail;
For, where Danaes *lie, Golden Show'rs will pre-*
(vail.

All I have hitherto urg'd relates only to you, I may now at laſt be allow'd to conſider what regards myſelf; and if I am tedious I hope you will pardon me; for to draw you out of the Labyrinth into which you have run yourſelf, I am forc'd on that Prolixity. You call me Friend, yet which is abſolutely inconſiſtent with Friendſhip, you would rob me of my Honour; Nay, you ſtop not here, but would oblige me to deſtroy yours. Firſt, That you would rob me of mine is evident; for what will *Camilla* think when I make a Declaration of Love to her, but that I am a perfidious Villain, that make no Scruple of violating the moſt ſacred Laws of Friendſhip, and who ſacrifice the Honour and Reputation of my Friend to a Criminal Paſſion? Secondly, That I deſtroy yours is as evident; for when ſhe ſees me take ſuch a Liberty with her, ſhe will imagine that I have diſcover'd ſome Weakneſs in her, that has given me aſſurance to make her ſo guilty a Diſcovery, by which ſhe eſteeming herſelf injur'd in her Honour, you being the principal Part of her, muſt of neceſſity be affected with the Affronts ſhe receives. For this is the Reaſon why the Husband, though never ſo deſerving, cautious and careful, ſuffers the Infamy of a ſcandalous Name if his Wife goes aſtray; whereas in reaſon he ought rather to be an Object of Compaſſion than Contempt, ſeeing the Misfortune proceeds from the Vice and Folly of the Wife, not his own Defects. But ſince the Reaſon and

Juſtice

Juſtice of the Man's Suffering for his Wife's Tranſgreſſion may be ſerviceable to you, I'll give you the beſt Account of it I can; and pray do not think me tedious, ſince this is meant for your Good. When Woman was given to Man, and Marriage firſt ordain'd in Paradiſe, Man and Wife were made and pronounc'd *one Fleſh*; the Husband therefore being of a piece with the Wife, whatever affects her affects him, as a part of her; tho', as I have ſaid, he has been no Occaſion of it: For as the whole Body is affected by the Pain of any Part, as the Head will ſhare the Pain of the Foot, tho' it never caus'd that Pain, ſo is the Husband touch'd with his Wife's Infamy, becauſe ſhe is part of him. And ſince all worldly Honours and Diſhonours are deriv'd from Fleſh and Blood, and the ſcandalous Baſeneſs of an unfaithful Wife proceeds from the ſame Principle, it neceſſarily follows, that the Husband, tho' no Party in the Offence, and intirely ignorant, and innocent of it, muſt have his Share of the Infamy. Let what I have ſaid, my dear *Anſelmo*, make you ſenſible of the Danger into which you would run, by endeavouring thus to diſturb the happy Tranquility and Repoſe that your Wife at preſent enjoys; and for how vain a Curioſity, and extravagant a Caprice, you would rouſe and awake thoſe peccant Humours which are now lull'd aſleep by the Power of an unattempted Chaſtity. Reflect farther, how ſmall a Return you can expect from ſo hazardous a Voyage, and ſuch valuable Commodities as you venture; for the Treaſure you will loſe is ſo great, and ought to be ſo dear, that all Words are too inexpreſſive to ſhew how much you ought to eſteem it. But if all I have ſaid be too weak to deſtroy your fooliſh Reſolve, employ ſome other inſtrument of your Diſgrace and Ruin; for, tho'

I ſhould

I ſhould loſe your Friendſhip, a Loſs which I muſt eſteem the greateſt in the World, I will have no hand in an Affair ſo prejudicial to your Honour.

Lothario ſaid no more, and *Anſelmo* diſcovering a deſponding Melancholy in his Face, remain'd a great while ſilent and confounded. At laſt, I have, ſaid he, my Friend, liſten'd to your Diſcourſe, as you might obſerve, with all the Attention in Nature, and every part of what you have ſaid convinces me of the greatneſs of your Wiſdom and Friendſhip; and I muſt own, that if I ſuffer my Deſires to prevail over your Reaſons, I ſhun the Good and purſue the Evil. But yet, my Friend, you ought, on the other ſide, to reflect, that my Diſtemper is not much unlike that of thoſe Women, who ſometimes long for Coals, Lime, nay, ſome things that are loathſome to the very ſight; and therefore ſome little Arts ſhould be us'd to endeavour my Cure, which might eaſily be affected, if you would but conſent to ſolicit *Camilla*, though it were but weakly and remiſsly; for I am ſure ſhe will not be ſo frail to ſurrender at the firſt Aſſault, which yet will be ſufficient to give me the Satisfaction I deſire: And in this you will fulfil the Duty of our Friendſhip, in reſtoring me to Life, and ſecuring my Honour, by your powerful and perſwaſive Reaſons. And you are indeed bound as my Friend to do thus much to ſecure me from betraying my Defects and Follies to a Stranger, which would certainly ſhock their Reputation, which you have taken ſo much Pains to preſerve; ſince I am ſo bent on this Experiment, that if you refuſe me, I ſhall certainly apply myſelf elſewhere: And though a while your Reputation may ſuffer in *Camilla*'s Opinion, yet when ſhe has once prov'd triumphant, you may cure that Wound,

Wound, and recover her good Opinion, by a ſincere Diſcovery of your Deſign. Wherefore I conjure you to comply with my Importunity, in ſpight of all the Obſtacles that may preſent themſelves to you, ſince what I deſire is ſo little, and the Pleaſure I ſhall derive from it ſo great: For as I have promis'd, your very firſt Attempt ſhall ſatisfy me as much as if you had gone through the whole Experiment.

Lothario plainly ſaw that *Anſelmo*'s Reſolution was too much fix'd for any thing he could ſay to alter it, and finding that he threaten'd to betray his Folly to a Stranger, if he perſiſted in a Refuſal, to avoid greater Inconveniencies, he reſolv'd to ſeem to comply with his Deſires, privately deſigning to ſatisfy *Anſelmo*'s Caprice, without giving *Camilla* any Trouble; and therefore he deſir'd him to break the Matter to no Body elſe, ſince he would himſelf undertake it, and begin as ſoon as he pleas'd. *Anſelmo* embrac'd him with all the Love and Tenderneſs imaginable, and was as prodigal of his Thanks, as if the very Promiſe had been the greateſt Obligation that could be laid on him. They immediately agreed on the next Day for the Trial, at which time *Anſelmo* ſhould give him the Opportunity of being alone with her, and Gold and Jewels to preſent her with. He adviſ'd him to omit no Point of Gallantry, as Serenades and Songs, and Verſes in her Praiſe; offering to make 'em himſelf, if *Lothario* would not be at the trouble. But *Lothario* promis'd him to do all himſelf, tho' his Deſign was far different from *Anſelmo*'s.

Matters being thus adjuſted, they return'd to *Anſelmo*'s Houſe, where they found the Beautiful *Camilla* ſad with Concern for the abſence of her Husband beyond his uſual Hour. *Lothario* left him there,

there, and retir'd home, as penſive how to come off handſomely in this ridiculous Affair, as he had left *Anſelmo* pleas'd and contented with his undertaking it. But that Night, he contriv'd a way of impoſing on *Anſelmo* to his Satisfaction, without offending *Camilla*. So next Day he goes to *Anſelmo*'s, and was receiv'd by *Camilla* with a Civility and Reſpect anſwerable to the uncommon Friendſhip ſhe knew was between him and her Husband. Dinner being over, *Anſelmo* deſir'd his Friend to keep his Lady company till his return from an extraordinary Affair, that would require his Abſence about an Hour and half. *Camilla* deſir'd him not to go; *Lothario* offer'd to go with him; but he pleaded peculiar Buſineſs, intreated his Friend to ſtay, and enjoin'd his Wife not to leave him alone till his return; and ſo he left them together, without any one to obſerve their Actions, all the Servants being retir'd to Dinner.

Thus *Lothario* found himſelf enter'd the Liſts, his Adverſary before him, terribly arm'd with a thouſand piercing Beauties, ſufficient to overcome all the Men ſhe ſhould encounter, which gave him cauſe enough to fear his own Fate. The firſt thing he did in this firſt Onſet, was to lean his Head careleſly on his Hand, and beg her leave to take a Nap in his Chair, till his Friend came back: *Camilla* told him ſhe thought he might reſt with more eaſe on the Couch in the next Room; he declar'd himſelf ſatisfy'd with the Place where he was, and ſo ſlept till his Friend came back. *Anſelmo* finding his Wife in her Chamber, and *Lothario* aſleep at his return, concluded that he had given them time enough both for Diſcourſe, and Repoſe; and therefore waited with a great deal of Impatience for his Friend's awaking, that they might retire, and he might acquaint him with

his

his Succeſs. *Lothario* at laſt awak'd, and going out with his Friend, he anſwer'd his Enquiry to this purpoſe, That he did not think it convenient to proceed farther, at that Time, than ſome general Praiſe of her Wit and Beauty, which would beſt prepare his Way for what he might do hereafter, and diſpoſe her to give a more eaſy and willing Ear to what he ſhould ſay to her: As the Devil, by laying a pleaſing and apparent Good at firſt before us, inſinuates himſelf into our Inclinations, ſo that he generally gains his Point before we diſcover the Cloven-Foot, if his Diſguiſe paſs on us in the beginning. *Anſelmo* was extreamly ſatisfy'd with what *Lothario* ſaid, and promis'd him every Day as good an Opportunity; and tho' he could not go every Day abroad, yet he would manage his Conduct ſo well, that *Camilla* ſhould have no cauſe of Suſpicion. He took care to do as he ſaid. But *Lothario* wilfully loſt the frequent Opportunities he gave him; however, he ſooth'd him ſtill with Aſſurances, that his Lady was inflexible, her Virtue not to be ſurmounted, and that ſhe had threaten'd to diſcover his Attempts to her Husband, if he ever preſum'd to be ſo inſolent again; ſo far was ſhe from giving him the leaſt Hope or Encouragement. Thus far 'tis well, ſaid *Anſelmo*, but yet *Camilla* has reſiſted nothing but Words, we muſt now ſee what Proof ſhe is againſt more ſubſtantial Temptations. To morrow I will furniſh you with two thouſand Crowns in Gold, to preſent her with; and as a farther Bait, you ſhall have as much more in Jewels. For Women, eſpecially if they are handſome, naturally love to go gayly and richly dreſt, be they never ſo chaſte and virtuous; and if ſhe have power to overcome this Temptation, I'll give you no farther Trouble. Since I have begun this Adventure, reply'd *Lothario*,

thario, I will make an end of it, tho' I am ſure her Repulſes will tire out my Patience, and her Virtue overcome any Temptation, and baffle my Endeavours.

The next Day *Anſelmo* deliver'd him the four thouſand Crowns, and with them as many perplexing Thoughts, not knowing how to ſupply his Invention with ſome new Story to amuſe his Friend. However, at laſt he reſolv'd to return the Money, with Aſſurance that *Camilla* was as unmov'd with Preſents, as with Praiſe, and as untouch'd with Promiſes, as with Vows and Sighs of Love; and therefore all farther Attempts wou'd be but a fruitleſs Labour. This was his Intention; but Fortune that meddl'd too much in theſe Affairs diſappointed his Deſigns. For *Anſelmo* having left him alone with his Wife one Day as he us'd to do, privately convey'd himſelf into the Cloſet, and thro' the Chinks of the Door ſet himſelf to obſerve what they did; he found that for one half Hour *Lothario* ſaid not one Word to *Camilla*, from whence he concluded that all the Addreſſes, Importunities and Repulſes, with which he had amus'd him, were pure Fictions. But, that he might be fully ſatisfy'd in the Truth of his Surmiſe, coming from his Covert he took his Friend aſide, and enquir'd of him what *Camilla* had then ſaid to him, and how he now found her inclin'd? *Lothario* reply'd, that he would make no farther trial of her, ſince her Anſwer had now been ſo ſevere and awful, that he durſt not for the future venture upon a Diſcourſe ſo evidently her Averſion.

Ah! *Lothario! Lothario!* cry'd *Anſelmo*, is it thus that you keep your Promiſes? Is this what I ſhou'd expect from your Friendſhip? I obſerv'd you through that Door, and found that you ſaid not

not a Word to *Camilla*; and from thence I am very well ſatisfy'd, that you have only impos'd on me all the Anſwers and Relations you have made me. Why did you hinder me from employing ſome other, if you never intended to ſatisfy my Deſire? *Anſelmo* ſaid no more, but this was enough to confound *Lothario*, and cover him with Shame for being found in a Lie. Therefore to appeaſe his Friend, he ſwore to him, from that Time forward, to ſet in good earneſt about the Matter, and that ſo effectually, that he himſelf, if he wou'd again give himſelf the trouble of obſerving him, ſhould find proof enough of his Sincerity. *Anſelmo* believ'd him; and to give him the better Opportunity, he engag'd a Friend of his to ſend for him, with a great deal of Importunity, to come to his Houſe at a Village near the City, where he meant to ſpend eight Days, to take away all Apprehenſion and Fear from both his Friend and his Wife.

Was ever Man ſo unhappy as *Anſelmo*, who induſtriouſly contriv'd the Plot of his own Ruin and Diſhonour! He had a very good Wife, and poſſeſs'd her in quiet, without any other Man's mingling in his Pleaſures; her Thoughts were bounded with her own Houſe, and her Husband, the only earthly Good ſhe hop'd or thought on, and her only Pleaſure and Deſire; his Will the Rule of hers, and Meaſure of her Conduct. When he poſſeſs'd Love, Honour, Beauty and Diſcretion, without Pain or Toil, what ſhou'd provoke him to ſeek with ſo much Danger and Hazard of what he had already, that which was not to be found in Nature! He that aims at Things impoſſible, ought juſtly to loſe thoſe Advantages which are within the Bounds of Poſſibility, as the Poet ſings.

In

I.

In Death I ſeek for Life,
In a Diſeaſe for Health,
For Quietneſs in Strife,
In Poverty for Wealth,
And conſtant Truth in an inconſtant Wife.

II.

But ſure the Fates diſdain
My mad Deſires to pleaſe,
Nor ſhall I e'er obtain
What others get with Eaſe,
Since I demand what no Man e'er cou'd gain.

The next Day *Anſelmo* went out of Town; having firſt inform'd *Camilla*, that his Friend *Lothario* would look after his Affairs, and keep her Company in his Abſence, and deſir'd her to make as much of him as of himſelf. His Lady, like a diſcreet Woman, beg'd him to conſider how improper a thing it was for any other to take his Place in his Abſence; and told him, that if he doubted her Ability in managing her Houſe, he ſhould try her but this time, and ſhe queſtion'd not but he would find ſhe had Capacity to acquit herſelf to his Satisfaction in greater Matters. *Anſelmo* reply'd, that it was her Duty not to diſpute, but obey his Command: To which ſhe return'd, that ſhe would comply, tho' much againſt her Will. In ſhort, her Husband left the Town: *Lothario*, the next Day, was receiv'd at her Houſe with all the Reſpect that could be paid a Friend ſo dear to her Husband; but yet with ſo much Caution, that ſhe never permitted herſelf to be left alone with him, but kept perpetually ſome of her Maids in the Room, and chiefly *Leonela*, for

for whom she had a particular Love, as having been bred in her Father's House with her from her Infancy.

Lothario said nothing to her the three first Days, notwithstanding he might have found an Opportunity when the Servants were gone to Dinner; for tho' the prudent *Camilla* had order'd *Leonela* to dine before her, that she might have no Occasion to go out of the Room; yet she, who had other Affairs to employ her Thoughts more agreeably to her Inclinations (to gratify which that was usually the only convenient time she could find) was not so very punctually obedient to her Lady's Commands, but that she sometimes left them together. *Lothario* did not yet make use of these Advantages, as I have said, being aw'd by the Virtue and Modesty of *Camilla*. But this Silence which she thus impos'd on *Lothario*, had at last a quite contrary Effect. For though he said nothing, his Thoughts were active, his Eyes were employ'd to see and survey the outward Charms of a Form so perfect, that 'twas enough to fire the most cold, and soften the most obdurate Heart. In these Intervals of Silence, he consider'd how much she deserv'd to be belov'd; and these Considerations by little and little undermin'd and assaulted the Faith which he ow'd to his Friend. A thousand times he resolv'd to leave the City and retire where *Anselmo* should never see him, and where he should never more behold the dangerous Face of *Camilla*; but the extream Pleasure he found in seeing her, soon destroy'd so feeble a Resolve. When he was alone he wou'd accuse his want of Friendship and Religion, and run into frequent Comparisons betwixt himself and *Anselmo*, which generally concluded that *Anselmo*'s Folly and Madness was greater than his Infidelity; and that, wou'd Heaven as easily excuse

excuſe his Intentions, as Man, he had no cauſe to fear any Puniſhment for the Crime he was going to commit. In fine, *Camilla*'s Beauty, and the Opportunity given him by the Husband himſelf, wholly vanquiſh'd his Faith and Friendſhip. And now having an Eye only to the means of obtaining that Pleaſure, to which he was prompted with ſo much Violence; after he had ſpent the three firſt Days of *Anſelmo*'s Abſence, in a conflict betwixt Love and Virtue, he attempted, by all means poſſible, to prevail with *Camilla*; and diſcover'd ſo much Paſſion in his Words and Actions, that *Camilla*, ſurpriz'd with the unexpected Aſſault, flung from him out of the Room, and retir'd with haſte to her Chamber. Hope is always born with Love, nor did this Repulſe in the leaſt diſcourage *Lothario* from farther Attempts on *Camilla*, who by this appear'd more charming, and more worthy his Purſuit. She, on the other hand, knew not what to do upon the Diſcovery of that in *Lothario*, which ſhe never cou'd have imagin'd. The Reſult of her Reflections was this, that ſince ſhe cou'd not give him any Opportunity of ſpeaking to her again, without the Hazard of her Reputation and Honour, ſhe wou'd ſend a Letter to her Husband to ſolicit his Return to his Houſe. The Letter ſhe ſent by a Meſſenger that very Night; and it was to this purpoſe.

CHAP. VII.

In which the History of the Curious Impertinent is pursu'd.

AS 'tis very improper to leave an Army without a General, and a Garrison without a Governor; so to me it seems much more imprudent to leave a young marry'd Woman without her Husband; especially when there are no Affairs of Consequence to plead for his Absence. I find myself so ill in your's, and so impatient, and unable to endure any longer, that if you come not home very quickly, I shall be oblig'd to return to my Father's, tho' I leave your House without any one to look after it: For the Person to whom you have entrusted the Care of your Family, has, I believe, more Regard to his own Pleasure than your Concerns. You are Wise and Prudent, and therefore I shall say no more, nor is it convenient I shou'd.

Anselmo was not a little satisfy'd at the Receipt of this Letter, which assur'd him that *Lothario* had begun the Attempt, which she had repell'd according to his Hopes; and therefore he sent her Word not to leave his House, assuring her it should not be long before he return'd. *Camilla* was surpriz'd with his Answer, and more perplex'd than before, being equally afraid of going to her Father, and of staying at home; in the first she must obey'd her Husband, in the latter ran the Risque of her Honour. The worst Resolution prevail'd, which was to stay at her own House, and thereby avoid *Lothario*'s Company, lest it shou'd give some Cause of Suspicion to her Servants. And now

repented her writing to *Anſelmo*, leſt he ſhou'd ſuſpect that *Lothario* had obſerv'd ſome Indiſcretion in her, that made him loſe the Reſpect due to her, and gave him Aſſurance to offer at the corrupting her Honeſty: But confiding in Heaven and her own Innocence, which ſhe thought Proof againſt all *Lothario*'s Attempts, ſhe reſolv'd to make no Anſwer to whatever he ſhould ſay to her, and never more to trouble her Husband with Complaints, for fear of engaging him in Diſputes and Quarrels with his Friend. For that Reaſon ſhe conſider'd how ſhe might beſt excuſe him to *Anſelmo*, when he ſhou'd examine the Cauſe of her writing to him in that Manner. With a Reſolution ſo innocent and dangerous, the next Day ſhe gave ear to all that *Lothario* ſaid; and he gave the Aſſault with ſuch Force and Vigour, that *Camilla*'s Conſtancy could not ſtand the Shock unmov'd, and her Virtue cou'd do no more than guard her Eyes from betraying that tender Compaſſion, of which his Vows and Entreaties, and all his Sighs and Tears had made her Heart ſenſible. *Lothario* diſcover'd this with an infinite Satisfaction, and no leſs Addition to his Flame; and found that he ought to make uſe of this Opportunity of *Anſelmo*'s Abſence, with all his Force and Importunity, to win ſo valuable a Fortreſs. He began with the powerful Battery of the Praiſe of her Beauty, which being directly pointed on the weakeſt Part of Woman, her Vanity, with the greateſt Eaſe and Facility in the World makes a breach as great as a Lover wou'd deſire. *Lothario* was not unskilful or remiſs in the Attack, but follow'd his Fire ſo cloſe, that let *Camilla*'s Integrity be built on never ſo obdurate a Rock, it muſt at laſt have fall'n. He wept, pray'd, flatter'd, promis'd, ſwore, vow'd, and ſhew'd ſo much Paſ-

ſion and Truth in what he ſaid, that bearing down the Care of her Honour, he, at laſt, triumph'd over what he ſcarce durſt hope, tho' what he moſt of all deſir'd; for ſhe, at laſt, ſurrender'd, even *Camilla* ſurrender'd. Nor ought we to wonder if ſhe yielded, ſince even *Lothario*'s Friendſhip and Virtue were not able to withſtand the terrible Aſſault; an evident Proof that Love is a Power too ſtrong to be overcome by any thing but flying, and that no mortal Creature ought to be ſo preſumptuous as to ſtand the Encounter, ſince there is need of ſomething more than Humane, and indeed a heavenly Force, to confront and vanquiſh that humane Paſſion. *Leonela* was the only Confident of this Amour, which theſe new Lovers and faithleſs Friends could not by any means conceal from her Knowledge. *Lothario* would not diſcover to *Camilla*, that her Husband, for her Trial, had deſignedly given him this Opportunity, to which he ow'd ſo extreme a Happineſs; becauſe ſhe ſhou'd not think he wanted Love to ſolicit her himſelf with Importunity, or that ſhe was gain'd on too eaſy Terms.

Anſelmo came home in a few Days, but diſcover'd not what he had loſt, tho' it was what he moſt valu'd and eſteem'd: From thence he went to *Lothario*, and embracing him, beg'd of him to let him know his Fate. All I can tell you, my Friend, anſwer'd *Lothario*, is, that you may boaſt yourſelf the Husband of the beſt Wife in the World, the Ornament of her Sex, and the Pattern which all virtuous Women ought to follow, Words, Offers, Preſents, all is ineffectual; the Tears I pretended to ſhed, mov'd only her Laughter. *Camilla* is not only Miſtreſs of the greateſt Beauty, but of Modeſty, Diſcretion, Sweetneſs of Temper, and every other Virtue and Per-

Perfection that add to the Charms of a Woman of Honour. Therefore, my Friend, here take back your Money, I have had no Occaſion to lay it out, for *Camilla*'s Integrity cannot be corrupted by ſuch baſe and mercenary things as Gifts and Promiſes. And now, *Anſelmo*, be at laſt content with the Trial you have already made; and having ſo luckily got over the dangerous Quick-ſands of Doubts and Suſpicions that are to be met with in the Ocean of Matrimony, do not venture out again with another Pilot that Veſſel, whoſe Strength you have ſufficiently experienc'd; but believe yourſelf, as you are, ſecurely anchor'd in a ſafe Harbour, at Pleaſure and Eaſe, till Death, from whoſe Force, no Title, Power, nor Dignity can ſecure us, does come and cut the Cable. *Anſelmo* was extremely ſatisfy'd with *Lothario*'s Diſcourſe, and believ'd it as firmly as if it had been an Oracle; yet deſir'd him to continue his Purſuit, if it were but to paſs away the Time: He did not require he ſhould preſs *Camilla* with thoſe Importunities he had us'd, but only make ſome Verſes in her Praiſe, under the Name of *Cloris*; and he would make *Camilla* believe he celebrated a Lady he lov'd, under that Name, to ſecure her Honour and Reputation from the Cenſure, which a more open Declaration would incur: He added, that if *Lothario* would not be at the expence of ſo much Trouble and Time, as to compoſe them himſelf, he would do it for him with a great deal of Pleaſure. *Lothario* told him there was no need of that, ſince he himſelf was ſometimes poetically given; do you but tell *Camilla* of my Love, according to your own Deſign, and I'll make the Verſes as well as I can, tho' not ſo well as the Excellency of the Subject requires. The *Curious Impertinent*, and his treacherous Friend, having thus agreed the Matter,

Anſelmo went home, and then ask'd *Camilla* on what Occaſion ſhe ſent him the Letter? *Camilla*, who wonder'd that this Queſtion had not been ask'd her before, reply'd, That the Motive that prevail'd with her to write in that Manner to him, was a Jealouſy ſhe had entertain'd, that *Lothario*, in his Abſence, look'd on her with more criminal and deſiring Eyes than he us'd to do when he was at home; but that ſince ſhe had Reaſon to believe that Suſpicion but weakly grounded, ſeeing he diſcover'd rather an Averſion than Love, as avoiding all Occaſions of being alone with her. *Anſelmo* told her ſhe had nothing to apprehend from *Lothario* on that Account, ſince he knew his Affections engag'd on one of the nobleſt young Ladies of the City, whoſe Praiſe he writ under the Name of *Cloris*; but were he not thus engag'd, there was no Reaſon to ſuſpect *Lothario*'s Virtue and Friendſhip. *Camilla*, at this Diſcourſe, without Doubt would have been very jealous of *Lothario*, had he not told her his Deſign of abuſing her Husband with the Pretence of another Love, that he might with the greater Liberty and Security, expreſs her Praiſe and his Paſſion. The next Day, at Dinner, *Anſelmo* deſir'd him to read ſome of the Verſes he had made on his beloved *Cloris*; telling him, he might ſay any thing of her before *Camilla*, ſince ſhe did not know who the Lady was. Did *Camilla* know her, reply'd *Lothario*, that ſhou'd not make me paſs over in Silence my Part of that Praiſe which was her due; or if a Lover complains of his Miſtreſs's Cruelty, while he is praiſing her Perfections, ſhe can never ſuffer in her Reputation. Therefore, without any Fear, I ſhall repeat a Sonnet which I made yeſterday on the Ingratitude of *Cloris*.

A SON-

A SONNET.

AT Dead of Night, when ev'ry troubled Breaſt
By balmy Sleep is eas'd of anxious Pain,
When Slaves themſelves in pleaſing Dreams are bleſt,
Of Heaven and Cloris, *reſtleſs, I complain.*

The roſy Morn diſpels the Shades of Night,
The Sun, the Pleaſures, and the Day return;
All Nature's cheer'd with the reviving Light;
I, only I, can never ceaſe to mourn.

At Noon, in vain, I bid my Sorrow ceaſe,
The Heat increaſes, and my Pains increaſe,
And ſtill my Soul in the mild Evening grieves:
The Night returns, and my Complaints renew,
No Moment ſees me free; in vain I ſue,
Heav'n ne'er relents, and Cloris *ne'er relieves.*

Camilla was mightily pleas'd with the Sonnet, but *Anſelmo* tranſported; he was laviſh of his Commendation, and added that the Lady muſt be barbarouſly cruel that made no Return to ſo much Truth, and ſo violent a Paſſion. What, muſt we then believe all that a Poet in Love tells us for Truth? ſaid *Camilla*. Madam, reply'd *Lothario*, tho' the Poet may exceed, yet the Lover corrects his Fondneſs for Fiction, and makes him ſpeak Truth. *Anſelmo*, to advance *Lothario*'s Credit with *Camilla*, confirm'd whatever he ſaid; but ſhe not minding her Husband's Confirmations, was ſufficiently perſwaded, by her Paſſion for *Lothario*, to an implicit Faith in all he ſaid; and therefore pleas'd with this Compoſition, and more ſatisfy'd in the Knowledge ſhe had that all was addreſs'd to herſelf, as the true *Cloris*, ſhe deſir'd him to re-

peat ſome other Verſes he had made on that Subject, if he could remember any. I remember ſome, reply'd *Lothario*; but, Madam, in my Opinion, they are not ſo tolerable as the former; but you ſhall be Judge yourſelf.

A SONNET.

I.

I Die your Victim, cruel Fair,
And die without Reprieve,
If you can think your Slave can bear
Your Cruelty and live.

II.

Since all my Hopes of Eaſe are vain,
To die I now ſubmit;
And that you may not think I feign,
It muſt be at your Feet.

III.

Yet when my bleeding Heart you view,
Bright Nymph, forbear to grieve;
For I had rather die for you,
Than for another live.

IV.

In Death and dark Oblivion's Grave
Oh! let me lie forlorn,
For my poor Ghoſt wou'd pine and rave,
Shou'd you relent and mourn.

Anſelmo was not leſs profuſe in his Praiſe of this Sonnet, than he had been of the other, and ſo added new Fuel to the Fire that was to conſume his Reputation. He contributed to his own Abuſe, in

in commending his falſe Friend's Attempts on his Honour, as the moſt important Service he could do it; and this made him believe, that every Step *Camilla* made down to Contempt and Diſgrace, was a Degree ſhe mounted towards that Perfection of Virtue which he deſir'd ſhe ſhould attain.

Some time after, *Camilla* being alone with her Maid, I am aſham'd, ſaid ſhe, My *Leonela*, that I gave *Lothario* ſo eaſy a Conqueſt over me, and did not know my own Worth enough to make him undergo ſome greater Fatigues, before I made him ſo entire a Surrender. I am afraid he will think my haſty Conſent the Effect of the Looſeneſs of my Temper, and not at all conſider that the Force and Violence he us'd, depriv'd me of the Power of reſiſting. Ah! Madam, return'd *Leonela*, let not that diſquiet you; for the ſpeedy beſtowing a Benefit of an intrinſick Value, and which you deſign to beſtow at laſt, can never leſſen the Favour; for according to the old Proverb, *He that gives quickly gives twice.* To anſwer your Proverb with another, reply'd *Camilla*, *That which coſt little is leſs valu'd.* But this has nothing to do with you, anſwer'd *Leonela*, ſince 'tis ſaid of Love, that it ſometimes goes, ſometimes flies; runs with one, walks gravely with another; turns a third into Ice, and ſets a fourth in a Flame: It wounds one, another it kills; like Lightning it begins and ends in the ſame Moment: It makes that Fort yield at Night which it beſieg'd but in the Morning; for there is no Force able to reſiſt it. Since this is evident, what Cauſe have you to be ſurprized at your own Frailty? And why ſhou'd you apprehend any thing from *Lothario*, who has felt the ſame irreſiſtible Power, and yielded to it as ſoon? For Love, to gain a Conqueſt, took the ſhort

Opportunity of my Lord's Abſence, which being ſo ſhort and uncertain, Love, that had before determin'd this ſhou'd be done, added Force and Vigour to the Lover, not to leave any thing to Time and Chance, which might, by *Anſelmo*'s Return, cut off all Opportunities of accompliſhing ſo agreeable a Work. The beſt and moſt officious Servant of Love's Retinue, is Occaſion or Opportunity: This it is that Love improves in all its Progreſs, but moſt in the Beginning and firſt Riſe of an Amour. I truſt not in what I have ſaid to the Uncertainty of Report, but to Experience, which affords the moſt certain and moſt valuable Knowledge, as I will inform you, Madam, ſome Day or other; for I am like you, made of frail Fleſh and Blood, fir'd by Youth and youthful Deſires. But, Madam, you did not ſurrender to *Lothario* till you had ſufficient Proof of his Love, from his Eyes, his Vows, his Promiſes, and Gifts; till you had ſeen the Merit of his Perſon, and the Beauty of his Mind; all which convinc'd you how much he deſerv'd to be lov'd. Then trouble yourſelf no more, Madam, with theſe Fears and Jealouſies; but thank your Stars, that, ſince you were doom'd a Victim to Love, you fell by the Force of ſuch Valour and Merit that cannot be doubted. You yielded to one who has not only the four *S*'s, which are requir'd in every good Lover, but even the whole *Alphabet*; as for Example, he is, in my Opinion, *Agreeable*, *Bountiful*, *Conſtant*, *Dutiful*, *Eaſy*, *Faithful*, *Gallant*, *Honourable*, *Ingenious*, *Kind*, *Loyal*, *Mild*, *Noble*, *Officious*, *Prudent*, *Quiet*, *Rich*, *Secret*, *True*, *Valiant*, *Wiſe*; the *X*, indeed, is too harſh a Letter to agree with him, he is *Young*, and *Zealous* for your Honour and Service. *Camilla* laugh'd at her Woman's *Alphabet*, and thought her (as indeed

deed ſhe was) more learn'd in the practical Part of Love, than ſhe had confeſs'd. She then inform'd her Miſtreſs of an Affair that had been betwixt her and a young Man of the Town. *Camilla* was not a little concern'd at what ſhe ſaid, being apprehenſive that her Honour might ſuffer by her Woman's Indiſcretion; and therefore ask'd her if the Amour had paſs'd any farther than Words? *Leonela*, without any Fear or Shame, own'd her guilty Correſpondence with all the Freedom in the World; for the Miſtreſs's Guilt gives the Servant Impudence; and generally they imitate their Ladies Frailties, without any fear of the publick Cenſure.

Camilla finding her Error paſt Remedy, could only beg *Leonela* to diſcloſe nothing of her Affair to her Lover, and manage her Amour with Secrecy and Diſcretion, for fear *Lothario* or *Anſelmo* ſhould hear of it. *Leonela* promis'd to obey her; but ſhe did it in ſuch a Manner, that *Camilla* was perpetually in Fear of the loſs of her Reputation by her Folly; for ſhe grew ſo confident on her Knowledge of her Lady's Tranſgreſſion, that ſhe admitted her Gallant into the Houſe, not caring if her Lady knew it, being certain that ſhe durſt not make any Diſcovery to her Maſter: For when once a Miſtreſs has ſuffer'd her Virtue to be vanquiſh'd, and admits of any criminal Correſpondence, it ſubjects her to her own Servants, and makes her ſubſervient to their Rogueries, which ſhe is ſlaviſhly bound to conceal. Thus it was with *Camilla*, who was forc'd to wink at the viſible Rendezvous, which *Leonela* had with her Lover, in a certain Chamber of the Houſe which ſhe thought proper for the Occaſion; nor was that all, ſhe was conſtrain'd to give her the opportunity of hiding him, by blinding her Husband.

But all this Caution did not ſecure him from being ſeen by *Lothario* one Morning, as he was getting out of the Houſe by break of Day. His Surprize had made him think it a Spirit, had not his Haſte away, and his muffling himſelf up in his Cloak, that he might not be known, convinc'd him of his Error, and thrown him into a new Jealouſy, that had certainly undone them all, had not *Camilla*'s Wit and Addreſs prevented it. For *Lothario* concluded that *Camilla*, that had made no very obſtinate Reſiſtance to him, had as eaſily ſurrender'd to ſome other; and he fancy'd that the Perſon he ſaw come from her Houſe, was the new-favour'd Lover; never remembring that there was any ſuch Perſon as *Leonela* in the Houſe. For when once a Woman parts with her Virtue, ſhe loſes the Eſteem even of the Man whoſe Vows and Tears won her to abandon it; and he believes ſhe will with as little, if not leſs Difficulty, yield to another; he perverts the leaſt Suſpicions into Reality, and takes the lighteſt Appearance for the moſt evident Matter of Fact.

Thus *Lothario*, diſtracted by the moſt violent Jealouſy in the World, without allowing himſelf time to conſider, gave way to the Tranſports of his Rage and Deſire of Revenge on *Camilla*, who had not injur'd him; he goes immediately to *Anſelmo*, and having found him abed: I have, my Friend, ſaid he to him, theſe ſeveral Days undergone a moſt ſevere Conflict within my Mind, and us'd all the Force and Violence I was capable of to conceal an Affair from you, which I can no longer forbear diſcovering, without an apparent Wrong to Juſtice, and my Friendſhip. Know then that *Camilla* is now ready to do whatſoever I ſhall deſire of her; and the Reaſon that moſt prevail'd with me to delay this Diſcovery, was, that

I would

I would be ſatisfy'd whether ſhe were in earneſt, or only pretended this Compliance to try me; but had ſhe been ſo virtuous as you and I believ'd her, ſhe would, by this time, have inform'd you of that Importunity which, by your Deſire, I us'd; but finding that ſhe is ſilent, and takes no notice of that to you, I have reaſon to believe that ſhe is but too ſincere in thoſe guilty Promiſes ſhe has made me, of meeting me to my Satisfaction in the Wardrobe, the next time your Abſence from the Town ſhould furniſh her with an Opportunity. (This was true indeed, for that was the Place of their common Rendezvous) Yet I would not have you, continu'd he, take a raſh and inconſiderate Revenge, ſince 'tis poſſible, before the time of Aſſignation, her Virtue may rally, and ſhe repent her Folly. Therefore, as you have hitherto taken my Advice, be rul'd by me now, that you may not be impos'd on, but have a ſufficient Conviction before you put your Reſolves into Execution, pretend two or three Days Abſence, and then privately convey yourſelf behind the Hangings in the Wardrobe, as you eaſily may, whence you may, without difficulty, be an Eye Witneſs with me of *Camilla*'s Conduct; and if it be as Criminal as we may juſtly fear, then you may with Secrecy and Speed puniſh her, as the Injury deſerves.

Anſelmo was extremely ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected a Misfortune, to find himſelf deceiv'd in thoſe imaginary Triumphs he pleas'd himſelf with, in *Camilla*'s ſuppos'd Victory over all *Lothario*'s Aſſaults. A great while he was in a ſilent Suſpence, with his Eyes dejected, without Force, and without Spirit; but turning at laſt to his Friend: You have done all, ſaid he, *Lothario*, that I could expect from ſo perfect a Friendſhip, I will therefore be entirely guided by your Advice; do therefore

fore what you pleaſe, but uſe all the Secrecy a Thing of this Nature requires. *Lothario*, aſſuring him of that, left him; but full of Repentance for the Raſhneſs he had been guilty of in telling him ſo much as he had, ſince he might have taken a ſufficient Revenge, by a leſs cruel and diſhonourable way. He curs'd his want of Senſe, and the Weakneſs of his Reſolution, but could not find out any way to produce a leſs fatal event of his Treachery, than he could juſtly expect from the Experiment. But at laſt he concluded to inform *Camilla* of all he had done; which his Freedom of Acceſs gave him Opportunity to do that very Day, when he found her alone; and ſhe began thus to him. I am ſo oppreſs'd, my *Lothario*, with a Misfortune which I lie under, that it will certainly for ever deſtroy my Quiet and Happineſs, if there be not ſome ſpeedy Remedy found for it: *Leonela* is grown ſo preſumptuous, on her knowledge of my Affairs, that ſhe admits her Lover all Night to her Chamber, and ſo expoſes my Reputation to the Cenſure of any that ſhall ſee him go out at unſeaſonable Hours from my Houſe; and the greateſt, and moſt remedileſs part of my Grief is, that I dare not correct or chide her for her Imprudence and Impudence; for being conſcious of our Correſpondence, ſhe obliges me to conceal her Failings, which I am extremely apprehenſive will in the end be very fatal to my Happineſs. *Lothario* was at laſt jealous that *Camilla* deſign'd cunningly thus to impoſe her own Privado on him for *Leonela*'s; but being convinc'd by her Tears, and the apparent Concern in her Face, he began to believe her, and at the ſame time to be infinitely confounded and griev'd for what he had done. Yet he comforted *Camilla*, aſſuring her he would take effectual Care for the future, that *Leonela*'s Impudence

dence ſhould do her no Prejudice, and therefore beg'd her not to torment herſelf any more about it. Then he told all the unhappy Effect of his Jealous Rage, and that her Husband had agreed behind the Arras to be witneſs of her Weakneſs. He ask'd her Pardon for the Folly, and her Counſel how to redreſs and prevent the ill Effect of it, and bring them out of thoſe Difficulties into which his Madneſs had plung'd them.

Camilla expreſs'd her Reſentment, and her Fears in excuſing his Treachery, Baſeneſs, and want of Conſideration; yet her Anger and Fears being appeas'd, and a Woman's Wit being always more pregnant in Difficulties than a Man's, ſhe immediately thought of a way to deliver them from Dangers that bore ſo diſmal and helpleſs a Face. She therefore bid him engage *Anſelmo* to be there the next Day, aſſuring him ſhe did not queſtion but by that means to get a more frequent, and ſecure Opportunity of enjoying one another than they hitherto ever had. She would not make him privy to her whole Deſign, but bid him be ſure to come after her Husband was hid, as ſoon as *Leonela* ſhou'd call him, and that he ſhould anſwer as directly to whatſoever ſhe ſhould ask him, as if *Anſelmo* were not within hearing. *Lothario* ſpar'd no Importunity to get from her her whole Deſign, that he might act his Part with the greater Aſſurance, and the better contribute to the Impoſing on her Husband. All you have to do, reply'd *Camilla*, is to anſwer me directly what I ſhall demand; nor would ſhe diſcover any more, for fear he ſhould not acquieſce in her Opinion, which ſhe was ſo well ſatisfied in, but raiſe Difficulties, and by Conſequence Obſtacles, that might hinder her Deſign from having the deſir'd Event, or run her upon ſome leſs ſucceſsful Project.

Lothario

Lothario comply'd, and *Anſelmo* in appearance left the Town to retire to his Friend in the Country, but ſecretly return'd to hide himſelf in the Wardrobe, which he did with the greater Eaſe, becauſe *Camilla* and *Leonela* wilfully gave him Opportunity. We may eaſily imagine the Grief with which *Anſelmo* hid himſelf, ſince it was to be a Spectator of his own Diſhonour, and the loſs of all that Happineſs he poſſeſſed in the Embraces of his beautiful and belov'd *Camilla*. On the other hand, ſhe being now certain that *Anſelmo* was hid, enter'd the Wardrobe with *Leonela*, and fetching a deep and piteous Sigh, thus addreſs'd herſelf to her: Ah! my *Leonela!* would it not be much better that thou pierce this infamous Boſom with *Anſelmo*'s Dagger, before I execute what I deſign, which I have kept from thee that thou might'ſt not endeavour to diſappoint me? Yet not ſo; for, where is the Juſtice that I ſhould ſuffer for another's Offence? No, I will firſt know of *Lothario* what Action of mine has given him aſſurance to make me a Diſcovery of a Paſſion ſo injurious to his Friend, and my Honour. Go to the Window, *Leonela*, and call the wicked Man to me, who doubtleſs is waiting in the Street the Signal for his Admiſſion to accompliſh his villainous Deſign; yet firſt my Reſolution ſhall be performed, which tho' it be cruel, is what my Honour ſtrictly demands of me. Alas! my dear Lady, cry'd the cunning *Leonela*, alas! What do you intend to do with that Dagger? Is your fatal Deſign againſt yourſelf or *Lothario*? Alas! you can attack neither without the Ruin of your Fame and Reputation. You had better give no Opportunity to that bad Man by admitting him while we are thus alone in the Houſe: Conſider, Madam, we are but two weak, and helpleſs Women, he a

ſtrong

ſtrong and reſolute Man, whoſe Force is redoubled by the Paſſion and Deſire that poſſeſs him; ſo that before you may be able to accompliſh what you deſign, he may commit a Crime that will be more injurious to you than the loſs of your Life. We have reaſon to curſe my Maſter *Anſelmo*, who gives ſuch frequent Opportunities to Impudence and Diſhoneſty to pollute our Houſe. But, Madam, ſuppoſe you ſhould kill him, as I believe you deſign, what ſhall we do with his dead Body? What! ſaid *Camilla*, why we would leave him in this place to be buried by *Anſelmo*; for it muſt be a grateful Trouble to him to bury with his own Hand his own Infamy and Diſhonour. Call him therefore quickly, for methinks every Moment my Revenge is deferr'd, I injure that Loyalty I owe to my Husband.

Anſelmo gave great attention to all that was ſaid, and every Word of *Camilla's* made a ſtrange alteration in his Sentiments, ſo that he could ſcarce forbear coming out to prevent his Friend's Death, when he heard her deſperate Reſolution againſt his Life; but his Deſire of ſeeing the end of ſo brave a Reſolve with-held him, till he ſaw an abſolute neceſſity of diſcovering himſelf to hinder the Miſchief. Now *Camilla* put on a fear and weakneſs which reſembled a Swoon; and having thrown herſelf on a Bed in the Room, *Leonela* began a moſt doleful Lamentation over her: Alas! ſaid ſhe, how unfortunate ſhould I be, if my Lady, ſo eminent for Virtue and Chaſtity as well as Beauty, ſhould thus periſh in my Arms? This, and much more ſhe utter'd with that force of perfect Diſſimulation, that whoever had ſeen her would have concluded her one of the moſt innocent Virgins in the World, and her Lady a meer perſecuted *Penelope*. *Camilla* ſoon came to herſelf,

and

and cry'd to *Leonela*, why don't you call the moſt Treacherous and Unfaithful of Friends? Go, fly, and let not thy delays waſte my Revenge and Anger in meer Words and idle Threats and Curſes. Madam, reply'd *Leonela*, I will go, but you muſt firſt give me that Dagger, leſt you commit ſome Outrage upon yourſelf in my Abſence, which may give an eternal Cauſe of Sorrow to all your Friends that love and value you. Let not thoſe Fears detain you, ſaid *Camilla*, but aſſure yourſelf I will not do any thing till you return; for tho' I ſhall not fear to puniſh myſelf in the higheſt degree, yet I ſhall not, like *Lucretia*, puniſh myſelf without killing him that was the principal cauſe of my Diſhonour. If I muſt die, I ſhall not refuſe it; but I will firſt ſatisfy my Revenge on him that has tempted me to come to this guilty Aſſignation, to make him lament his Crime without being guilty of any myſelf.

Camilla could ſcarce prevail with *Leonela* to leave her alone, but at laſt ſhe obey'd her and withdrew, when *Camilla* entertain'd herſelf and her Husband with this following Soliloquy: Good Heav'n, ſaid ſhe, had I not better have continued my Repulſes, than by this ſeeming Conſent ſuffer *Lothario* to think Scandalouſly of me, till my Actions ſhall convince him of his Error? That indeed might have been better in ſome reſpects, but then I ſhould have wanted this Opportunity of Revenge, and the Satisfaction of my Husband's Injur'd Honour, if he were permitted without any Correction to go off with the Inſolence of offering ſuch Criminal Aſſaults to my Virtue. No, no, let the Traitor's Life atone for the guilt of his falſe and unfaithful Attempts; and his Blood quench that lewd Fire he was not content ſhould burn in his own Breaſt. Let the

World

World be witneſs, if it ever comes to know my Story, that *Camilla* thought it not enough to preſerve her Virtue and Loyalty to her Husband entire, but alſo revenged the hateful Affront, and the intended Deſtruction of it. But it might be moſt convenient perhaps to let *Anſelmo* know of this before I put my Revenge in Execution; yet on the firſt Attempt I ſent him Word of it to the Village, and I can attribute his not reſenting ſo notorious an Abuſe to nothing but his generous Temper, and Confidence in his Friend, incapable of believing ſo try'd a Friend could be guilty of ſo much as a Thought againſt his Honour and Reputation; nor is this Incredulity ſo ſtrange, ſince I for ſo long together could not perſwade myſelf of the Truth of what my Eyes and Ears convey'd to me; and nothing could have convinc'd me of my generous Error, had his Inſolency kept within any Bounds, and not dared to proceed to large Gifts, large Promiſes, and a Flood of Tears, which he ſhed as the undiſſembled Teſtimony of his Paſſion. But to what purpoſe are theſe Conſiderations? Or is there indeed any need of conſidering to perſwade me to a brave Reſolve? *Avaunt* falſe Thoughts. Revenge is now my Task, let the Treacherous Man approach, let him come, let him die, let him periſh; let him but periſh, no matter what's the fatal Conſequence. My dear *Anſelmo* receiv'd me to his Boſom Spotleſs and Chaſte, and ſo ſhall the Grave receive me from his Arms. Let the Event be as unlucky as it will, the worſt Pollution I can this way ſuffer is of mingling my own Chaſte Blood with the impure and corrupted Blood of the moſt Falſe and Treacherous of Friends. Having ſaid this, ſhe travers'd the Room in ſo paſſionate a manner, with the drawn Dagger in her Hand, and ſhew'd ſuch an Agitation of

Spirit

Spirit in her Looks and Motion, that ſhe appeared like one diſtracted, or more like a Murderer, than a tender and delicate Lady.

Anſelmo, not a little to his ſatisfaction, very plainly ſaw and heard all this from behind the Arras, which with the greateſt Reaſon and Evidence in the World remov'd all his paſt Doubts and Jealouſies, and he with abundance of concern wiſhed that *Lothario* would not come, that he might by that Means eſcape the Danger that ſo apparently threatned him; to prevent which he had diſcover'd himſelf, had he not ſeen *Leonela* at that Inſtant bring *Lothario* into the Room. As ſoon as *Camilla* ſaw him enter, ſhe deſcrib'd a Line with the Poniard on the Ground, and told him the Minute he preſum'd to paſs that; ſhe would ſtrike the Dagger to his Heart: Hear me, ſaid ſhe, and obſerve what I ſay without Interruption; when I have done, you ſhall have liberty to make what Reply you pleaſe. Tell me firſt, *Lothario*, do you know my Husband, and do you know me? The Queſtion is not ſo difficult but you may give me immediate Anſwer.; there is no need of conſidering, ſpeak therefore without delay. *Lothario* was not ſo dull as not to gueſs at her Deſign in having her Husband hid behind the Hangings, and therefore adapted his Anſwers ſo well to her Queſtions, that the Fiction was loſt in the appearance of Reality. I did never imagine, fair *Camilla*, ſaid *Lothario*, that you would make this Aſſignation to ask Queſtions ſo diſtant from the dear End of my Coming. If you had a Mind ſtill to delay my promis'd Happineſs, you ſhould have prepared me for the Diſappointment; for, the nearer the Hope of Poſſeſſion brings us to the Good we deſire, the greater is the Pain to have thoſe Hopes deſtroy'd. But to anſwer your Demands, I muſt own, Madam, that

that I do know your Husband, and he me; that this Knowledge has grown up with us from our Childhood; and that I may be a witneſs againſt myſelf of the Injury I am compelled by Love to do him; I do alſo own, Divine *Camilla*, that you too well know the Tenderneſs of our mutual Friendſhip: Yet Love is a ſufficient Excuſe for all my Errors, if they were much more criminal than they are. And, Madam, that I know you is evident, and love you equal to him, for nothing but your Charms could have Power enough to make me forget what I owe to my own Honour, and what to the holy Laws of Friendſhip, all which I have been forc'd to break by the reſiſtleſs Tyranny of Love. Ah! had I known you leſs, I had been more Innocent. If you confeſs all this, ſaid *Camilla*, if you know us both, how dare you violate ſo Sacred a Friendſhip, injure ſo true a Friend, and appear thus confidently before me, whom you know to be eſteem'd by him the Mirror of his Love, in which that Love ſo often views itſelf with Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and in which you ought to have ſurvey'd yourſelf ſo far, as to have ſeen how ſmall the Temptation is, that has prevail'd on you to wrong him. But alas! This points me to the Cauſe of your Tranſgreſſion, ſome ſuſpicious Action of mine when I have been leaſt on my Guard, as thinking myſelf alone; but aſſure yourſelf, whatever it was, it proceeds not from Looſeneſs or Levity of Principle, but a Negligence and Liberty which the Sex ſometimes innocently fall into when they think themſelves unobſerv'd. If this were not the Cauſe, ſay, Traytor, when did I liſten to your Prayers, or in the leaſt regard your Tears and Vows, ſo that you might derive from thence the ſmalleſt Hope of accompliſhing your infamous Deſires? Did I not always

always with the laſt Averſion and Diſdain reject your Criminal Paſſion? Did I ever betray a Belief in thy laviſh Promiſes? or admit of thy prodigal Gifts? But ſince without ſome Hope no Love can long ſubſiſt, I will lay that hateful guilt on ſome unhappy Inadvertency of mine; and therefore will inflict the ſame Puniſhment on myſelf, that your Crime deſerves. And to ſhew you that I cannot but be cruel to you, who will not ſpare myſelf, I ſent for you to be a Witneſs of that juſt Sacrifice I ſhall make to my dear Husband's injur'd Honour, on which you have fixed the blackeſt Mark of Infamy that your Malice could inſpire, and which I alas! have ſullied too by my thoughtleſs neglect of depriving you of the occaſion, if indeed I gave any, of nouriſhing your wicked Intentions. Once more I tell you, that the bare Suſpicion that my want of Caution, and ſetting ſo ſevere a Guard on my Actions as I ought, has made you harbour ſuch wild and infamous Intentions, is the ſharpeſt of my Afflictions, and what with my own Hands I reſolve to puniſh with the utmoſt Severity. For, ſhould I leave that Puniſhment to another, it would but increaſe my guilt. Yet I will die; but firſt to ſatisfy my Revenge, and impartial Juſtice, I will unmov'd and unrelenting deſtroy the fatal Cauſe that has reduc'd me to this deſperate Condition.

At theſe Words ſhe flew with ſuch Violence, and ſo well acted a Fury on *Lothario* with her naked Dagger, that he could ſcarce think it feigned, and therefore ſecured himſelf from her Blow by avoiding it, and holding her Hand. Thereupon, to give more Life to the Fiction, as in a Rage at her diſappointed Revenge on *Lothario*, ſhe cried out: Since my malicious Fortune denies a compleat Satisfaction to my juſt Deſires, at leaſt it ſhall

ſhall not be in its Power entirely to defeat my Reſolution. With that, drawing back her Dagger-Hand from *Lothario* who held it, ſhe ſtruck it into that part of her Body where it might do her the leaſt damage, and then fell down, as fainting away with the Wound. *Lothario* and *Leonela* ſurpriz'd at the unexpected Event, knew not yet what to think, ſeeing her ſtill lie all bloody on the Ground; *Lothario* pale and trembling ran to her to take out the Dagger, but was deliver'd of his Fears when he ſaw ſo little Blood follow it, and more than ever admir'd the Cunning and Wit of the Beautiful *Camilla*. Yet to play his part as well, and ſhew himſelf a Friend, he lamented over *Camilla*'s Body in the moſt pathetick Manner in the World, as if ſhe had been really dead; he curs'd himſelf, and curs'd his Friend that had put him on that fatal Experiment; and knowing that *Anſelmo* heard him, he ſaid ſuch things as were able to draw a greater Pity for him than even for *Camilla*, though ſhe ſeem'd to have loſt her Life in the unfortunate Adventure. *Leonela* remov'd her Body to the Bed, and beg'd *Lothario* to go ſeek ſome Surgeon, that might with all the Secrecy in the World cure her Lady's Wound: She alſo aſk'd his Advice, how to excuſe it to her Maſter, if he ſhould return before it was perfectly cur'd. He reply'd, they might ſay what they pleas'd, That he was not in a humour of adviſing, but bid her endeavour to ſtanch her Miſtreſs's Blood, for he would go where they ſhould never hear more of him; and ſo he left them, with all the appearance of Grief and Concern that the Occaſion requir'd. He was no ſooner gone, but he had leiſure to reflect, with the greateſt wonder imaginable, on *Camilla*'s and her Woman's Conduct in this Affair, and on the Aſſurance which this Scene had given *Anſelmo* of his Wife's

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Virtue; ſince now he could not but believe he had a ſecond *Portia*, and he long'd to meet him, to rejoice over the beſt diſſembled Impoſture that ever bore away the Opinion of Truth. *Leonela* ſtanch'd the Blood, which was no more than was neceſſary for covering the Cheat, and waſhing the Wound with Wine only as ſhe bound it up, her Diſcourſe was ſo moving, and ſo well acted, that it had been alone ſufficient to have convinc'd *Anſelmo* that he had the moſt virtuous Wife in the World. *Camilla* was not ſilent, but added freſh Confirmations; in every Word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe complained of her Cowardice and Baſeneſs of Spirit, that deny'd her time and force to diſpatch that Life, which was now ſo hateful to her. She ask'd her too, whether ſhe ſhould inform her Husband of what had paſs'd, or not? *Leonela* was for her concealing it, ſince the Diſcovery muſt infallibly engage her Husband in a Revenge on *Lothario*, which muſt as certainly expoſe him too; for thoſe things were never accompliſh'd without the greateſt danger; and that a good Wife ought to the beſt of her Power prevent involving her Husband in Quarrels. *Camilla* yielded to her Reaſons; but added, that they muſt find out ſome pretended cauſe of her Wound, which he would certainly ſee at his return. *Leonela* reply'd, that it was a difficult Task, ſince ſhe was incapable even in Jeſt to diſſemble the Truth. Am I not, anſwer'd *Camilla*, under the ſame difficulty, who cannot ſave my Life by the odious Refuge of a Falſhood? Had we not better then confeſs the real Truth, than be caught in a Lie? Well, Madam, return'd *Leonela*, let this give you no further Trouble, by to morrow Morning I ſhall find out ſome Expedient or other; though I hope the place where the Wound is, may conceal it enough from his Obſervation to ſecure us from all

Ap-

Apprehenſion; leave therefore the whole Event to Heaven, which always favours and aſſiſts the Innocent.

Anſelmo ſaw and heard this formal Tragedy of his ruin'd Honour, with all the Attention imaginable, in which all the Actors perform'd their Parts ſo to the Life, that they ſeemed the Truth they repreſented; he wiſh'd with the laſt impatience for the Night, that he might convey himſelf from his hiding Place to his Friend's Houſe, and there rejoice for this happy Diſcovery of his Wife's experienc'd Virtue. *Camilla* and her Maid took care to furniſh him with an Opportunity of departing, of which he ſoon took hold, for fear of loſing it. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you all the Embraces he gave *Lothario*, and the Joy and extreme Satisfaction he expreſs'd at his good Fortune, or the extravagant Praiſes he gave *Camilla*. *Lothario* heard all this without taking a Friend's ſhare in the Pleaſure, for he was ſhock'd with the Concern he had to ſee his Friend ſo groſly impos'd on, and the Guilt of his own Infidelity in injuring his Honour. Though *Anſelmo* eaſily perceiv'd that *Lothario* was not touch'd with any Pleaſure at his Relation, yet he believed *Camilla*'s Wound caus'd by him, was the true motive of his not ſharing his Joy; and therefore aſſured him, he need not too much trouble himſelf for it, ſince it could not be dangerous, ſhe and her Woman having agreed to conceal it from him. This cauſe of his Fear being remov'd, he deſired him to put on a Face of Joy, ſince by his means he ſhould now poſſeſs a perfect Happineſs and Content; and therefore he would ſpend the reſt of his Life in conveying *Camilla*'s Virtue to Poſterity, by writing her Praiſe in Verſe. *Lothario* approv'd his Reſolution, and promiſ'd to do the ſame. Thus *Anſelmo* remain'd the

moſt delightfully deceiv'd of any Man alive. He therefore carry'd *Lothario* immediately to his Houſe, as the Inſtrument of his Glory, though he was indeed the only Cauſe of his Infamy and Diſhonour. *Camilla* receiv'd him with a Face, that ill expreſs'd the Satisfaction of her Mind, being forc'd to put on Frowns in her Looks, while her Heart prompted nothing but Smiles of Joy for his Preſence.

For ſome Months the Fraud was conceal'd; but then Fortune turning her Wheel, diſcover'd to the World the Wickedneſs they had ſo long and artificially diſguis'd; and *Anſelmo*'s impertinent Curioſity coſt him his Life.

CHAP. VIII.

The Concluſion of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

THE Novel was come near a Concluſion when *Sancho Pança* came running out of Don *Quixote*'s Chamber in a terrible Fright, and crying out, help, help, good People help my Maſter, he's juſt now at it, Tooth and Nail, with that ſame Giant, the Princeſs *Micomicona*'s Foe: I ne'er ſaw a more dreadful Battel in my born-days. He has lent him ſuch a Sliver, that whip, off went the Giant's Head, as round as a Turnip. You're mad, *Sancho*, ſaid the Curate interrupted in his Reading; is thy Maſter ſuch a Devil of a Hero, as to fight a Giant at two thouſand Leagues diſtance? Upon this, they preſently heard a Noiſe and Buſtle in the Chamber, and Don *Quixote* bawling out, Stay Villain, Robber, for ſince I have thee here, thy Scimiter ſhall but

avail thee; and with this, they heard him ſtrike with his Sword, with all his Force, againſt the Walls. Good Folks, ſaid *Sancho*, my Maſter does not want your hearkning; why don't you run in and help him? though I believe 'tis after Meat Muſtard, for ſure the Giant is by this time gone to pot, and giving an Account of his ill Life: For I ſaw his Blood run all about the Houſe, and his Head ſailing in the middle on't: But ſuch a Head! 'tis bigger than any Wine-bag in *Spain*. Death and Hell (cries the Inn-keeper) I'll be cut like a Cucumber, if this Don *Quixote*, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my Wine-bags that ſtood fill'd at his Bed's-head, and this Coxcomb has taken the ſpilt Liquor for Blood. Then running with the whole Company into the Room, they found the poor Knight in the moſt comical Poſture imaginable.

He was ſtanding in his Shirt, the fore part of it ſcarcely reaching to the bottom of his Belly, and about a ſpan ſhorter behind; this added a very peculiar Air to his long lean Legs, as dirty and hairy as a Beaſt's. To make him all of a piece, he wore on his Head a litle red greaſy caſt Night-cap of the Inn-keeper's; he had wrap'd one of the Bed-Blankets about his left Arm for a Shield; and wielded his drawn Sword in the Right, laying about him pell mell; with now and then a ſtart of ſome military Expreſſion, as if he had been really engag'd with ſome Giant. But the beſt Jeſt of all, he was all this time faſt aſleep; for the Thoughts of the Adventure he had undertaken, had ſo wrought on his Imagination, that his deprav'd Fancy had in his Sleep repreſented to him the Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and the Giant; and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he aſſaulted the Wine-bags ſo deſperately, that he

ſet the whole Chamber a-float with good Wine. The Inn-keeper, enrag'd to ſee the havock, flew at Don *Quixote* with his Fiſts; and had not *Cardenio* and the Curate taken him off, he had prov'd a Giant indeed againſt the Knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the Barber throwing a Bucket of cold Water upon him, waken'd him from his Sleep, though not from his Dream.

The ſhortneſs of her Champion's Shirt gave *Dorothea* a Surfeit of the Battel. *Sancho* ran up and down the Room ſearching for the Giant's Head; till finding his Labour fruitleſs; Well, well, ſaid he, now I ſee plainly that this Houſe is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very Room was I beaten like any Stock-fiſh, but knew no more than the Man in the Moon who ſtruck me; and now the Giant's Head, that I ſaw cut off with theſe Eyes, is vaniſh'd; and I'm ſure I ſaw the Body ſpout Blood like a Pump. What a prating and a nonſenſe does this damn'd Son of a Whore keep about Blood, and a Pump, and I know not what, ſaid the Inn-keeper; I tell you, Raſcal, 'tis my Wine-bags that are ſlaſh'd, and my Wine that runs about the Floor here, and I hope to ſee the Soul of him that ſpilt it ſwimming in Hell for his Pains. Well, well, ſaid *Sancho*, don't trouble me; I only tell ye, that I can't find the Giant's Head, and my Earldom is gone after it, and ſo I'm undone, like Salt in Water: And truly *Sancho*'s waking Dream was as pleaſant as his Maſter's when aſleep; the Inn-keeper was almoſt mad too, to ſee the fooliſh Squire harp ſo on the ſame String with his frantick Maſter, and ſwore they ſhould not come off now as before; that their Chivalry ſhould be no Satisfaction for his Wine, but that they ſhould pay him Sauce for the

Damage,

Damage, and for the very Leathern Patches which the wounded Wine-bags would want.

Don *Quixote* in the mean time, believing he had finiſh'd his Adventure, and miſtaking the Curate, that held him by the Arms, for the Princeſs *Miconicona*, fell on his Knees before him, and with a Reſpect due to a Royal Preſence; Now may your Highneſs, ſaid he, great and illuſtrious Princeſs, live ſecure, free from any further Apprehenſions from your conquer'd Enemy; and now am I acquitted of my Engagement, ſince, by the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and the Influence of her Favour, by whom I live and conquer, your Adventure is ſo happily atchiev'd. Did not I tell you ſo, Gentlefolks (ſaid *Sancho*) who is drunk or mad now? Did not I ſay, that he had paid off the Giant? the Battel is over, and I am an Earl. The whole Company (except the Inn-keeper, who gave himſelf to the Devil) were like to ſplit at the Extravagancies of Maſter and Man: At laſt, the Barber, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, having, with much ado, got Don *Quixote* to Bed, he preſently fell aſleep, being heartily tir'd; and then they left him, to comfort *Sancho Pança* for the loſs of the Giant's Head; but it was no eaſy Matter to appeaſe the Inn-keeper, who was at his Wits-end for the unexpected and ſudden Fate of his Wine-bags.

The Hoſteſs, in the mean time, ran up and down the Houſe grumbling and whining: In an ill Hour, ſaid ſhe, did this unlucky Knight-Errant come into my Houſe; I wiſh, for my part, I had never ſeen him, for he has been a dear Gueſt to me. He and his Man, his Horſe and his Aſs, went away laſt time without paying me a Croſs for their Supper, their Bed, their Litter and Provender; and all, forſooth, becauſe he was ſeeking Adventures, I ſay: What the Plague have I to do with his

Statutes of Chivalry? if they oblige him not to pay, they muſt oblige him not to eat neither. 'Twas upon this Score that the t'other Fellow took away my good Tail; 'tis clear ſpoil'd, the Hair is all fall'n off, and my Husband can never uſe it again. And now to come upon me again, with deſtroying my Wine-bags, and ſpilling my Liquor, may ſome Body ſpill his Heart's-Blood for't for me: But I will be paid, ſo I will, and that handſomely too; I will have Satisfaction, Jill by Jill, every Piece, for what I have loſt. Her honeſt Maid *Maritornes* ſeconded her Fury; but Mr. Curate ſtop'd their Mouths, by promiſing that he would ſee them ſatisfy'd for their Wine and their Bags, but eſpecially for the Tail which they kept ſuch a Clutter about. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho*, aſſuring him, that whenever it appear'd that his Maſter had kill'd the Giant, and reſtor'd her to her Dominions, he ſhould be ſure of the beſt Earldom in her Diſpoſal. With this he huckl'd up again, and ſwore that he himſelf had ſeen the Giant's Head, by the ſame Token that it had a Beard that reach'd down to his Middle; and if it could not be found it muſt be hid by Witchcraft, for every thing went by Inchantment in that Houſe, as he had try'd it to his coſt when he was there before. *Dorothea* anſwer'd, that ſhe believ'd him; and deſir'd him to pluck up his Spirits, for all things would be well. All Parties being quieted, *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, and the reſt, intreated the Curate to finiſh the Novel, which was ſo near a Concluſion; and he, in Obedience to their Commands, took up the Book and read on.

Anſelmo grew ſo ſatisfy'd in *Camilla*'s Virtue, that he liv'd with all the Content and Security in the World; to confirm which, *Camilla* ever in her Looks ſeem'd to diſcover her Averſion to *Lothario*, which

which made him deſire *Anſelmo* to diſpence with his coming to his Houſe, ſince he found how averſe his Wife was to him, and how great a Diſguſt ſhe had to his Company; but *Anſelmo* would not be perſwaded to yield to his Requeſt; and was ſo blind, that ſeeking his Content, he perpetually promoted his Diſhonour. He was not the only Perſon pleas'd with the Condition he liv'd in; *Leonela* was ſo tranſported by her Amour, that, ſecur'd by her Lady's Connivance, ſhe perfectly abandon'd herſelf to the indiſcreet Enjoyment of her Gallant: So that one Night her Maſter heard ſome Body in her Chamber, and coming to the Door to diſcover who it was, he found it held faſt againſt him; but at laſt forcing it open, he ſaw one leap out of the Window the Inſtant he enter'd the Room: He wou'd have purſu'd him, but *Leonela* clinging about him, beg'd him to appeaſe his Anger and Concern, ſince the Perſon that made his Eſcape was her Husband. *Anſelmo* would not believe her, but drawing his Dagger, threaten'd to kill her if ſhe did not immediately make full Diſcovery of the Matter. Diſtracted with Fear, ſhe beg'd him to ſpare her Life, and ſhe would diſcover things that more nearly related to him than he imagin'd. Speak quickly then, reply'd *Anſelmo*, or you die. 'Tis impoſſible, return'd ſhe, that in this Confuſion and Fright I ſhould ſay any thing that can be underſtood; but give me but till to Morrow Morning, and I will lay ſuch things before you, as will ſufficiently ſurprize and amaze you; but believe me, Sir, the Perſon that leap'd out of the Window is a young Man of this City, who is contracted to me. This ſomething appeas'd *Anſelmo*, and prevail'd with him to allow her till the next Morning to make her Confeſſion; for he was too well aſſur'd of *Camilla*'s Virtue by the paſt Trial,

to ſuſpect that there could be any thing relating to her, in what *Leonela* had to tell him: Wherefore faſtning her in her Room, and threatning that ſhe ſhould never come out till ſhe had done what ſhe had promis'd, he return'd to his Chamber to *Camilla*, and told her all that had paſs'd, without omitting the Promiſe ſhe had given to make ſome ſtrange Diſcovery to him the next Morning. You may eaſily imagine the Concern this gave *Camilla*; ſhe made no Doubt, but that the Diſcovery *Leonela* had promis'd, was of her Diſloyalty; and without waiting to know whether it were ſo or not, that very Night, as ſoon as *Anſelmo* was aſleep, taking with her all her Jewels, and ſome Money, ſhe got undiſcover'd out of the Houſe, and went to *Lothario*, inform'd him of all that had paſs'd, and deſir'd him, either to put her into ſome Place of Safety, or to go with her where they might enjoy each other, ſecure from the Fears of *Anſelmo*. This ſurprizing Relation ſo confounded *Lothario*, that for ſome Time he knew not what he did, or what Reſolution to take; but at laſt, with *Camilla*'s Conſent, he put her into a Monaſtery where his Siſter was Abbeſs; and immediately, without acquainting any Body with his Departure, left the City.

Anſelmo, as ſoon as it was Day, got up, without miſſing his Wife, and made haſte to *Leonela*'s Chamber, to hear what ſhe had to ſay to him; but he found no Body there, only the Sheets ty'd together, and faſten'd to the Window, ſhew'd which way ſhe had made her Eſcape; on which he return'd very ſad to tell *Camilla* the Adventure, but was extremely ſurpriz'd when he found her not in the whole Houſe, nor could hear any News of her from his Servants: But, finding in his Search her Trunks open, and moſt of her Jewels gone, he

he no longer doubted of his Diſhonour: So, penſive and half dreſs'd as he was, he went to *Lothario*'s Lodging, to tell him his Misfortune; but when his Servants inform'd him that he was gone that very Night with all his Money and Jewels, his Pangs were redoubl'd, and his Grief increas'd almoſt to Madneſs. To conclude, he return'd home, found his Houſe empty, for Fear had driven away all his Servants. He knew not what to think, ſay, or do; he ſaw himſelf forſaken by his Friend, his Wife, and his very Servants, with whom he imagin'd that Heaven itſelf had abandon'd him; but his greateſt Trouble was to find himſelf rob'd of his Honour and Reputation, for *Camilla*'s Crime was but too evident from all theſe concurring Circumſtances. After a thouſand diſtracting Thoughts, he reſolv'd to retreat to that Village whither he formerly retir'd to give *Lothario* an Opportunity to ruin him; wherefore faſtning up his Doors, he took Horſe, full of Deſpair and languiſhing Sorrow, the violence of which was ſo great, that he had ſcarce rid half way, when he was forc'd to alight, and tying his Horſe to a Tree, he threw himſelf beneath it; and ſpent, in that melancholy Poſture, a thouſand racking Reflections, moſt Part of the Day, till a little before Night he diſcover'd a Paſſenger coming the ſame Road, of whom he enquir'd what News at *Florence*? The Traveller reply'd, that the moſt ſurprizing News that had been heard of late, was now all the Talk of the City, which was, that *Lothario* had that very Night carry'd away the wealthy *Anſelmo*'s Wife *Camilla*; which is all confeſs'd by *Camilla*'s Woman, who was apprehended that Night as ſhe ſlip'd from the Window of *Anſelmo*'s Houſe by a Pair of Sheets. The Truth of this Story I cannot affirm, continu'd the Traveller; but every Body is aſtoniſh'd at the

Accident; for no Man could ever ſuſpect ſuch a Crime from a Perſon engag'd in ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip with *Anſelmo*, as *Lothario* was; for they were call'd the *Two Friends*. Is it yet known, reply'd *Anſelmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* are gone? No, Sir, return'd the Traveller, though the Governor has made as ſtrict a Search after them as is poſſible. *Anſelmo* ask'd no more Queſtions, but after they had taken their Leaves of each other, the Traveller left him and purſu'd his Journey.

This mournful News ſo affected the unfortunate *Anſelmo*, that he was ſtruck with Death almoſt that very Moment; getting therefore on his Horſe, as well as he could, he arriv'd at his Friend's Houſe. He knew nothing yet of his Diſgrace; but ſeeing him ſo pale and melancholy, concluded that ſome great Misfortune had befall'n him. *Anſelmo* deſir'd to be immediately led to his Chamber, and furniſh'd with Pen, Ink and Paper, and to be left alone with his Door lock'd: When, finding that his End approach'd, he reſolv'd to leave in Writing the Cauſe of his ſudden and unexpected Death. Taking therefore the Pen, he began to write; but, unable to finiſh what he deſign'd, he dy'd a Martyr to his impertinent Curioſity. The Gentleman finding he did not call, and that it grew late, reſolv'd to enter his Chamber, and ſee whether his Friend were better or worſe; he found him half out of Bed, lying on his Face, with the Pen in his Hand, and a Paper open before him. Seeing him in this Poſture he drew near him, call'd and mov'd him, but ſoon found he was dead; which made him call his Servants to behold the unhappy Event, and then took up the Paper, which he ſaw was written in *Anſelmo*'s own Hand, and was to this Effect.

A Fooliſh

A Fooliſh and Impertinent Deſire has rob'd me of Life. If Camilla *hear of my Death, let her know that I forgive her; for ſhe was not oblig'd to do Miracles, nor was there any Reaſon I ſhould have deſir'd or expected it; and ſince I contriv'd my own Diſhonour, there is no Cauſe* ———

Thus far *Anſelmo* writ, but Life wou'd not hold out till he could give the Reaſons he deſign'd. The next Day the Gentleman of the Houſe ſent Word of *Anſelmo*'s Death to his Relations, who already knew his Misfortune, as well as the Monaſtery whither *Camilla* was retir'd. She herſelf was indeed very near that Death which her Husband had paſs'd, though not for the Loſs of him, but *Lothario*, of which ſhe had lately heard a flying Report. But though ſhe was a Widow now, ſhe would neither take the Veil, nor leave the Monaſtery, till in a few Days the News was confirm'd of his being ſlain in a Battel betwixt Monſieur *de Lautrec*, and that great General *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoua*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. This was the end of the offending, and too late penitent Friend; the News of which made *Camilla* immediately profeſs herſelf, and ſoon after overwhelm'd with Grief and Melancholy, pay for her Tranſgreſſion with the loſs of her Life. This was the unhappy End of them all, proceeding from ſo impertinent a Beginning.

I like this Novel well enough, ſaid the Curate; yet, after all, I cannot perſwade myſelf, that there's any thing of Truth in it; and if it be purely Invention, the Author was in the wrong, for 'tis not to be imagin'd there can ever be a Husband ſo fooliſh, as to venture on ſo dangerous an Experi-

ment. Had he made his Husband and Wife, a Gallant and a Miſtreſs, the Fable had appear'd more probable; but, as it is, 'tis next to impoſſible. However, I muſt confeſs, I have nothing to object againſt his manner of telling it.

CHAP. IX.

Containing an Account of many ſurprizing Accidents in the Inn.

AT the ſame time the Inn-keeper, who ſtood at the Door, ſeeing Company coming, More Gueſts, cry'd he, a brave jolly Troop, on my Word. If they ſtop here, we may ſing *O be joyful*. What are they, ſaid *Cardenio*? Four Men, ſaid the Hoſt, gallantly mounted, with black Masks on their Faces, and arm'd with Lances and Targets; a Lady too all in White, that rides ſingle and mask'd; and two running Foot-men. Are they near, ſaid the Curate? Juſt at the Door, reply'd the Inn-keeper. Hearing this, *Dorothea* veil'd herſelf, and *Cardenio* had juſt time enough to ſtep into the next Room, where Don *Quixote* lay, when the Strangers came into the Yard. The four Horſe-men, who made a very genteel Appearance, diſmounted, and went to help down the Lady, whom one of them taking in his Arms, carry'd into the Houſe; where he ſeated her in a Chair by the Chamber-door, into which *Cardenio* had withdrawn. All this was done without diſcovering their Faces, or ſpeaking a Word; only the Lady, as ſhe ſat down in the Chair, breath'd out a deep Sigh, and let her Arms ſink down, in a weak and fainting Poſture. The Curate, marking their odd Behaviour, which rais'd in him a Curioſity

ſity to know who they were, went to their Servants in the Stable, and ask'd what their Maſters were? Indeed, Sir, ſaid one of them, that's more than I can tell you; they ſeem of no mean Quality, eſpecially that Gentleman who carry'd the Lady into the Houſe, for the reſt pay him great Reſpect, and his Word is a Law to them. Who is the Lady, ſaid the Curate? We know no more of her than of the reſt, anſwer'd the Fellow, for we could never ſee her Face all the time, and 'tis impoſſible we ſhould know her or them any otherwiſe. They pick'd us up on the Road, my Comrade and myſelf; and prevail'd with us to wait on them to *Andaluſia*, promiſing to pay us well for our Trouble; ſo that bating the two Days Travelling in their Company, they are utter Strangers to us. Could you not hear them name one another all this time, ask'd the Curate? No, truly, Sir, anſwer'd the Footman, for we heard them not ſpeak a Syllable all the way: The poor Lady, indeed, us'd to ſigh and grieve ſo pitifully, that we are perſwaded ſhe has no Stomach to this Journey: Whatever may be the Cauſe we know not; by her Garb ſhe ſeems to be a Nun, but by her Grief and Melancholy, one might gueſs they are going to make her one, when perhaps the poor Girl has no fancy to live in a Nunnery. Very likely, ſaid the Curate; and with that leaving them, he return'd to the Place where he left *Dorothea*, who, hearing the mask'd Lady ſigh ſo frequently, mov'd by the natural Pity of the ſoft Sex, could not forbear enquiring the Cauſe of her Sorrow. Pardon me, Madam, ſaid ſhe, if I beg to know your Grief; and aſſure yourſelf, that my Requeſt does not proceed from meer Curioſity, but an earneſt Inclination to ſerve and aſſiſt you, if your Misfortune be any ſuch as our Sex is naturally ſubject to, and in the Power

Power of a Woman to cure. The melancholy Lady made no return to her Compliment, and *Dorothea* preſs'd her in vain with new Reaſons, when the Gentleman, whom the Foot-boy ſignify'd to be the chief of the Company, interpos'd: Madam, ſaid he, don't trouble yourſelf to throw away any generous Offer on that ungrateful Woman, whoſe Nature cannot return an Obligation; neither expect any Anſwer to your Demands, for her Tongue is a Stranger to Truth. Sir, ſaid the diſconſolate Lady, my Truth and Honour have made me thus miſerable, and my Sufferings are ſufficient to prove you the falſeſt and moſt baſe of Men. *Cardenio* being only parted from the Company by Don *Quixote*'s Chamber-door, over-heard theſe laſt Words very diſtinctly; and immediately cry'd out, Good Heaven, what do I hear! What Voice ſtruck my Ear juſt now? The Lady ſtartl'd at his Exclamation, ſprung from the Chair, and would have bolted into the Chamber whence the Voice came; but the Gentleman perceiving it, laid hold on her, to prevent her, which ſo diſorder'd the Lady that her Mask fell off, and diſcover'd an incomparable Face, beautiful as an Angel's, tho' very pale, and ſtrangely diſcompos'd, her Eyes eagerly rolling on every ſide, which made her appear diſtracted. *Dorothea* and the reſt, not gueſſing what her Eyes ſought by their violent motion, beheld her with Grief and Wonder. She ſtruggl'd ſo hard, and the Gentleman was ſo diſorder'd by holding her, that his Mask drop'd off, and diſcover'd to *Dorothea*, who was aſſiſting to hold the Lady, the Face of her Husband Don *Ferdinand*: Scarce had ſhe known him, when with a long and diſmal Oh! ſhe fell in a Swoon, and would have reach'd the Floor with all her Weight, had not the Barber, by good Fortune, ſtood behind and ſupported her. The

Curate

Curate ran preſently to help her, and pulling off her Veil to throw Water in her Face, Don *Ferdinand* preſently knew her, and was ſtruck almoſt as dead as ſhe at the Sight; nevertheleſs he did not quit *Lucinda*, who was the Lady that ſtruggl'd ſo hard to get out of his Hands. *Cardenio* hearing *Dorothea*'s Exclamation, and imagining it to be *Lucinda*'s Voice, flew into the Chamber in great Diſorder, and the firſt Object he met was Don *Ferdinand* holding *Lucinda*, who preſently knew him. They were all ſtruck dumb with Amazement: *Dorothea* gaz'd on Don *Ferdinand*; Don *Ferdinand* on *Cardenio*; and *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* on one another. At laſt *Lucinda* broke Silence, and addreſſing Don *Ferdinand*, Let me go, ſaid ſhe; unloſe your hold, my Lord, by the Generoſity you ſhou'd have, or by your Inhumanity, ſince it muſt be ſo, I conjure you, leave me, that I may cling like Ivy to my only Support; and from whom, neither your Threats, nor Prayers, nor Gifts, nor Promiſes, could ever alienate my Love. Contend not againſt Heaven, whoſe Power alone could bring me to my dear Husband's Sight, by ſuch ſtrange and unexpected means: You have a thouſand Inſtances to convince you, that nothing but Death can make me ever forget him: Let this, at leaſt, turn your Love into Rage, which may prompt you to end my Miſeries with my Life, here before my dear Husband, where I ſhall be proud to loſe it, ſince my Death may convince him of my unſhaken Love and Honour, till the laſt Minute of my Life. *Dorothea*, by this time, had recover'd, and finding, by *Lucinda*'s Diſcourſe, who ſhe was, and that Don *Ferdinand* would not unhand her, ſhe made a Virtue of Neceſſity, and falling at his Feet, My Lord, cry'd ſhe, all bath'd in Tears, if that Beauty which you hold in your Arms, has not altogether dazl'd your Eyes,

Eyes, you may behold at your Feet the once happy, but now miſerable *Dorothea*. I am that poor and humble Villager, whom your generous Bounty, I dare not ſay your Love, did condeſcend to raiſe to the Honour of calling you her own: I am ſhe, who once confin'd to peaceful Innocence, led a contented Life, till your Importunity, your Shew of Honour, and deluding Words, charm'd me from my Retreat; and made me reſign my Freedom to your Power. How I am recompenc'd, may be gueſs'd by my Grief; and my being found here in this ſtrange Place, whither I was led, not through any diſhonourable Ends, but purely by Deſpair and Grief to be forſaken of You. 'Twas at your Deſire I was bound to you by the ſtricteſt Tie, and whatever you do, you can never ceaſe to be mine. Conſider, my dear Lord, that my matchleſs Love may ballance the Beauty and Nobility of the Perſon for whom you would forſake me; ſhe cannot ſhare your Love, for 'tis only mine; and *Cardenio*'s Intereſt in her will not admit a Partner. 'Tis eaſier far, my Lord, to recall your wandring Deſires, and fix them upon her that adores you, than to draw her to love who hates you. Remember how you did ſolicit my humble State, and conſcious of my Meanneſs, yet paid a Veneration to my Innocence, which join'd with the honourable Condition of my yielding to your Deſires, pronounce me free from ill Deſign or Diſhonour. Conſider theſe undeniable Truths: Have ſome Regard to your Honour! Remember you're a Chriſtian! Why ſhould you then make her Life end ſo miſerably, whoſe Beginning your Favour made ſo happy? If I muſt not expect the Uſage and Reſpect of a Wife, let me but ſerve you as a Slave; So I belong to you, though in the meaneſt Rank, I never ſhall complain: Let me not be expos'd to the ſlandring

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Reflections of the Cenſorious World, by ſo cruel a Separation from my Lord: Affli& not the declining Years of my poor Parents, whoſe faithful Services to you and yours have merited a more ſuitable Return. If you imagine the Current of your noble Blood ſhould be defil'd by mixing with mine, conſider how many noble Houſes have run in ſuch a Channel; beſides, the Woman's Side is not eſſentially requiſite to ennoble Deſcent! But chiefly think on this, that Virtue is the trueſt Nobility, which if you ſtain by baſely wronging me, you bring a greater Blot upon your Family than Marrying me could cauſe. In fine, my Lord, you cannot, muſt not diſown me for your Wife; to atteſt which Truth, I call your own Words, which muſt be true, if you prize yourſelf for Honour, and that Nobility, whoſe want you ſo deſpiſe in me; witneſs your Oaths and Vows, witneſs that Heaven which you ſo oft invok'd to ratify your Promiſes; and if all theſe ſhould fail, I make my laſt Appeal to your own Conſcience, whoſe Sting will always repreſent my Wrongs freſh to your Thoughts, and diſturb your Joys amidſt your greateſt Pleaſures.

Theſe, with many ſuch Arguments, did the mournful *Dorothea* urge, appearing ſo lovely in her Sorrow, that Don *Ferdinand*'s Friends, as well as all the reſt, ſympathiz'd with her; *Lucinda* particularly, as much admiring her Wit and Beauty, as mov'd by the Tears, the piercing Sighs and Moans that follow'd her Entreaties; and ſhe wou'd have gone nearer to have comforted her, had not *Ferdinand*'s Arms, that ſtill held her, prevented it. He ſtood full of Confuſion, with his Eyes fix'd attentively on *Dorothea* a great while; at laſt, opening his Arms, he quitted *Lucinda*, Thou haſt Conquer'd, cry'd he, charming *Dorothea*, thou haſt Conquer'd

me,

me, 'tis impoſſible to reſiſt ſo many united Truths and Charms. *Lucinda* was ſtill ſo diſorder'd and weak, that ſhe would have fall'n when *Ferdinand* quitted her, had not *Cardenio*, without regard to his Safety, leap'd forward and caught her in his Arms, and embracing her with Eagerneſs and Joy; Thanks, gracious Heaven, cry'd he aloud, my Dear, my faithful Wife, thy Sorrows now are ended; for where can'ſt thou reſt more ſafe than in my Arms, which now ſupport thee, as once they did when my bleſs'd Fortune firſt made thee mine? *Lucinda* then opening her Eyes, and finding herſelf in the Arms of her *Cardenio*, without regard to Ceremony or Decency, threw her Arms about his Neck, and laying her Face to his, Yes, ſaid ſhe, thou art he, thou art my Lord indeed! 'Tis even you yourſelf, the right Owner of this poor harraſs'd Captive. Now Fortune act thy worſt, nor Fears nor Threats ſhall ever part me more from the ſole Support and Comfort of my Life. This Sight was very ſurprizing to Don *Ferdinand* and the other Spectators. *Dorothea* perceiving, by Don *Ferdinand*'s Change of Countenance, and laying his Hand to his Sword, that he prepar'd to aſſault *Cardenio*, fell ſuddenly on her Knees; and with an endearing Embrace, held Don *Ferdinand*'s Legs ſo faſt, that he could not ſtir. What means, cry'd ſhe, all in Tears, the only Refuge of my Hope? ſee here thy own and deareſt Wife at thy Feet, and her you would enjoy in her true Husband's Arms. Think then, my Lord, how unjuſt is your Attempt, to diſſolve that Knot which Heaven has ty'd ſo faſt. Can you e'er think or hope Succeſs in your Deſign on her, who contemning all Dangers, and confirm'd in ſtricteſt Conſtancy and Honour, before your Face lies bath'd in Tears of Joy and Paſſion in her true Lover's Boſom? For Heaven's

ſake

ſake I intreat you, by your own Words I conjure you to mitigate your Anger, and permit that faithful Pair to conſummate their Joys, and ſpend their remaining Days in Peace: Thus may you make it appear that you are generous and truly noble, giving the World ſo ſtrong a Proof that you have your Reaſon at Command, and your Paſſion in Subjection. All this while, *Cardenio*, though he ſtill held *Lucinda* in his Arms, had a watchful Eye on Don *Ferdinand*; reſolving, if he had made the leaſt Offer to his Prejudice, to make him repent it and all his Party, if poſſible, though at the Expence of his Life. But Don *Ferdinand*'s Friends, the Curate, the Barber, and all the Company (not forgetting honeſt *Sancho Pança*) got together about Don *Ferdinand*, and entreated him to pity the Beautiful *Dorothea*'s Tears; that conſidering what ſhe had ſaid, the Truth of which was apparent, it would be the higheſt Injuſtice to fruſtrate her lawful Hopes; that their ſtrange and wonderful meeting could not be attributed to Chance, but the peculiar and directing Providence of Heaven; that nothing (as Mr. Curate very well urg'd) but Death could part *Cardenio* from *Lucinda*; and that tho' the Edge of the Sword might ſeparate them, he would make them happier by Death, than he could hope to be by ſurviving; that in irrecoverable Accidents, a Submiſſion to Fate, and a Reſignation of our Wills, ſhew'd not only the greateſt Prudence, but alſo the higheſt Courage and Generoſity; that he ſhould not envy thoſe happy Lovers what the Bounty of Heaven had confer'd on them, but that he ſhould turn his Eyes on *Dorothea*'s Grief, view her incomparable Beauty, which, with her true and unfeigned Love, made large Amends for the Meanneſs of her Parentage; but principally it lay upon him, if he glory'd in the Titles of Nobility and Chriſtianity,

anity, to keep his Promiſe unviolated: That the more reaſonable Part of Mankind could not otherwiſe be ſatisfied, or have any eſteem for him: Alſo that it was the ſpecial Prerogative of Beauty (if heightned by Virtue, and adorned with Modeſty) to lay claim to any Dignity, without Diſparagement or Scandal to the Perſon that raiſes it; and that the ſtrong Dictates of Delight having been once indulged, we are not to be blam'd for following them afterwards, provided they be not unlawful. In ſhort, To theſe Reaſons they added ſo many enforcing Arguments, that Don *Ferdinand*, who was truly a Gentleman, could no longer reſiſt Reaſon, but ſtooped down, and embracing *Dorothea*, Riſe, Madam, ſaid he, 'tis not proper that ſhe ſhould lie proſtrate at my Feet, who triumphs over my Soul: If I have not hitherto paid you all the Reſpect I ought, 'twas perhaps ſo ordered by Heaven, that having by this a ſtronger Conviction of your Conſtancy and Goodneſs, I may henceforth ſet the greater value on your Merit: Let the future Reſpects and Services I ſhall pay you, plead a Pardon for my paſt Tranſgreſſions; and let the violent Paſſions of my Love, that firſt made me yours, be an Excuſe for that which caus'd me to forſake you: View the happy *Lucinda*'s Eyes, and there read a thouſand farther Excuſes; but I promiſe henceforth never to diſturb her Quiet; and may ſhe live long and contented with her dear *Cardenio*; as I hope to do with my deareſt *Dorothea*. Thus concluding, he embraced her again ſo lovingly, that it was with no ſmall difficulty that he kept in his Tears, which he endeavour'd to conceal, being aſham'd to diſcover ſo Effeminate a Proof of his Remorſe.

Cardenio, *Lucinda*, and the greateſt part of the Company could not ſo well command their Paſſions

ſions, but all wept for Joy; even *Sancho Pança* himſelf ſhed Tears, though, as he afterwards confeſs'd, it was not for downright Grief, but becauſe he found not *Dorothea* to be the Queen of *Micomicona*, as he ſuppos'd, and of whom he expected ſo many Favours and Preferments. *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* fell at Don *Ferdinand*'s Feet, giving him Thanks, with the ſtrongeſt Expreſſions which Gratitude could ſuggeſt; he rais'd them up, and received their Acknowledgments with much Modeſty; then beg'd to be inform'd by *Dorothea*, how ſhe came to that Place. She related to him all ſhe had told *Cardenio*, but with ſuch a Grace, that what were Misfortunes to her, prov'd an unaccountable Pleaſure to thoſe that heard her Relation. Afterwards Don *Ferdinand* told all that had befall'n him in the City, after he found the Paper in *Lucinda*'s Boſom, which declar'd *Cardenio* to be her Husband; how he would have kill'd her, had not her Parents prevented him; how afterwards, mad with Shame and Anger, he left the City, to wait a more commodious Opportunity of Revenge; how in a ſhort time he learnt that *Lucinda* was fled to a Monaſtery, reſolving to end her Days there, if ſhe could not ſpend them with *Cardenio*; that, having deſired thoſe three Gentlemen to go with him, they went to the Monaſtery, and waiting till they found the Gate open, he left two of the Gentlemen to ſecure the Door, while he with the other enter'd the Houſe, where they found *Lucinda* talking with a Nun in the Cloiſter; they forcibly brought her thence to a Village, where they diſguis'd themſelves for their more convenient Flight, which they more eaſily brought about, the Monaſtery being ſituate in the Fields, diſtant a good way from any Town. He likewiſe added, how *Lucinda* finding herſelf in his Power,

Power, fell in a Swoon, and that after ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe continually wept and ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak a Syllable; and that accompanied with Silence only and Tears, they had travelled till they came to the Inn, which prov'd to him as his arrival at Heaven, having put a happy Concluſion to all his earthly Misfortunes.

CHAP. X.

The Hiſtory of the Famous Princeſs Micomicona *continu'd, with other pleaſant Adventures.*

THE Joy of the whole Company was unſpeakable by the happy Concluſion of this dangerous Buſineſs; *Dorothea*, *Cardenio*, and *Lucinda* thought the ſudden Change of their Affairs too ſurprizing to be real; and through a diſuſe of good Fortune, could hardly be induc'd to believe their Happineſs: Don *Ferdinand* thank'd Heaven a thouſand times for its propitious Conduct, in leading him out of a Labyrinth, in which his Honour and Virtue were like to have been loſt. The Curate, as he was very inſtrumental in the general Reconciliation, had likewiſe no ſmall ſhare in the general Joy; and that no Diſcontent might ſour their univerſal Satisfaction, *Cardenio* and the Curate engag'd to ſee the Hoſteſs ſatisfied for all Damages committed by Don *Quixote*: only poor *Sancho* droop'd pitifully; he found his Lordſhip and his Hopes vaniſh'd into Smoak, the Princeſs *Micomicona* was chang'd to *Dorothea*, and the Giant to Don *Ferdinand*; thus very muſty and melancholy

lancholy he ſlip'd into his Maſter's Chamber, who was juſt waken'd.

I hope your early riſing will do you no hurt, ſaid he, Sir Knight of the woful Figure; but you may now ſleep on till Doom's-day if you will; nor need you trouble your Head any longer about killing any Giant, or reſtoring the Princeſs, for all that is done to your Hand. That's more than probable, anſwer'd the Knight, for I have had the moſt extraordinary and prodigious Engagement with the Giant, that I ever did, or ſhall maintain during the whole Courſe of my Life; yes, with one croſs ſtroke I laid his Head thwack on the Ground, whence the great Effuſion of Blood ſeem'd like a violent Stream of Water. Of Wine you mean, ſaid *Sancho*, for you muſt know (if you know it not already) that your Worſhip's dead Giant is a broach'd Wine-bag, and the Blood ſome thirty Gallons of Tent which it held in its Belly, and your Head ſo cleverly ſtruck off, is the Whore my Mother; and ſo the Devil take both Giant and Head, and all together, for *Sancho*. What ſay'ſt thou, mad Man? ſaid the Don, thou'rt frantick ſure. Riſe, riſe, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, and ſee what fine Work you have cut out for yourſelf; here's the Devil-and-all to pay for, and your great Queen is chang'd into a private Gentlewoman, call'd *Dorothea*, with ſome other ſuch odd Matters, that you will wonder with a Vengeance. I can wonder at nothing here, ſaid Don *Quixote*, where you may remember I told you all things are rul'd by Inchantment. I believe it, quoth *Sancho*, had my toſſing in a Blanket been of that kind; but ſure 'twas the likeſt a toſſing in a Blanket of any thing I ever knew in my Life. And this ſame Inn-keeper, I remember very well, was one of thoſe that toſs'd me into the Air, and as cleverly

and

and heartily he did it as a Man could wiſh, I'll ſay that for him; ſo that after all, I begin to ſmell a Rat, and do per'louſly ſuſpect, that all our Inchantments will end in nothing but Bruiſes and broken Bones. Heaven will retrieve all, ſaid the Knight; I will therefore dreſs, and march to the Diſcovery of theſe wonderful Transformations. While *Sancho* made him ready, the Curate gave Don *Ferdinand* and the reſt an account of Don *Quixote*'s Madneſs, and of the Device he uſed to draw him from the *Poor Rock*, to which the ſuppos'd Diſdain of his Miſtreſs had baniſht him in Imagination. *Sancho*'s Adventure made alſo a part in the Story, which prov'd very diverting to the Strangers. He added, that ſince *Dorothea*'s Change of Fortune had baulkt their Deſign that way, ſome other Trick ſhould be found to decoy him home: *Cardenio* offer'd his Service in the Affair, and that *Lucinda* ſhould perſonate *Dorothea*: No, no, (anſwer'd Don *Ferdinand*,) *Dorothea* ſhall humour the Jeſt ſtill, if this honeſt Gentleman's Habitation be not very far off. Only two Days Journey ſaid the Curate; I would ride twice as far (ſaid Don *Ferdinand*) for the Pleaſure of ſo good and charitable an Action. By this Don *Quixote* had ſally'd out Arm'd Cap-a-pee, *Mambrino*'s Helmet, (with a great Hole in it,) on his Head; his Shield on his left Arm, and with his right he lean'd on his Lance. The dun Complection of his meagre and weather-beaten Face, the unaccountable Medley of his unſuitable Arms, together with his grave and ſolemn Port, ſtruck Don *Ferdinand* and his Companions dumb with Admiration, while the Champion caſting his Eyes on *Dorothea*, with great Gravity and Solidity, broke ſilence with theſe Words.

I am inform'd by this my Squire, beautiful Lady, that your Greatneſs is annihilated, and your Ma-

Majeſty reduc'd to nothing; for of a Queen and mighty Princeſs, as you us'd to be, you are become a private Damſel. If any expreſs Order from the Negromantic King your Father (doubting the Ability and Succeſs of my Arm in the reinſtating you) has occaſioned this Change, I muſt tell him, that he is no Conjurer in theſe Matters; nor is he skill'd in the Revolutions of Chivalry: For had he been converſant in the Study of Knight-Errantry as I have been, he might have found, that in every Age, Champions of leſs Fame than Don *Quixote de la Mancha* have finiſh'd more deſperate Adventures; ſince the killing of a pitiful Giant, how arrogant ſoever he may be, is no ſuch great Atchievement; for, not many Hours paſt, I encounter'd one myſelf; the Succeſs I will not mention, leſt the Incredulity of ſome People might diſtruſt the Reality; but Time, the Diſcoverer of all things, will diſcloſe it, when we leaſt expect. Hold there, ſaid the Hoſt, 'twas with two Wine-bags, but nō Giant that you fought. Don *Ferdinand* ſilenc'd the Inn-keeper, and bid him by no means interrupt Don *Quixote*, who thus went on. To conclude, moſt High and Diſinherited Lady, if your Father, for the Cauſes already mention'd, has caus'd this Metamorphoſis in your Perſon, believe him not; for there is no Peril on Earth, thro' which my Sword ſhall not open a way; and aſſure yourſelf that in a few Days, by the overthrow of your Enemy's Head, it ſhall fix on yours that Crown, which is your lawful Inheritance. Here Don *Quixote* ſtopt, waiting the Princeſs's Anſwer; ſhe, aſſur'd of Don *Ferdinand*'s Conſent to carry on the Jeſt, till Don *Quixote* was carried home, and aſſuming a Face of Gravity, Whoſoever (anſwer'd ſhe) has inform'd you, Valorous Knight of the doleful Figure, that I have alter'd or chang'd my

Condition, has impos'd upon you; for I am just the ſame to Day as Yeſterday; 'tis true ſome unexpected, but fortunate Accidents have varied ſome Circumſtances of my Fortune, much to my Advantage, and far beyond my Hopes; but I am neither chang'd in my Perſon, nor alter'd in my Reſolution of employing the Force of your redoubtable and invincible Arm in my Favour. I therefore apply myſelf to your uſual Generoſity, to have thoſe Words ſpoken to my Father's Diſhonour recall'd; and believe theſe eaſy and infallible Means to redreſs my Wrongs, the pure effects of his Wiſdom and Policy; as the good Fortune I now enjoy, has been the conſequence of your ſurprizing Deeds, as this Noble Preſence can teſtify; what ſhould hinder us then from ſetting forward to morrow Morning, depending for a happy and ſucceſsful Concluſion on the Will of Heaven, and the Power of your unparallell'd Courage.

The ingenious *Dorothea* having concluded, Don *Quixote* turning to *Sancho*, with all the Signs of Fury imaginable; now muſt I tell thee, poor paultry Hangdog (ſaid he) thou art the veryeſt Raſcal in all *Spain*; tell me, Rogue, Scoundrel, did not you juſt now inform me, that this Princeſs was changed into a little private Damſel, call'd *Dorothea*; and the Head which I lop'd from the Giant's Shoulders, was the Whore your Mother, with a thouſand other Abſurdities: Now by all the Powers of Heaven, (looking up, and grinding his Teeth together) I have a mind ſo to uſe thee, as to make thee appear a miſerable Example to all ſucceeding Squires, that ſhall dare to tell a Knight Errant a Lie. Good your Worſhip, cry'd *Sancho*, have patience, I beſeech you: Mayhap I am miſtaken or ſo, about my Lady Princeſs *Micomicona*'s Concern there; but that the Giant's Head came

off the Wine-bags Shoulders, and that the Blood was as good Tent as ever was tipt over Tongue, I'll take my corporal Oath on't; Gadzookers Sir, are not the Bags all hack'd and ſlaſh'd within there at your Bed's-head, and the Wine all in a puddle in your Chamber? But you'll gueſs at the Meat preſently by the Sauce; the Proof of the Pudding is in the eating, Maſter; and if my Landlord here don't let you know it to your coſt, he's a very honeſt and civil Fellow, that's all. *Sancho*, ſaid the Don, I pronounce thee *non Compos*, I therefore pardon thee, and have done. 'Tis enough, ſaid Don *Ferdinand*, we therefore, in purſuance of the Princeſs's Orders, will this Night refreſh ourſelves, and to Morrow's Sun ſets us out to attend the Lord Don *Quixote*, in proſecution of this important Enterprize he has undertaken, being all impatient to be Eye-witneſſes of his celebrated and matchleſs Courage. I ſhall be proud of the Honour of ſerving and waiting upon you, my good Lord, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and reckon myſelf infinitely oblig'd by the Favour and good Opinion of ſo honourable a Company; which I ſhall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the expence of the laſt drop of my Blood.

Many other Compliments had paſs'd between Don *Quixote* and Don *Ferdinand*, when the arrival of a Stranger interrupted them. His Dreſs repreſented him a Chriſtian newly return'd from *Barbary*: He was clad in a ſhort-skirted Coat of blue Cloath, with ſhort Sleeves and no Collar, his Breeches were of blue Linnen, with a Cap of the ſame Colour, a pair of Date-colour'd Stockings, and a *Turkiſh* Scimiter hung by a Scarf, in manner of a Shoulder-Belt. There rid a Woman in his Company, clad in a *Mooriſh* Dreſs, with her Face cover'd by her Veil; ſhe had on a little Cap of

Gold-Tiſſue, and a *Turkiſh* Mantle that reach'd from her Shoulders to her Feet. The Man was well-ſhap'd and ſtrong, his Age about Forty, his Face ſomewhat tann'd, his Muſtachoes long, and his Beard handſome: In ſhort, his genteel Mien and Perſon were too diſtinguiſhable, to let the Gentleman be hid by the meanneſs of his Habit. He call'd preſently for a Room, and being anſwer'd that all were full, ſeem'd a little troubl'd; however he went to the Woman who came along with him, and took her down from her Aſs. The Ladies being all ſurpriz'd at the oddneſs of the *Mooriſh* Dreſs, had the Curioſity to flock about the Stranger, and *Dorothea* very diſcreetly imagining that both ſhe and her Conductor were tir'd, and took it ill that they could not have a Chamber; I hope, Madam, you will bear your ill Fortune patiently, ſaid ſhe, for want of room is an inconvenience incident to all publick Inns: But if you pleaſe, Madam, to favour us with your Company, you may perhaps find that you have met with worſe Entertainment on the Road, than what this Place affords. The unknown Lady made her no anſwer, but riſing up, laid her Hands acroſs her Breaſt, bow'd her Head, and bended her Body, as a Sign that ſhe acknowledg'd the Favour. By her Silence they conjectur'd her to be undoubtedly a *Moor*, and that ſhe could not ſpeak *Spaniſh*. Her Companion was now come back from the Stable, and told them; Ladies, I hope you will excuſe this Gentlewoman from anſwering any Queſtions, for ſhe is very much a Stranger to our Language. We are only, Sir, anſwer'd *Lucinda*, making her an offer, which Civility obliges us to make all Strangers, eſpecially of our own Sex; that ſhe would make us happy in her Company all Night, and fare as we do; we will make very much

much of her, Sir, and ſhe ſhall want for nothing that the Houſe affords. I return you humble Thanks, dear Madam, anſwer'd the Stranger, in the Lady's behalf and my own; and I infinitely prize the Favour, which the preſent Exigence, and the Worth of the Donors, make doubly engaging. Is the Lady, pray Sir, a Chriſtian or a *Moor*, ask'd *Dorothea*? Our Charity would make us hope ſhe were the former; but by her Attire and Silence we are afraid ſhe is the latter. Outwardly, Madam, anſwers he, ſhe appears and is a *Moor*, but in her Heart a zealous Chriſtian, which her longing Deſires of being Baptiz'd have expreſly teſtified. I have had no opportunity of having her Chriſten'd ſince ſhe left *Algiers*, which was her Habitation and Native Country; nor has any imminent danger of Death oblig'd her to be brought to the Font, till ſhe be better inſtructed in the Principles of our Religion; but, I hope by Heaven's Aſſiſtance, to have her ſhortly Baptiz'd with Decency ſuiting her Quality, which is much above what her Equipage or mine ſeem to promiſe.

Theſe Words rais'd in them all a Curioſity to be farther inform'd who the *Moor* and her Conductor were; but they thought it improper then to put them to any more particular Relation of their Fortunes, becauſe they wanted Reſt and Refreſhment after their Journey. *Dorothea* placing the Lady by her, beg'd her to take off her Veil. She look'd on her Companion, as if ſhe required him to let her know what ſhe ſaid; which, when he had let her underſtand in the *Arabian* Tongue, joining his own Requeſt alſo, ſhe diſcover'd ſo charming a Face, that *Dorothea* imagin'd her more Beautiful than *Lucinda*; ſhe on the other hand, fancy'd her handſomer than *Dorothea*; and moſt of the Company believ'd her more Beautiful than both of

'em. As Beauty has always a Prerogative, or rather Charm, to attract Mens Inclinations, the whole Company dedicated their Deſires to ſerve the lovely *Moor*. Don *Ferdinand* ask'd the Stranger her Name, he anſwer'd *Lela Zoraida*; ſhe heard him, and gueſſing what they ask'd, ſuddenly reply'd with great concern, though very gracefully, No, no *Zoraida*, *Maria*, *Maria*; giving them to underſtand, that her Name was *Maria* and not *Zoraida*. Theſe Words, ſpoken with ſo much eagerneſs, raiſed a concern in every Body, the Ladies eſpecially, whoſe natural Tenderneſs ſhew'd itſelf by their Tears; and *Lucinda* embracing her very lovingly, Ay, ay, ſaid ſhe, *Maria*, *Maria*, which Words the *Mooriſh* Lady repeated by way of Anſwer. *Zoraida Macange*, added ſhe, as much as to ſay, not *Zoraida*, but *Maria*, *Maria*. The Night coming on, and the Inn-keeper, by order of Don *Ferdinand*'s Friends, having made haſt to provide them the beſt Supper he could, the Cloath was laid on a long Table, there being neither round nor ſquare in the Houſe. Don *Quixote*, after much Ceremony, was prevail'd upon to ſit at the Head; he deſir'd the Lady *Micomicona* to ſit next to him, and the reſt of the Company having plac'd themſelves according to their Rank and Convenience, they eat their Supper very plentifully. Don *Quixote*, to raiſe the Diverſion, never minded his Meat, but inſpired with the ſame Spirit that mov'd him to preach ſo much to the Goat-herds, he began to hold forth in this manner. Certainly, Gentlemen, if we rightly conſider it, thoſe who make Knight-Errantry their Profeſſion, often meet with moſt ſurprizing and ſtupendous Adventures. For what Mortal in the World, at this time entring within this Caſtle, and ſeeing us ſit together as we do, will imagine and believe us to be the ſame Perſons which in reality

we

we are? Who is there that can judge, that this Lady by my ſide is the Great Queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the woful Figure ſo univerſally made known by Fame? It is then no longer to be doubted, but that this Exerciſe and Profeſſion ſurpaſſes all others that have been invented by Man, and is ſo much the more honourable, as it is more expos'd to Dangers. Let none preſume to tell me that the Pen is preferable to the Sword; for be they who they will, I ſhall tell them they know not what they ſay. For the Reaſon they give, and on which chiefly they rely, is, that the Labour of the Mind exceeds that of the Body, and that the Exerciſe of Arms depends only on the Body; as if the uſe of them were the Buſineſs of Porters, which requires nothing but much ſtrength. Or as if this, which we who profeſs it call Chivalry, did not include the Acts of Fortitude, which depend very much upon the Underſtanding. Or elſe, as if that Warriour, who Commands an Army, or defends a City beſieg'd, did not labour as much with the Mind as with the Body. If this be not ſo, let Experience teach us, whether it be poſſible by bodily ſtrength to diſcover or gueſs the Intentions of an Enemy. The forming Deſigns, laying of Stratagems, overcoming of Difficulties, and ſhunning of Dangers, are all Works of the Underſtanding, wherein the Body has no ſhare. It being therefore evident, that the Exerciſe of Arms requires the help of the Mind as well as Learning, let us ſee in the next place, whether the Scholar or the Soldier's Mind undergoes the greateſt Labour. Now this may be the better known, by regarding the End and Object each of them aims at; for that Intention is to be moſt valued, which makes the nobleſt End its Object. The ſcope and end of

Learning, I mean, humane Learning, (in this place I ſpeak not of Divinity, whoſe aim is to guide Souls to Heaven, for no other can equal a Deſign ſo infinite as this) is to give a Perfection to diſtributive Juſtice, beſtowing upon every one his due, and to procure and cauſe good Laws to be obſerv'd; an End really Generous, Great, and worthy of high Commendation; but yet not equal to that which Knight-Errantry tends to, whoſe Object and End is Peace, which is the greateſt Bleſſing Men can wiſh for in this Life. And therefore the firſt good News the World receiv'd, were thoſe the Angels brought that Night, which was the beginning of our Day, when they ſang in the Air, Glory on high, and Peace upon Earth to Men of Good Will. And the only manner of Salutation taught by the beſt Maſter in Heaven, or upon Earth to his Friends and Favourites, was, that entring any Houſe they ſhould ſay, Peace be in this Houſe. And at other times he ſaid to them, My Peace I give to you, My Peace I leave to you, Peace be among you. A Jewel and Legacy worthy of ſuch a Donor, a Jewel ſo Precious, that without it there can be no Happineſs either in Earth or Heaven. This Peace is the true end of War; for Arms and War are one and the ſame thing. Allowing then this Truth, that the End of War is Peace, and that in this it excels the End of Learning, let us now weigh the Bodily Labours the Scholar undergoes, againſt thoſe the Warriour ſuffers; and then ſee which are greateſt. The Method and Language Don *Quixote* us'd in delivering himſelf were ſuch, that none of his Hearers at that time look'd upon him as a Madman. But on the contrary, moſt of them being Gentlemen, to whom the uſe of Arms properly appertains, they gave him a willing Attention; and he proceeded in this manner. Theſe,

then,

then, I ſay, are the Sufferings and Hardſhips a Scholar endures. Firſt, Poverty, (not that they are all Poor, but to urge the worſt that may be in this Caſe) and having ſaid he endures Poverty, methinks nothing more need be urg'd to expreſs his Miſery; for he that is poor enjoys no Happineſs, but labours under this Poverty in all its Parts, at one time in Hunger, at another in Cold, another in Nakedneſs, and ſometimes in all of them together; yet his Poverty is not ſo great, but ſtill he eats, though it be later than the uſual Hour, and of the Scraps of the Rich, which is the greateſt of a Scholar's Misfortunes; neither can the Learned wholly want another Man's Fire or Chimney-corner, where, though they be not thoroughly heated, yet they gather warmth, and at laſt they lie at Night under Covert. I will not touch upon other leſs material Circumſtances, as the want of Linnen, and ſcarcity of Shoos, the thinneſs and baldneſs of their Cloaths, and their Surfeiting when good Fortune throws a Feaſt in their Way. This is the difficultand uncouth Path they tread, often ſtumbling and falling, yet riſing again and puſhing on, till they attain the Preferment they aim at; whither being arriv'd, we have ſeen many of them, who, having been carried by a Fortunate Gale through all theſe Quick-ſands, from a Chair govern the World; their Hunger being chang'd into Satiety, their Cold into comfortable Warmth, their Nakedneſs into Magnificence of Apparel; and the Mat they us'd to lie upon, into ſtately Beds of coſtly Silks and ſofteſt Linnen, a Reward due to their Virtue. But yet their Sufferings being compar'd with thoſe the Soldier endures, appear much inferiour, as I ſhall in the next place make out.

CHAP. XI.

A Continuation of Don Quixote's *curious Diſcourſe upon Arms and Learning.*

SInce, ſpeaking of the Scholar, we began by his Poverty, and its ſeveral Parts, continu'd Don *Quixote*, let us now obſerve whether the Soldier be any thing richer than he; and we ſhall find that Poverty itſelf is not poorer; for he depends on his miſerable Pay, which he receives but ſeldom, or perhaps never; or elſe in that he makes by Marauding, with the hazard of his Life, and trouble of his Conſcience. Such is ſometimes his want of Apparel, that a ſlaſh'd Buff-Coat is all his Holiday Rayment and Shirt; and in the depth of Winter being in the open Field, he has nothing to cheriſh him againſt the ſharpneſs of the Seaſon, but the Breath of his Mouth, which iſſuing from an empty Place, I am perſwaded is itſelf cold, though contrary to the Rules of Nature. But now ſee how he expects Night to make amends for all theſe hardſhips in the Bed prepar'd for him, which, unleſs it be his own fault, never proves too narrow; for he may freely lay out as much of the Ground as he pleaſes, and tumble to his content, without danger of loſing the Sheets. But above all, when the Day ſhall come, wherein he is to put in practiſe the Exerciſe of his Profeſſion, and ſtrive to gain ſome new degree, when the day of Battel ſhall come, then as a Mark of his Honour, ſhall his Head be dignified with a Cap made of Lint, to ſtop a hole made by a Bullet, or he perhaps carried off maim'd, at the Expence of a Leg

Leg or an Arm. And if this do not happen, but that merciful Heaven preſerve his Life and Limbs, it may fall out that he ſhall remain as poor as before, and muſt run through many Re-encounters and Battles, and always come off victorious, to obtain ſome little Preferment; and theſe Miracles too are rare: But, I pray tell me, Gentlemen, if ever you made it your Obſervation, how few are thoſe who obtain due Rewards in War, in compariſon of thoſe Numbers that periſh? Doubtleſs you will anſwer, that there is no Parity between them; that the Slain are without number, that three Numeral Figures will ſerve to make the ſum of thoſe that live to be rewarded. It is quite otherwiſe with Scholars, not only thoſe who follow the Law, but others alſo, who all either by Hook or by Crook get a Livelihood, ſo that tho' the Soldier's Sufferings be much greater, yet his Reward is much leſs. To this it may be anſwer'd, that it is eaſier to reward two thouſand Scholars, than thirty thouſand Soldiers, becauſe the former are recompenc'd at the Expence of the Publick, by giving them Employments, which of neceſſity muſt be beſtowed on thoſe of their Profeſſion, but the latter cannot be gratified otherwiſe than at the Coſt of the Maſter that employs them; yet this very Difficulty makes good my Argument. But let us lay this Matter aſide, as a Point difficult to be decided, and let us return to the Preference due to Arms above Learning, a Subject as yet in Debate, each Party bringing ſtronger Reaſons to make out their Pretenſions. Among others, Learning urges, that without it Warfare itſelf could not ſubſiſt; becauſe War, as other things, has its Laws, and is govern'd by them, and Laws are the Province of Learning and Scholars. To this Objection the Soldiers make An-

ſwer, that without them the Laws cannot be maintain'd, for it is by Arms that Common-wealths are defended, Kingdoms ſupported, Cities ſecur'd, the High-ways made ſafe, and the Sea deliver'd from Pirates. In ſhort, were it not for them, Common-wealths, Kingdoms, Monarchies, Cities, the Roads by Land, and the Waters of the Sea, would be ſubject to the Ravages and Confuſion that attends War while it laſts and is at liberty to make uſe of its unbounded Privileges and Strength. Beſides, it is paſt all Controverſy, that what coſts deareſt, is, and ought moſt to be valu'd. Now for a Man to attain to an eminent degree in Learning, coſts him time, watching, hunger, nakedneſs, dizzineſs in the Head, weakneſs in the Stomach, and other inconveniences, which are the Conſequences of theſe, of which I have already in part made mention. But the riſing gradually to be a good Soldier, is purchas'd at the whole expence of all that is requir'd for Learning, and that in ſo ſurpaſſing a degree, that there is no compariſon betwixt them; becauſe he is every Moment in danger of his Life. To what danger or diſtreſs can a Scholar be reduc'd equal to that of a Soldier, who, being Beſieg'd in ſome ſtrong Place, and at his Poſt, or upon Guard, in ſome Ravelin or Baſtion, perceives the Enemy carrying on a Mine under him, and yet muſt upon no account remove from thence, or ſhun the danger which threatens him ſo near? All he can do, is, to give Advice to his Commander, that he may countermine; and he muſt ſtand ſtill fearing and expecting when on a ſudden he ſhall ſoar to the Clouds without Wings, and be again caſt down headlong againſt his Will. If this danger ſeem inconſiderable, let us ſee whether that be not greater when two Galleys ſhock one another with

with their Prows in the midſt of the ſpacious Sea. When they have thus grappled, and are clinging together, the Soldier is confin'd to the narrow Beak, being a Board not above two Foot wide; and yet though he ſees before him ſo many Miniſters of Death threatning, as there are pieces of Canon on the other ſide pointed againſt him, and not half a Pike's length from his Body; and being ſenſible that the firſt ſlip of his Feet ſends him to the bottom of *Neptune*'s Dominions; ſtill, for all this, inſpir'd by Honour, with an undaunted Heart, he ſtands a Mark to ſo much Fire, and endeavours to make his way, by that narrow Paſſage, into the Enemy's Veſſel. But what is moſt to be admir'd, is, that no ſooner one falls, where he ſhall never riſe till the end of the World, than another ſteps into the ſame Place; and if he alſo drops into the Sea, which lies in wait for him like an Enemy, another, and after him another ſtill fills up the Place, without ſuffering any interval of time to ſeparate their Deaths; a Reſolution and Boldneſs ſcarce to be parallell'd in any other Trials of War. Bleſſed be thoſe happy Ages that were Strangers to the dreadful Fury of theſe deviliſh Inſtruments of Artillery, whoſe Inventor I am ſatisfy'd is now in Hell, receiving the Reward of his curſed Invention, which is the Cauſe that very often a cowardly baſe Hand takes away the Life of the braveſt Gentleman, and that in the midſt of that Vigour and Reſolution which animates and inflames the Bold, a chance Bullet (ſhot perhaps by one that fled, and was frighted at the very Flaſh the miſchievous Piece gave, when it went off) coming, no Body knows how, or from whence, in a Moment puts a Period to the brave Deſigns, and the Life of one, that deſerv'd to have ſurviv'd many Years. This conſider'd, I could almoſt ſay,

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I am ſorry at my Heart for having taken upon me this Profeſſion of a Knight-Errant, in ſo deteſtable an Age; for tho' no Danger daunts me, yet it affects me to think, whether Powder and Lead may not deprive me of the Opportunity of becoming Famous, and making myſelf known throughout the World, by the Strength of my Arm and dint of my Sword. But let Heaven order Matters as it pleaſes, for if I compaſs my Deſigns, I ſhall be ſo much the more honour'd, by how much the Dangers I have expos'd myſelf to, are greater than thoſe the Knights-Errant of former Ages eſcap'd. All this long Preamble Don *Quixote* made, whilſt the Company ſup'd, never minding to eat a mouthful, though *Sancho Pança* had ſeveral times adviſ'd him to ſup, telling him there would be time enough afterwards to ſay what he thought fit. Thoſe who heard him were afreſh mov'd with Compaſſion, to ſee a Man, who ſeem'd, in all other reſpects, to have a ſound Judgment and clear Underſtanding, ſo abſolutely mad and diſtracted, when any mention was made of his curſed Knight-Errantry. The Curate told him, he was much in the right, in all he had ſaid for the Honour of Arms; and that he, though a Scholar, and a Graduate, was of the ſame Opinion. Supper being ended, and the Cloath taken away, whilſt the Inn-keeper, his Wife, his Daughter, and *Maritornes*, fitted up Don *Quixote*'s Loft for the Ladies, that they might lie by themſelves that Night, Don *Ferdinand* entreated the Slave to give them an Account of his Life; conſcious the Relation could not chuſe but be very delightful and ſurprizing, as might be gueſs'd by his coming with *Zoraida*. The Slave anſwer'd, He would moſt willingly comply with their Deſires, and that he only fear'd the Relation would not give them all the

the Satisfaction he could wiſh; but that however, rather than diſobey, he would do it as well as he could. The Curate and all the Company thank'd him, and made freſh inſtances to the ſame Effect. Seeing himſelf courted by ſo many, There is no need of Entreaties, ſaid he, for what you may command; therefore, continu'd he, give me your Attention, and you ſhall hear a true Relation, perhaps not to be parallell'd by thoſe fabulous Stories which are compos'd with much Art and Study. This caus'd all the Company to ſeat themſelves, and obſerve a very ſtrict Silence; and then with an agreeable and ſedate Voice, he began in this manner.

CHAP. XII.

Where the Captive relates his Life and Adventures.

IN the Mountains of *Leon* my Family had its firſt Original, and was more kindly dealt withal by Nature than by Fortune, though my Father might paſs for Rich among the Inhabitants of thoſe Parts, who are but poorly provided for; to ſay Truth, he had been ſo, had he had as much Induſtry to preſerve, as he had Inclination to diſſipate his Income; but he had been a Soldier, and the Years of his Youth ſpent in that Employment, had left him in his old Age a Propenſity to ſpend, under the Name of Liberality. War is a School where the Covetous grow free, and the Free prodigal: To ſee a Soldier a Miſer, is a kind of Prodigy which happens but ſeldom. My Father was far from being one of them; for he paſs'd the Bounds of Liberality, and came very near

near the Exceſſes of Prodigality; a thing which cannot ſuit well with a marry'd Life, where the Children ought to ſucceed to the Eſtate, as well as Name of the Family. We were three of us all at Man's Eſtate, and my Father, finding that the only way (as he ſaid) to curb his ſquandring Inclination, was reſolv'd to diſpoſſeſs himſelf of that which maintain'd it, his Eſtate; without which *Alexander* himſelf muſt have appear'd poor. He call'd us one Day all three to him in his Chamber, and ſpoke to us in the following manner.

My Sons, to perſwade you that I love you, I need only tell you I am your Father, and you my Children; and on the other ſide, you have reaſon to think me unkind, conſidering how careleſs I am in preſerving what ſhould one Day be yours; but to convince you, however, that I have the Bowels of a Parent, I have taken a Reſolution, which I have well weigh'd and conſider'd for many Days. You are all now of an Age to chuſe the kind of Life you each of you incline to; or, at leaſt, to enter upon ſome Employment that may one Day procure you both Honour and Profit: Therefore I deſign to divide all I have into four Parts, of which I will give Three among you, and retain the Fourth for myſelf, to maintain me in my old Age, as long as it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to continue me in this Life. After that each of you ſhall have receiv'd his Part, I could wiſh you would follow one of the Employments I ſhall mention to you, every one as he finds himſelf inclin'd. There is a Proverb in our vulgar Tongue, which I take to contain a great deal of Truth, as generally thoſe ſorts of Sayings do; being ſhort Sentences fram'd upon Obſervation and long Experience. This Proverb runs thus, *Either the Church, the Sea, or the Court.* As if it ſhould plainly ſay, that who-

whoever deſires to thrive, muſt follow one of theſe three; either be a Church-man, or a Merchant and try his Fortune at Sea, or enter into the Service of his Prince in the Court: For another Proverb ſays, that *King's Chaff is better than other Mens Corn*. I ſay this, becauſe I would have one of you follow his Studies, another I deſire ſhould be a Merchant, and the Third ſhould ſerve the King in his Wars; becauſe it is a thing of ſome difficulty to get an entrance at Court; and though War does not immediately procure Riches, yet it ſeldom fails of giving Honour and Reputation. Within eight Days time I will give each of you your Portion, and not wrong you of a Farthing of it, as you ſhall ſee by Experience. Now therefore tell me if you are reſolv'd to follow my Advice about your ſettling into the World. And turning to me, as the Eldeſt, he bid me anſwer firſt. I told him, that he ought not upon our Account to divide or leſſen his Eſtate, or way of Living; that we were young Men and could ſhift in the World; and at laſt I concluded, that for my part I would be a Soldier, and ſerve God and the King in that honourable Profeſſion. My ſecond Brother made the ſame regardful Offer, and choſe to go to the *Indies*; reſolving to lay out in Goods the Share that ſhould be given him here. The youngeſt, and I believe, the wiſeſt of us all, ſaid he would be a Church-man; and in order to it, go to *Salamancha*, and there finiſh his Studies. After this, my Father embrac'd us all three, and in a few Days perform'd what he had promis'd; and, as I remember, it was three thouſand Ducats a piece, which he ſhar'd among us; for we had an Uncle who bought all the Eſtate, and paid for it in ready Money, that it might not go out of the Family. A little after, we all took leave of my Father;

and

and at parting I could not forbear thinking it a kind of Inhumanity to leave the old Gentleman in ſo ſtreight a Condition: I prevail'd with him therefore to accept of two thouſand of my three, the Remainder being ſufficient to make up a Soldier's Equipage. My Example work'd upon my other Brothers, and they each of them preſented him with a thouſand Ducats; ſo that my Father remain'd with four thouſand Ducats in ready Money, and three thouſand more in Land, which he choſe to keep, and not ſell out-right. To be ſhort, we took our laſt leave of my Father and the Uncle I have mention'd, not without much Grief and Tears on all Sides. They particularly recommending to us to let them know, by all Opportunities, our good or ill Fortunes: We promis'd ſo to do, and having receiv'd the Bleſſing of our old Father, one of us went ſtrait to *Salamancha*, the other to *Sevill*, and I to *Alicant*, where I was inform'd of a *Genoeſe* Ship, which loaded Wool for *Genoa*.

This Year makes two and twenty ſince I firſt left my Father's Houſe, and in all that time, tho' I have writ ſeveral Letters, I have not had the leaſt News, either of him, or of my Brothers. And now I will relate, in few Words, my own Adventures in all that courſe of Years. I took Shipping at *Alicant*, arriv'd ſafe and with a good Paſſage at *Genoa*, from thence I went to *Milan*, where I bought my Equipage, reſolving to go and enter myſelf in the Army in *Piedmont*; but being come as far as *Alexandria de la Paille*, I was inform'd that the great Duke of *Alva* was paſſing into *Flanders* with an Army; this made me alter my firſt Reſolution. I follow'd him, and was preſent at all his Engagements, as well as at the Deaths of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horne*; and at laſt I had a Colours under a famous Captain of *Guadalajara*, whoſe

whoſe Name was *Diego d' Urbina*. Some time after my arrival in *Flanders*, there came News of the Holy League concluded by Pope *Pius* V. of happy Memory, in Conjunction with *Spain*, againſt the common Enemy the *Turk*, who at that time had taken the Iſland of *Cyprus* from the *Venetians*; which was an unfortunate and lamentable Loſs to *Chriſtendom*. It was alſo certain, that the General of this Holy League was the moſt Serene Don *Juan* of *Auſtria*, Natural Brother to our good King Don *Philip*. The great Fame of the Preparations for this War, incited me with a vehement deſire of being preſent at the Engagement, which was expected to follow theſe Preparations; and although I had certain Aſſurance, and, as it were, an Earneſt of my being advanc'd to be a Captain upon the firſt vacancy; yet I reſolv'd to leave all thoſe Expectations, and return, as I did, to *Italy*. My good Fortune was ſuch, that I arriv'd juſt about the ſame time that Don *Juan* of *Auſtria* landed at *Genoa*, in order to go to *Naples*, and join the *Venetian* Fleet, as he did at *Meſſina*. In ſhort, I was at that great Action of the Battel of *Lepanto*, being a Captain of Foot, to which Poſt my good Fortune, more than my Deſert, had now advanc'd me; and that Day, which was ſo happy to all *Chriſtendom* (becauſe the World was then diſabus'd of the Error they had entertain'd, that the *Turk* was Invincible by Sea;) that Day, I ſay, in which the Pride of the *Ottomans* was firſt broke, and which was ſo happy to all *Chriſtians*, even to thoſe who dy'd in the Fight, who were more ſo than thoſe who remain'd alive and Conquerors, I alone was the unhappy Man; ſince, inſtead of a Naval Crown, which I might have hop'd for in the time of the *Romans*, I found myſelf that very Night a Slave, with Irons on my Feet, and Manacles on my

my Hands. The thing happen'd thus: *Vehali*, King of *Algiers*, a brave and bold Pirate, having boarded and taken the *Capitana* Galley of *Malta*, in which only three Knights were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the Galley of *John Andrea Doria* made haste to succour them; in this Galley I was embarqu'd with my Company, and doing my Duty in this Occasion, I leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which getting loose from ours, that intended to board the *Algerine*, my Soldiers were hindred from following me, and I remain'd alone among a great Number of Enemies; whom not being able to resist, I was taken, after having receiv'd several Wounds; and as you have heard already, *Vehali* having escap'd with all his Squadron, I found myself his Prisoner; and was the only afflicted Man among so many joyful ones; and the only Captive among so many Free; for on that Day above 15000 Christians, who row'd in the *Turkish* Galleys, obtain'd their long wish'd-for Liberty. I was carry'd to *Constantinople*, where the Grand Seignior *Selim* made *Vehali*, my Master, General of the Sea, he having behav'd himself very well in the Battel, and brought away with him the great Flag of the Order of *Malta*, as a proof of his Valour.

The Second Year of my Captivity, I was a Slave in the *Capitana* Galley at *Navarrino*; and I took Notice of the Christians Fault, in letting slip the Opportunity they had of taking the whole *Turkish* Fleet in that Port; and all the *Janisaries* and *Algerine* Pirates did so expect to be attack'd, that they had all in readiness to escape on Shore without Fighting; so great was the Terror they had of our Fleet: But it pleas'd God to order it otherwise, not by any Fault of the Christian General, but for the Sins of Christendom, and because it is

his Will we ſhould always have ſome Enemies to chaſtize us. *Vehali* ſav'd himſelf at *Modon*, which is an Iſland not far from *Navarrino*, and there landing his Men, fortify'd the Entrance of the Harbour, remaining in Safety there till Don *Juan* was forc'd to return home with his Fleet. In this Expedition, the Galley call'd *La Preſa*, of which *Barbaroſſa*'s own Son was Captain, was taken by the Admiral Galley of *Naples*, call'd the *Woolf*, which was commanded by that Thunder-bolt of War, that Father of the Soldiers, that happy and never conquer'd Captain, Don *Alvaro de Baçan*, Marqueſs of *Santa Cruz*; and I cannot omit the manner of taking this Galley. The Son of *Barbaroſſa* was very cruel, and us'd his Slaves with great Inhumanity; they perceiving that the *Woolf*-Galley got of them in the Chace, all of a ſudden laid by their Oars, and ſeizing on their Commander, as he was walking between them on the Deck, and calling to them to row hard; they paſs'd him on from Hand to Hand to one another, from one End of the Galley to the other, and gave him ſuch Blows in the handling him, that before he got to the Main-Maſt, his Soul had left his Body, and was fled to Hell. This, as I ſaid, was the effect of his Cruelty, and their Hatred.

After this, we return'd to *Conſtantinople*; and the next Year, which was 1573, it was known how Don *Juan* of *Auſtria* had taken *Tunis* and its Kingdom from the *Turks*, and given the Poſſeſſion of it to *Muley Hamed*, having thereby defeated all the hopes of Reigning of *Muley Hamidi*, one of the cruelleſt, and withal one of the braveſt *Moors* that was in the World. The Grand Seignior was troubl'd at this Loſs, and uſing his wonted Artifices with the Chriſtians, he ſtruck up a Peace with the *Venetians*,

netians, who were much more desirous than he of it.

The Year after, which was 1574, he attack'd the *Goletta*, and the Fort which Don *Juan* had begun, but not above half finish'd, before *Tunis*. All this while I was a Galley-Slave, without any hopes of Liberty; at least, I could not promise myself to obtain it by way of Ransom; for I was resolv'd not to write my Father the News of my Misfortune. *La Goletta*, and the Fort, were both taken, after some Resistance; the *Turkish* Army consisting of 75000 *Turks* in Pay, and above 400000 *Moors* and *Arabs* out of all *Africa* near the Sea; with such Provisions of War of all kinds, and so many Pioneers, that they might have cover'd the *Goletta* and the Fort with Earth by handfuls. The *Goletta* was first taken, though always before reputed impregnable; and it was not lost by any fault of its Defenders, who did all that could be expected from them; but because it was found by Experience, that it was practicable to make Trenches in that sandy Soil, which was thought to have Water under it within two Foot, and the *Turks* dig'd above two Yards before they came at any; by which means, filling Sacks with Sand, and laying them on one another, they rais'd them so high, that they commanded from that Fortification the Fort, in which none could be safe, nor shew themselves upon the Walls. It has been the Opinion of most Men, that we did ill to shut ourselves up in the *Goletta*; and that we ought to have been drawn out to hinder their Landing; but they who say so, talk without Experience, and at a distance of such things; for if in all there were not above 7000 Men in the *Goletta* and the Fort, how could so small a Number, though never so brave, take the open Field against such Forces as those

thoſe of the Enemies? And how is it poſſible that a Place can avoid being taken, which can have no Relief, particularly being beſieg'd by ſuch Numbers, and thoſe in their own Country: But it ſeem'd to many others, and that is alſo my Opinion, that God Almighty favour'd *Spain* moſt particularly, in ſuffering that Sink of Iniquity and Miſery, as well as that Spunge and perpetual Drain of Treaſure to be deſtroy'd. For infinite Sums of Money were ſpent there to no purpoſe, without any other Deſign, than to preſerve the Memory of one of the Emperor's, *Charles* the Fifth's Conqueſts; as if it had been neceſſary to ſupport the Eternity of his Glory (which will be permanent) that thoſe Stones ſhould remain in being. The Fort was likewiſe loſt, but the *Turks* got it Foot by Foot; for the Soldiers who defended it, ſuſtain'd two and twenty Aſſaults, and in them kill'd above 25000 of thoſe *Barbarians*; and when it was taken, of 300 which were left alive, there was not one Man unwounded; a certain ſign of the Bravery of the Garriſon, and of their Skill in defending Places. There was likewiſe taken, by Compoſition, a ſmall Fort in the midſt of a Lake, which was under the Command of Don *John Zanoguerra*, a Gentleman of *Valencia*, and a Soldier of great Renown. Don *Pedro Puerto Carrero*, General of the *Goletta*, was taken Priſoner, and was ſo afflicted at the Loſs of the Place, that he dy'd of Grief by the Way, before he got to *Conſtantinople*, whither they were carrying him. They took alſo Priſoner the Commander of the Fort, whoſe Name was *Gabriel Cerbellon*, a *Milaneſe*, and a great Ingineer, as well as a valiant Soldier. Several Perſons of Quality were killed in thoſe two Fortreſſes, and amongſt the reſt was *Pagan Doria*, the Brother of the famous *John Andrea Doria*, a generous and noble-hearted Gentleman,

man, as well appear'd by his Liberality to that Brother; and that which made his Death more worthy of Compaſſion, was, that he receiv'd it from ſome *Arabs*, to whom he had committed his Safety after the loſs of the Fort, they having promis'd to carry him diſguis'd in a *Moor*'s Habit to *Tabarea*, which is a ſmall Fort held on that Coaſt by the *Genoeſes*, for the diving for Coral; but they cut off his Head, and brought it to the *Turkiſh* General, who made good to them our *Spaniſh* Proverb, That the Treaſon pleaſes, but the Traitors are odious; for he order'd them to be hang'd up immediately, for not having brought him alive. Amongſt the Chriſtians which were taken in the Fort, there was one Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, of ſome Place in *Andaluſia*, and who was an Enſign in the Place, a very brave, and a very ingenious Man, and one who had a rare Talent in Poetry. I mention him, becauſe it was his Fortune to be a Slave in the ſame Galley with me, and chain'd to the ſame Bench. Before we left the Port he made two Sonnets, by way of Epitaph for the *Goletta* and the Fort, which I muſt beg leave to repeat here, having learn'd them by heart, and I believe they will rather divert than tire the Company. When the Captive nam'd Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, Don *Ferdinand* look'd upon his Comrades, and they all ſmil'd; and when he talk'd of the Sonnets, one of them ſaid, before you go on to repeat the Sonnets, I deſire, Sir, you would tell me what became of that Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, whom you have mention'd. All that I know of him, anſwer'd the Slave, is, that after having been two Years in *Conſtantinople*, he made his Eſcape, diſguis'd like an *Arnaut*, and in company of a *Greek* Spy; but I cannot tell whether he obtain'd his Liberty or no, though I believe he did, becauſe about

about a Year after I ſaw the ſame *Greek* in *Conſtantinople*, but had not an Opportunity to ask him about the Succeſs of his Journey. Then I can tell you, reply'd the Gentleman, That the Don *Pedro* you ſpeak of is my Brother, and is at preſent at Home, Marry'd, Rich, and has three Children. God be thanked, ſaid the Slave, for the Favours he has beſtow'd on him; for in my Mind, there is no Felicity equal to that of recovering ones loſt Liberty; and moreover, added the ſame Gentleman, I can ſay the Sonnets you mentioned, which my Brother made. Pray ſay them then, reply'd the Slave, for I queſtion not but you can repeat them better than I. With all my Heart, anſwer'd the Gentleman. That upon the *Goletta* was thus.

CHAP. XIII.

The Story of the Captive continu'd.

A SONNET.

BLEST Souls, diſcharg'd of Life's oppreſſive weight,
Whoſe Virtue prov'd your Paſs-port to the Skies:
You there procur'd a more propitious Fate,
When for your Faith you bravely fell to riſe.

When Pious Rage, diffus'd thro' ev'ry Vein,
On this ungrateful Shore inflam'd your Blood:
Each Drop you loſt, was bought with Crowds of Slain,
Whoſe vital Purple ſwell'd the neighb'ring Flood.

Tho' cruſh'd by Ruins, and by Odds, you claim
That perfect Glory, that immortal Fame,
Which, like true Heroes, nobly you purſu'd;
On theſe you ſeiz'd, even when of Life depriv'd,
For ſtill your Courage even your Lives ſurviv'd;
And ſure 'tis Conqueſt thus to be ſubdu'd.

I know it's juſt as you repeat it, ſaid the Captive: Well then, ſaid the Gentleman, I'll give you now that which was made upon the Fort, if I can remember it.

A SONNET.

AMidſt theſe barren Fields, and ruin'd Towers,
The Bed of Honour of the falling Brave,
Three thouſand Champions of the Chriſtian Pow'rs
Found a new Life, and Triumph in the Grave.

Long did their Arms their haughty Foes repel,
Yet ſtrew'd the Fields with ſlaughter'd Heaps i
O'ercome by Toils, the pious Heroes fell, (vain
Or but ſurviv'd more nobly to be ſlain.

This diſmal Soil, ſo fam'd in Ills of old,
In ev'ry Age was fatal to the Bold,
The Seat of Horrour, and the Warrior's Tomb!
Yet hence to Heav'n more Worth was ne'er reſign'd,
Than theſe diſplay'd, nor has the Earth combin'd,
Reſum'd more noble Bodies in her Womb.

The Sonnets were applauded, and the Captive was pleas'd to hear ſuch good News of his Friend and Companion: After that he purſu'd his Relation in theſe Terms; the *Turks* order'd the d
mantl

mantling of the *Goletta*, the Fort being raz'd to their Hand by the Siege; and yet the Mines they made could not blow up the old Walls, which nevertheleſs were always thought the weakeſt Part of the Place; but the new Fortifications, made by the Ingineer *Fratin*, came eaſily down. In fine, the *Turkiſh* Fleet return'd in Triumph to *Conſtantinople*, where not long after my Maſter *Vehali* dy'd, whom the *Turks* us'd to call'd *Vehali Furtare*, which in *Turkiſh* ſignifies the Scabby Renegade, as indeed he was; and the *Turks* give Names among themſelves, either from ſome Virtue or ſome Defect that is in them; and this happens, becauſe there are but four Families deſcended from the *Ottoman* Family; all the reſt, as I have ſaid, take their Names from ſome Defect of the Body, or ſome good Quality of the Mind. This ſcabby Slave was at the Oar in one of the Grand Signior's Galleys for fourteen Years, till he was four and thirty Years old; at which Time he turn'd Renegade, to be reveng'd of a *Turk* who gave him a Box on the Ear, as he was chain'd to the Oar, forſaking his Religion for his Revenge; after which he ſhew'd ſo much Valour and Conduct, that he came to be King of *Algiers*, and Admiral of the *Turkiſh* Fleet, which is the third Command in the whole Empire. He was a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of a mild Diſpoſition towards his Slaves, as alſo of good Morals to the reſt of the World. He had above 3000 Slaves of his own, all which after his Death were divided, as he had order'd by his Will, between the Grand Signior, his Sons and his Renegades. I fell to the Share of a *Venetian* Renegade, who was a Cabbin-boy in a *Venetian* Ship which was taken by *Vehali*, who lov'd him ſo, that he was one of his favourite Boys; and he came at laſt to prove one of the cruelleſt Renegades that

ever was known. His Name was *Azanaga*, and he obtain'd ſuch Riches, as to riſe by them to be King of *Algiers*; and with him I left *Conſtantinople*, with ſome Satisfaction to think, at leaſt, that I was in a Place ſo near *Spain*, not becauſe I could give Advice to any Friend of my Misfortunes, but becauſe I hop'd to try whether I ſhould ſucceed better in *Algiers* than I had done in *Conſtantinople*, where I had try'd a thouſand ways of running away, but could never execute any of them, which I hop'd I ſhould compaſs better in *Algiers*, for Hopes never forſook me upon all the Diſappointments I met with in the Deſign of recovering my Liberty. By this means I kept myſelf alive, ſhut up in a Priſon or Houſe, which the *Turks* call a *Bagnio*, where they keep their Chriſtian Slaves, as well thoſe of the King, as thoſe who belong to private Perſons; and alſo thoſe who are call'd *El Almacen*, that is, who belong to the Publick, and are employ'd by the City in Works that belong to it. Theſe latter do very difficultly obtain their Liberty; for having no particular Maſter, but belonging to the Publick, they can find no Body to treat with about their Ranſom, though they have Money to pay it. The King's Slaves, which are ranſomable, are not oblig'd to go out to Works as the others do, except their Ranſom ſtays too long before it comes; for then to haſten it, they make them work, and fetch Wood with the reſt, which is no ſmall Labour. I was one of thoſe who were to be ranſom'd; for when they knew I had been a Captain, though I told them the Impoſſibility I was in of being redeem'd, becauſe of my Poverty; yet they put me among the Gentlemen that were to be ranſom'd, and to that End they put me on a ſlight Chain, rather as a Mark of Diſtinction, than to reſtrain me by it; and ſo I

paſs'd

paſs'd my Life in that *Bagnio*, with ſeveral other Gentlemen of Quality, who expected their Ranſom; and tho' Hunger and Nakedneſs might, as it did often, trouble us, yet nothing gave us ſuch Affliction, as to hear and ſee the exceſſive Cruelties with which our Maſter us'd the other Chriſtian Slaves; he would hang one one Day, then impale another, cut off the Ears of another; and this upon ſuch ſlight Occaſions, that often the *Turks* would own, that he did it only for the Pleaſure of doing it, and becauſe he was naturally an Enemy to Mankind. Only one *Spaniſh* Soldier knew how to deal with him, his Name was *Saavedra*; and becauſe he did ſuch things as will not eaſily be forgotten by the *Turks*, and all to gain his Liberty, his Maſter never gave him a Blow, nor us'd him ill either in Word or Deed; and yet we were always afraid that the leaſt of his Pranks would make him be impal'd; nay, he himſelf ſometimes was afraid of it too; and if it were not for fear of taking up too much of our Time, I could tell ſuch Paſſages of him, as would divert the Company much better than the Relation of my Adventures, and cauſe more Wonder in them. But to go on; I ſay that the Windows of a very rich *Moor*'s Houſe look'd upon the Court of our Priſon; which indeed, according to the Cuſtom of the Country, were rather Peeping-holes than Windows, and yet they had alſo Lettices or Jealouſies on the Inſide. It happen'd one Day, that being upon a kind of Terraſs of our Priſon, with only three of my Comrades, diverting ourſelves as well as we could, by trying who could leap fartheſt in his Chains, all the other Chriſtians being gone out to work, I chanc'd to look up to thoſe Windows, and ſaw that out of one of them there appear'd a long Cane, and to it was a Bit of

Linnen ty'd, and the Cane was mov'd up and down, as if it had expected that ſome of us ſhould lay hold of it. We all took Notice of it, and one of us went and ſtood juſt under it, to ſee if they would let it fall; but juſt as he came to it, the Cane was drawn up, and ſhak'd too and fro ſideways, as if they had made the ſame Sign, as People do with their Head when they deny. He retir'd upon that, and the ſame Motion was made with it as before. Another of my Comrades advanc'd, and had the ſame Succeſs as the former; the third Man was us'd juſt as the reſt; which I ſeeing, reſolv'd to try the Adventure; and as I came under the Cane, it fell at my Feet: Immediately I unty'd the Linnen, within which was a Knot, which being open'd, ſhew'd us about ten *Zianins*, which is a ſort of Gold of baſe Allay, us'd by the *Moors*, each of which is worth about two Crowns of our Money. 'Tis not to be much queſtion'd, whether the Diſcovery were not as pleaſant as ſurprizing; we were in Admiration, and I more particularly, not being able to gueſs from what Part theſe Favours proceeded: for 'twas apparent that I was more meant than any of my Comrades, ſince the Cane was let go to me alone when it was refus'd to them. I took my Money, broke the Cane, and going upon the Terraſs ſaw that a very fine white Hand did open and ſhut the Window with Haſte; by this we imagin'd that ſome Woman that liv'd in that Houſe had done us the Charity; and to return our Thanks, we bow'd ourſelves after the *Mooriſh* Faſhion, with our Arms croſs our Breaſts. A little after there appear'd out of the ſame Window, a little Croſs made of Cane, which immediately was pull'd in again. This confirm'd us in our Opinion, that ſome Chriſtian Woman was a Slave in that Houſe, and that it was ſhe that took

Pity

Pity of us; but the Whiteneſs of the Hand, and the Richneſs of the Bracelets upon the Arm, which we had a Glimpſe of, ſeem'd to deſtroy that Thought again; and then we believ'd it was ſome *Chriſtian* Woman turn'd *Mahometan*, whom their Maſters very often marry, and take it for a great good Fortune, for they are more valu'd by them than the Women of the Country. But in all this gueſſing we were far enough from finding out the Truth of the Caſe; however, we reſolv'd to be very diligent in obſerving the Window, which was our North-Star. There paſs'd above fifteen Days before we ſaw either the Hand or Cane, or any other Sign whatſoever; though in all that time we endeavour'd to find out who liv'd in that Houſe, and if there were in it any Chriſtian Woman who was a Renegade; yet all we could diſcover amounted to only this, that the Houſe belong'd to one of the chief *Moors*, a very rich Man, call'd *Agimorato*, who had been Alcayde of the *Pata*, which is an Office much valu'd among them. But when we leaſt hop'd that our golden Shower ſhould continue, out of that Window we ſaw on a ſudden the Cane appear again, with another Piece of Linnen, and a bigger Knot; and this was juſt at a time when the *Bagnio* was without any other of the Slaves in it. We all try'd our Fortunes as the firſt Time, and it ſucceeded accordingly, for the Cane was let go to none but me. I unty'd the Knot, and found in it forty Crowns in *Spaniſh* Gold, with a Paper written in *Arabick*, and at the Top of the Paper was a great Croſs. I kiſs'd the Croſs, took the Crowns, and returning to the Terraſs, we all made our *Mooriſh* Reverences; the Hand appear'd again, and I having made Signs that I would read the Paper, the Window was ſhut. We remain'd all overjoy'd and aſtoniſh'd at what had

happen'd ; and were extreme deſirous to know the Contents of the Paper ; but none of us underſtood *Arabick*, and it was yet more difficult to find out a proper Interpreter. At laſt I reſolv'd to truſt a Renegade of *Murcia*, who had ſhew'd me great Proofs of his Kindneſs. We gave one another mutual Aſſurances, and on his Side he was oblig'd to keep ſecret all that I ſhould reveal to him. The Renegades, who have ſome Thoughts of returning one Day to their own Country, uſe to get Certificates from the Perſons of Quality who are Slaves in *Barbary* ; in which they make a ſort of an Affidavit, that ſuch a one, a Renegade, is an honeſt Man, and has always been kind to the Chriſtians, and has a mind to make his Eſcape on the firſt Occaſion. Some there are who procure theſe Certificates with an honeſt Deſign, and remain among Chriſtians as long as they live ; but others get them on purpoſe to make uſe of them when they go a Pirating on the Chriſtian Shores ; for then if they are ſhipwreck'd or taken, they ſhew theſe Certificates, and ſay, that thereby may be ſeen the Intention with which they came in the *Turks Company* ; to wit, to get an Opportunity of returning to Chriſtendom. By this means they eſcape the firſt Fury of the Chriſtians, and are reconcil'd to the Church without having been hurt; afterwards they take their Time, and return to *Barbary* to be what they were before.

One of theſe Renegades was my Friend, and he had Certificates from us all, by which we gave him much Commendation: But if the *Moors* had catch'd him with thoſe Papers about him, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that not only he underſtood the *Arabick* Tongue, but alſo that he could both ſpeak and write it currently. But yet before I reſolv'd to truſt him entirely, I bid

bid him read me that Paper which I had found by chance; he open'd it, and was a good while looking upon it, and conſtruing it to himſelf. I ask'd him if he underſtood it; he ſaid, Yes, very well; and that if I would give him Pen, Ink and Paper, he would tranſlate it Word for Word. We furniſh'd him with what he deſir'd, and he went to work; having finiſh'd his Tranſlation, he ſaid, all that I have here put into *Spaniſh* is Word for Word what is in the *Arabick*; only obſerve, that where-ever the Paper ſays *Lela Marien*, it means our Lady the Virgin *Mary*. The Contents were thus.

WHEN I was a Child, my Father had a Slave, who taught me in my Tongue the Chriſtian Worſhip, and told me a great many things of Lela Marien: *The Chriſtian Slave dy'd, and I am ſure ſhe went not to the Fire, but is with* Alla, *for I have ſeen her twice; and ſhe bid me go to the Land of the Chriſtians to ſee* Lela Marien, *who had a great Kindneſs for me. I do not know what is the matter; but though I have ſeen many Chriſtians out of this Window, none has appear'd to me ſo much a Gentleman as thyſelf. I am very handſome and young, and can carry with me a great deal of Money, and other Riches; conſider whether thou can'ſt bring it to paſs that we may eſcape together, and thou ſhalt be my Husband in thy own Country, if thou art willing; but if thou art not, 'tis all one,* Lela Marien *will provide me a Husband. I have writ this, have a care to whom thou giveſt it to read, do not truſt any* Moor, *becauſe they are all treacherous; and in this I am much perplex'd, and could wiſh there were not a neceſſity of truſting any one; becauſe if my Father ſhould come to know it, he would certainly throw me into a Well, and cover me over with Stones. I will tie a Thread to the Cane, and*

with that thou may'ſt faſten thy Anſwer; and if thou can'ſt not find any one to write in Arabick, *make me underſtand thy meaning by Signs, for* Lela Marien *will help me to gueſs it. She and* Alla *keep thee, as well as this Croſs, which I often kiſs, as the Chriſtian Slave bid me.*

You may imagine, Gentlemen, that we were in admiration at the Contents of this Paper, and withal o'erjoy'd at them, which we expreſs'd ſo openly, that the Renegade came to underſtand that the Paper was not found by chance, but that it was really writ to ſome one among us; and accordingly he told us his Suſpicion, but deſir'd us to truſt him entirely, and that he wou'd venture his Life with us to procure us our Liberty. Having ſaid this, he pull'd a Crucifix of Metal out of his Boſom, and with many Tears, ſwore by the God which it repreſented, and in whom he, though a wicked Sinner, did firmly believe, to be true and faithful to us with all Secrecy in what we ſhou'd impart to him; for he gueſs'd, that by the means of the Woman who had writ that Letter, we might all of us recover our loſt Liberty; and he, in particular, might obtain what he had ſo long wiſh'd for, to be receiv'd again into the Boſom of his Mother the Church, from whom, for his Sins, he had been cut off as a rotten Member. The Renegade pronounc'd all this with ſo many Tears, and ſuch Signs of Repentance, that we were all of Opinion to truſt him, and tell him the whole Truth of the Buſineſs. We ſhew'd him the little Window out of which the Cane us'd to appear, and he from thence took good notice of the Houſe, in order to inform himſelf who liv'd in it. We next agreed that it would be neceſſary to anſwer the *Mooriſh* Lady's Note; ſo immediately the Renegade writ down

down what I dictated to him; which was exactly as I ſhall relate, for I have not forgot the leaſt material Circumſtance of this Adventure, nor can forget them in all my Life. The Words then were theſe:

THE *true* Alla *keep thee, my dear Lady, and that bleſſed Virgin, which is the true Mother of God, and has inſpir'd thee with the Deſign of going to the Land of the Chriſtians. Do thou ask her that ſhe would be pleas'd to make thee underſtand how thou ſhalt execute what ſhe has commanded thee; for ſhe is ſo good that ſhe will do it. On my part, and on that of the Chriſtians who are with me, I offer to do for thee all we are able, even to the hazard of our Lives. Fail not to write to me, and give me notice of thy Reſolution, for I will always anſwer thee: The* Great Alla *having given us a Chriſtian Slave, who can read and write thy Language, as thou may'ſt perceive by this Letter; ſo that thou may'ſt, without fear, give us notice of all thy Intentions. As for what thou ſay'ſt, that as ſoon as thou ſhalt arrive in the Land of the Chriſtians, thou deſign'ſt to be my Wife; I promiſe thee on the Word of a good Chriſtian, to take thee for my Wife, and thou may'ſt know that* Chriſtians *do perform their Promiſes better than the* Moors. Alla, *and his Mother* Mary *be thy Guard, my dear Lady.*

Having writ and clos'd this Note, I waited two Days till the *Bagnio* was empty, and then I went upon the Terraſs, the ordinary place of our Converſation, to ſee if the Cane appear'd, and it was not long before it was ſtirring. As ſoon as it appear'd I ſhew'd my Note, that the Thread might be put to the Cane, but I found that was done to my Hand; and the Cane being let down I faſtned

the Note to it. Not long after the Knot was let fall, and I having taken it up, found in it ſeveral Pieces of Gold and Silver, above fifty Crowns, which gave us infinite Content, and fortify'd our Hopes of obtaining at laſt our Liberty. That Evening our Renegade came to us, and told us, he had found out that the Maſter of that Houſe was the ſame *Moor* we had been told of, call'd *Agimorato*, extremely rich, and who had one only Daughter to inherit all his Eſtate. That it was the Report of all the City, that ſhe was the handſomeſt Maid in all *Barbary*, having been demanded in Marriage by ſeveral Baſſas and Viceroys, but that ſhe had always refus'd to Marry; He alſo told us, that he had learnt ſhe had had a Chriſtian Slave who was dead, all which agreed with the Contents of the Letter. We immediately held a Council with the Renegade, about the manner we might uſe to carry off the *Mooriſh* Lady, and go all together to Chriſtendom; but all we agreed was to expect the Anſwer of *Zoraida*, for that was the Name of the Lady, who now deſires to be call'd *Mary*; as well knowing ſhe could beſt adviſe the overcoming all the Difficulties that were in our Way; and after this Reſolution, the Renegade aſſur'd us again, that he wou'd loſe his Life, or deliver us out of Captivity.

The *Bagnio* was four Days together full of People, and all that time the Cane was inviſible; but as ſoon as it return'd to its Solitude, the Cane appear'd, with a Knot much bigger than ordinary; Having unty'd it, I found in it a Letter, and a Hundred Crowns in Gold. The Renegade happen'd that Day to be with us, and we gave him the Letter to read, which he ſaid contain'd theſe Words.

I Can-

I Cannot tell, Sir, how to contrive that we may go together for Spain; *neither has* Lela Marien *told it me, tho' I have earneſtly ask'd it of her: all I can do, is to furniſh you out of this Window with a great deal of Riches, buy your Ranſom and your Friends with that; and let one of you go to* Spain, *and buy a Bark there, and come and fetch the reſt: As for me, you ſhall find me in my Father's Garden out of Town, by the Sea-ſide, not far from* Babaſſo *Gate; where I am to paſs all the Summer with my Father and my Maids, from which you may take me without Fear, in the Night time, and carry me to your Bark; but remember thou art to be my Husband: and if thou faileſt in that, I will deſire* Lela Marien *to chaſtize thee. If thou can'ſt not truſt one of thy Friends to go for the Bark, pay thy own Ranſom and go thyſelf; for I truſt thou wilt return ſooner than another, ſince thou art a Gentleman and a Chriſtian. Find out my Father's Garden, and I will take care to watch when the* Bagnio *is empty, and let thee have more Money.* Alla *keep my dear Lord.*

Theſe were the Contents of the Second Letter we receiv'd. Upon the reading of it, every one of us offer'd to be the Man that ſhould go and buy the Bark, promiſing to return with all Punctuality; but the Renegade oppos'd that Propoſition, and ſaid, he would never conſent any one of us ſhould obtain his Liberty before the reſt, becauſe Experience had taught him, that People once Free, do not perform what they promiſe when Captives; and that often ſome Slaves of Quality had us'd that Remedy, to ſend one either to *Valencia* or *Majorca*, with Money to buy a Bark, and come back and fetch the reſt; but that they never return'd, becauſe the Joy of having obtain'd their Liberty, and the

the Fear of loſing it again, made them forget whatever they had promis'd, and all the Obligations in the World. To confirm which, he related to us a ſtrange Story, which had happen'd in thoſe Parts, as there often does among the Slaves. After this, he ſaid that all that could be done, was for him to buy a Bark with the Money which ſhould redeem one of us; that he could buy one in *Algiers*, and pretend to turn Merchant, and deal between *Algiers* and *Tetuan*; by which means, he being Maſter of the Veſſel, might eaſily find out ſome ways of getting us out of the *Bagnio*, and taking us on Board; and the rather, if the *Mooriſh* Lady did what ſhe promis'd, and gave us Money to pay our Ranſoms; for being free, we might embark even at Noon-day. That the only Difficulty would be, that the *Moors* do not permit Renegades to keep any Barks, but great ones fit to cruize upon Chriſtians; for they believe that a Renegade, particularly a *Spaniard*, ſeldom buys a Bark, but with a Deſign of returning to his own Country. That however, he knew how to obviate that Difficulty, by taking a *Tagarin Moor* for his Partner in the Gains of the Bark and Trade, by which means he ſhould ſtill be Maſter of her, and then all the reſt would be eaſy. We durſt not oppoſe this Opinion, tho' we had more Inclination every one of us to go to *Spain* for a Bark, as the Lady had adviſ'd; but we were afraid that if we contradicted him we might be at his Mercy, and he might betray us, and bring our Lives in Danger; particularly, if the Buſineſs of *Zoraida* ſhould be diſcover'd, for whoſe Liberty and Life we would have given all ours; ſo we determin'd to put ourſelves under the Protection of God and the Renegade. At the ſame time we anſwer'd *Zoraida*, telling her, that we would do all ſhe adviſ'd, which was very well,

well, and juſt as if *Lela Marien* herſelf had inſtructed her; and that it now depended on her alone to give us the Means of bringing this Deſign to paſs. I promis'd her once more to be her Huſband. After this in two Days that the *Bagnio* happen'd to be empty, ſhe gave us by the means of the Cane two thouſand Crowns of Gold; and withal a Letter, in which ſhe let us know, that the next *Juma*, which is their *Friday*, ſhe was to go to her Father's Garden, and that before ſhe went ſhe would give us more Money; and if we had not enough, ſhe would, upon our letting her know it, give us what we ſhould think ſufficient; for her Father was ſo rich, he would hardly miſs it; and ſo much the leſs, becauſe he entruſted her with the Keys of all his Treaſure. We preſently gave the Renegade Five hundred Crowns to buy the Bark, and I paid my own Ranſom with Eight hundred Crowns, which I put into the Hands of a Merchant of *Valencia*, then in *Algiers*, who made the Bargain with the King, and had me to his Houſe upon Parole, to pay the Money upon the Arrival of the firſt Bark from *Valencia*; for if he had paid down the Money immediately, the King might have ſuſpected the Money had been ready, and lain ſome time in *Algiers*, and that the Merchant for his own Profit had conceal'd it; and in ſhort, I durſt not truſt my Maſter with ready Money, knowing his diſtruſtful and malicious Nature. The *Thurſday* preceding that *Friday* that *Zoraida* was to go to the Garden, ſhe let us have a thouſand Crowns more; deſiring me at the ſame time, that if I paid my Ranſom, I would find out her Father's Garden, and contrive ſome way of ſeeing her there. I anſwer'd in few Words, that I would do as ſhe deſir'd, and ſhe ſhould only take care to recommend us to *Lela Marien*, by thoſe Prayers which the Chriſtian

Chriſtian Slave had taught her. Having done this, Order was taken to have the Ranſom of my three Friends paid alſo; leſt they ſeeing me at Liberty, and themſelves not ſo, though there was Money to ſet them free, ſhould be troubl'd in Mind, and give way to the Temptation of the Devil, in doing ſomething that might redound to the Prejudice of *Zoraida*; for though the Conſideration of their Quality ought to have given me Security of their Honour, yet I did not think it proper to run the leaſt hazard in the Matter: So they were redeem'd in the ſame manner, and by the ſame Merchant that I was, who had the Money before-hand; but we never diſcover'd to him the Remainder of our Intrigue, as not being willing to run the Danger there was in doing it.

CHAP. XIV.

The Adventures of the Captive continued.

OUR Renegade had in a Fortnight's Time bought a very good Bark, capable of carrying above thirty People; and to give no Suſpicion of any other Deſign, he undertook a Voyage to a Place upon the Coaſt call'd *Sargel*, about thirty Leagues to the Eaſtward of *Algiers* towards *Oran*, where there is a great Trade for dry'd Figs. He made this Voyage two or three Times in Company with the *Tagarin Moor* his Partner. Thoſe *Moors* are call'd in *Barbary*, *Tagarins*, who were driven out of *Aragon*; as they call thoſe of *Granada*, *Mudejares*; and the ſame in the Kingdom of *Fez* are call'd *Elches*, and are the beſt Soldiers that Prince has.

Every

Every Time he paſs'd with his Bark along the Coaſt, he us'd to caſt Anchor in a little Bay that was not above two Bow-ſhot from the Garden where *Zoraida* expected us; and there he us'd to exerciſe the *Moors* that row'd, either in making the *Sala*, which is a Ceremony among them, or in ſome other Employment; by which he practis'd in Jeſt what he was reſolv'd to execute in Earneſt. So ſometimes he would go to the Garden of *Zoraida* and beg ſome Fruit, and her Father would give him ſome, though he did not know him. He had a Mind to find an Occaſion to ſpeak to *Zoraida*, and tell her, as he ſince own'd to me, that he was the Man who by my Order was to carry her to the Land of the Chriſtians, and that ſhe might depend upon it; but he could never get an Opportunity of doing it, becauſe the *Mooriſh* and *Turkiſh* Women never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen by any of their own Nation, but by their Husband, or by his or their Father's Command; but as for the Chriſtian Slaves, they let them ſee them, and that more familiarly than perhaps could be wiſh'd. I ſhould have been very ſorry that the Renegade had ſeen or ſpoke to *Zoraida*, for it muſt needs have troubled her infinitely to ſee that her Buſineſs was truſted to a Renegade; and God Almighty, who govern'd our Deſign, order'd it ſo, that the Renegade was diſappointed. He in the mean time ſeeing how ſecurely, and without Suſpicion, he went and came along the Coaſt, ſtaying where and when he pleas'd by the Way, and that his Partner the *Tagarin Moor* was of his Mind in all things; that I was at Liberty, and that there wanted nothing but ſome Chriſtians to help us to row; bid me conſider whom I intended to carry with me beſides thoſe who were ranſom'd, and that I ſhould make ſure of them for the firſt *Friday*, becauſe he had

had pitch'd on that Day for our Departure. Upon Notice of this Reſolution, I ſpoke to twelve luſty *Spaniards*, good Rowers, and thoſe who might eaſilieſt get out of the City. It was a great Fortune that we got ſo many in ſuch a Conjuncture, becauſe there were above twenty Sail of Rovers gone out, who had taken aboard moſt of the Slaves fit for the Oar; and we had not had theſe, but that their Maſter happen'd to ſtay at Home that Summer, to finiſh a Galley he was building to cruize with, and was then upon the Stocks. I ſaid no more to them, than only they ſhould ſteal out of the Town in the Evening upon the next *Friday*, and ſtay for me upon the way that led to *Agimorato*'s Garden. I ſpoke to every one by himſelf, and gave each of them order to ſay no more to any other Chriſtian they ſhould ſee, than that they ſtaid for me there. Having done this, I had another thing of the greateſt Importance to bring to paſs, which was to give *Zoraida* Notice of our Deſign, and how far we had carry'd it; that ſhe might be ready at a ſhort Warning, and not be ſurpriz'd if we came on the Houſe on a ſudden, and even before ſhe could think that the Chriſtian Bark could be come. This made me reſolve to go to the Garden, to try if it were poſſible to ſpeak to her: So one Day, upon pretence of gathering a few Herbs, I enter'd the Garden, and the firſt Perſon I met was her Father, who ſpoke to me in the Language us'd all over the *Turkiſh* Dominions, which is a Mixture of all the *Chriſtian* and *Mooriſh* Languages, by which we underſtand one another from *Conſtantinople* to *Algiers*, and ask'd me what I look'd for in his Garden, and who I belong'd to? I told him I was a Slave of *Arnaute Mami* (this Man I knew was his intimate Friend) and that I wanted a few Herbs to make up a Sallad. He then ask'd me if I

were

were a Man to be redeem'd or no, and how much my Maſter ask'd for me? During theſe Queſtions, the beautiful *Zoraida* came out of the Garden-houſe hard by, having deſcry'd me a good while before; and as the *Mooriſh* Women make no Difficulty of ſhewing themſelves to the Chriſtian Slaves, ſhe drew near, without Scruple, to the Place where her Father and I were talking; neither did her Father ſhew any Diſlike of her coming, but call'd to her to come nearer. It would be hard for me to expreſs here the wonderful Surprize and Aſtoniſhment that the Beauty, the rich Dreſs, and the charming Air of my beloved *Zoraida* put me in: She was all bedeck'd with Pearls, which hung thick upon her Head and about her Neck and Arms. Her Feet and Legs were naked, after the Cuſtom of that Country, and ſhe had upon them a kind of Bracelet of Gold, and ſet with ſuch rich Diamonds, that her Father valu'd them, as ſhe ſince told me, at ten thouſand Piſtoles a Pair; and thoſe upon her Wriſts were of the ſame value. The Pearls were of the beſt ſort, for the *Mooriſh* Women delight much in them, and have more Pearls of all ſorts than any Nation. Her Father was reputed to have the fineſt in *Algiers*, and to be worth beſides, above two hundred thouſand *Spaniſh* Crowns; of all which, the Lady you here ſee was then Miſtreſs; but now is only ſo of me. What ſhe yet retains of Beauty in all her Sufferings, may well help you to gueſs at her wonderful Appearance in the midſt of all her Proſperity. The Handſomneſs of moſt Ladies has Days and Times, and is more or leſs, according to Accidents or Paſſions, which naturally raiſe or diminiſh the Luſtre of it, and ſometimes quite extinguiſh it. All that I can ſay, is, that at that Time ſhe appear'd to me the moſt raviſhing Object I had ever ſeen; to which, adding the Obligations

ligations I had to her, ſhe paſs'd with me for a Goddeſs from Heaven, deſcended upon Earth for my Relief and Satisfaction. As ſhe drew near, her Father told her, in his Country Language, that I was a Slave of his Friend *Arnaute Mami*, and came to pick a Sallad in his Garden. She preſently took the Hint, and ask'd me in *Lingua Franca*, whether I was a Gentleman, and if I was, why I did not ranſom myſelf? I told her I was already ranſom'd, and that by the Price ſhe might gueſs the Value my Maſter ſet upon me, ſince he had bought me for 1500 Pieces of Eight: To which ſhe reply'd, If thou had'ſt been my Father's Slave, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as much; for, ſaid ſhe, you Chriſtians never ſpeak Truth in any thing you ſay, and make yourſelves poor to deceive the *Moors*. That may be, Madam, ſaid I, but in truth I have dealt by my Maſter, and do intend to deal by all thoſe I ſhall have to deal with, ſincerely and honourably. And when doſt thou go home? ſaid ſhe. To morrow, Madam, ſaid I, for here is a *French* Bark that ſails to morrow, and I intend not to loſe that Opportunity. Is it not better, reply'd *Zoraida*, to ſtay till there come ſome *Spaniſh* Bark, and go with them, and not with the *French*; who, I am told, are no Friends of yours? No, ſaid I, yet if the Report of a *Spaniſh* Bark's coming ſhould prove true, I would perhaps ſtay for it, though 'tis more certain to take the Opportunity of the *French*; and beſides, the Deſire I have of being at Home, and with thoſe Perſons I love, will hardly let me wait for a better Conveniency. Without doubt, ſaid *Zoraida*, thou art Marry'd in *Spain*, and impatient to be with thy Wife. I am not, ſaid I, Marry'd, but I have given my Word to a Lady, to be ſo as ſoon as I can reach my own Country.

And

And is the Lady handſome that has your Promiſe, ſaid *Zoraida*? She is ſo handſome, ſaid I, that to deſcribe her rightly, and tell Truth, I can only ſay ſhe is like you. At this her Father laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, thou art much to be pitied if ſhe be like my Daughter, who is the greateſt Beauty of all this Kingdom: Look upon her well, and thou wilt ſay I ſpeak Truth. *Zoraida*'s Father was our Interpreter for the moſt of what we talk'd, for though ſhe underſtood the *Lingua Franca*, yet ſhe was not us'd to ſpeak it, and ſo explain'd herſelf more by Signs than Words. While we were in this Converſation, there came a *Moor* running haſtily, and cry'd aloud that four *Turks* had leap'd over the Fence of the Garden, and were gathering the Fruit, though it was not ripe. The old Man ſtarted at that, and ſo did *Zoraida*, for the *Moors* do naturally ſtand in great Awe of the *Turks*, particularly of the Soldiers, who are ſo inſolent on their Side, that they treat the *Moors* as if they were their Slaves. This made the Father bid his Daughter go home, and ſhut herſelf up cloſe, whilſt, ſaid he, I go and talk with thoſe Dogs; and for thee, Chriſtian, gather the Herbs thou want'ſt, and go thy ways in Peace, and God conduct thee ſafe to thy own Country. I bow'd to him, and he left me with *Zoraida*, to go and find out the *Turks*: She made alſo as if ſhe were going away, as her Father had bid her; but ſhe was no ſooner hid from his Sight by the Trees of the Garden, but ſhe turn'd towards me with her Eyes full of Tears, and ſaid in her Language, *Amexi Chriſtiano Amexi*, which is, Thou art going away, Chriſtian, thou art going: To which I anſwer'd, Yes, Madam, I am, but by no means without you; you may expect me the firſt *Friday*, and be not ſurpriz'd, for we will moſt certainly go to the Land

of

of the Chriſtians. I ſaid this ſo paſſionately, that ſhe underſtood me; and throwing one of her Arms about my Neck, ſhe began to walk ſoftly and with trembling towards the Houſe. It pleas'd Fortune, that as we were in this Poſture walking together, (which might have prov'd very unlucky to us) we met *Agimorato* coming back from the *Turks*, and we perceiv'd he had ſeen us as we were; but *Zoraida*, very readily and diſcreetly, was ſo far from taking away her Arm from about my Neck, that drawing ſtill nearer to me, ſhe lean'd her Head upon my Breaſt, and letting her Knees give way, was in the Poſture of one that ſwoons; I, at the ſame time, made as if I had much ado to bear her up againſt my Will. Her Father came haſtily to me, and ſeeing his Daughter in this Condition, ask'd her what was the Matter? But ſhe not anſwering readily, he preſently ſaid, without doubt theſe *Turks* have frighted her, and ſhe faints away; at which he took her in his Arms. She, as it were, coming to herſelf, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and with her Eyes not yet dry'd from Tears, ſhe ſaid *Amexi Chriſtiano Amexi*, be gone, Chriſtian, be gone; to which her Father reply'd, 'Tis no Matter, Child, whether he go or no, he has done thee no Hurt, and the *Turks* are already gone away. 'Tis they who frighted her, Sir, ſaid I; but ſince ſhe deſires I ſhou'd be gone, I'll come another time for my Sallad, by your Leave; for my Maſter ſays the Herbs of your Garden are the beſt of any he can have. Thou may'ſt have what, and when thou wilt, ſaid the Father; for my Daughter does not think the Chriſtians troubleſome, ſhe only wiſh'd the *Turks* away, and by Miſtake bid thee be gone too, or put thee in Mind to gather thy Herbs. With this I immediately took Leave of 'em both; and *Zoraida*, ſhewing great Trouble in her Looks, went with her

her Father. I, in the mean time, upon pretence of gathering my Herbs here and there, walk'd all over the Garden, obſerving exactly all the Places of coming in and going out, and every Corner fit for my Purpoſe, as well as what Strength there was in the Houſe, with all other Conveniencies to facilitate our Buſineſs. Having done this I went my ways, and gave an exact Account of all that had happen'd to the Renegade and the reſt of my Friends, longing earneſtly for the Time in which I might promiſe myſelf my dear *Zoraida*'s Company, without any fear of Diſturbance. At laſt that happy Hour came, and we had all the good Succeſs, we could promiſe ourſelves, of a Deſign ſo well laid; for the *Friday* after my Diſcourſe with *Zoraida*, towards the Evening we came to an Anchor with our Bark, almoſt overagainſt the Place where my lovely Miſtreſs liv'd; the Chriſtians, who were to be employ'd at the Oar, were already at the Rendezvous, and hid up and down thereabouts. They were all in expectation of my coming, and very deſirous to ſeize the Bark which they ſaw before their Eyes, for they did not know our Agreement with the Renegade, but thought they were by main Force to gain their Conveyance and their Liberty, by killing the *Moors* on Board. As ſoon as I and my Friends appear'd, all the reſt came from their hiding Places to us. By this time the City-Gates were ſhut, and no Soul appear'd in all the Country near us. When we were all together, it was a Queſtion whether we ſhou'd firſt fetch *Zoraida*, or make ourſelves Maſters of thoſe few *Moors* in the Bark. As we were in this Conſultation, the Renegade came to us, and asking what we meant to ſtand idle, told us his *Moors* were all gone to reſt, and moſt of them aſleep. We told him our Difficulty, and he immediately ſaid, that the moſt

im-

important thing was to ſecure the Bark, which might eaſily be done, and without Danger, and then we might go for *Zoraida*.

We were all of his Mind, and ſo, without more ado, he march'd in the Head of us to the Bark, and leaping into it, he firſt drew a Scimiter, and cry'd aloud in the *Mooriſh* Language, let not a Man of you ſtir, except he means it ſhou'd coſt him his Life; and while he ſaid this, all the other Chriſtians were got on Board; the *Moors*, who are naturally timorous, hearing the Maſter uſe this Language, were frighted, and without any Reſiſtance, ſuffer'd themſelves to be manacl'd, which was done with great Expedition by the Chriſtians, who told them at the ſame time, that if they made the leaſt Noiſe, they would immediately cut their Throats: This being done, and half of our Number left to guard them; the Remainder, with the Renegade, went to the Garden of *Agimorato*; and our good Fortune was ſuch, that coming to force the Gate, we found it open with ſo much facility, as if it had not been ſhut at all. So we march'd on with great Silence to the Houſe, without being perceiv'd by any Body. The lovely *Zoraida*, who was at the Window, ask'd ſoftly, upon hearing us tread, whether we were *Nizarani*, that is, Chriſtians? I anſwer'd Yes; and deſir'd her to come down. As ſoon as ſhe knew my Voice, ſhe ſtaid not a Minute; but, without ſaying a Word, came down and open'd the Door, appearing to us all like a Goddeſs, her Beauty and the Richneſs of her Dreſs not being to be deſcrib'd. As ſoon as I ſaw her, I ſeiz'd her by one Hand, which I kiſs'd, the Renegade did the ſame, and then my Friends; the reſt of the Company follow'd the ſame Ceremony; ſo that we all paid her a kind of Homage for our Liberty. The Renegade ask'd her, in *Moriſco*, whether

ther her Father were in the Garden? She ſaid, Yes, and that he was aſleep. Then ſaid he, we muſt awake him, and take him with us, as alſo all that's valuable in the Houſe: No, no, ſaid *Zoraida*, my Father muſt not be touch'd, and in the Houſe there is nothing ſo rich as what I ſhall carry with me, which is enough to make you all rich and content. Having ſaid this, ſhe ſtept into the Houſe, bid us be quiet, and ſhe wou'd ſoon return. I ask'd the Renegade what had paſs'd between them, and he told me what he had ſaid; to which I reply'd, that by no means any thing was to be done, otherwiſe than *Zoraida* ſhou'd pleaſe. She was already coming back with a ſmall Trunk ſo full of Gold, that ſhe cou'd hardly carry it; When, to our great Misfortunes, while this was doing her Father awak'd; and having heard ſome Noiſe in the Garden, open'd a Window and look'd out: Having perceiv'd that there were Chriſtians in it, he began to cry out in *Arabick*, Thieves, Thieves, Chriſtians, Chriſtians. Theſe Cries of his put us all into a terrible Diſorder and Fear; but the Renegade ſeeing our Danger, and how much it imported us to accompliſh our Enterprize before we were perceiv'd, he ran up to the Place where *Agimorato* was, and took with him ſome of our Company; for I durſt by no means leave *Zoraida*, who had ſwoon'd away in my Arms; thoſe who went up beſtir'd themſelves ſo well, that they brought down *Agimorato* with his Hands ty'd behind him, and his Mouth ſtop'd with a Handkerchief, which hinder'd him from ſo much as ſpeaking a Word; and threatning him beſides, that if he made the leaſt Attempt to ſpeak, it ſhould coſt him his Life. When his Daughter, who was come to herſelf, ſaw him, ſhe cover'd her Eyes to avoid the Sight, and her Father remain'd the more aſtoniſh'd, for he knew

not how willingly ſhe had put herſelf into our Hands. Diligence on our Side being the chief thing requir'd, we us'd it ſo as we got to our Bark, where our Men began to be in Pain for us, as fearing we had met with ſome ill Accident: We got on Board about two Hours after 'twas dark; where the firſt thing we did was to unty the Hands of *Zoraida*'s Father, and to unſtop his Mouth, but ſtill with the ſame Threatnings of the Renegade, in caſe he made any Noiſe. When he ſaw his Daughter there, he began to Sigh moſt paſſionately, and more when he ſaw me embrace her with Tenderneſs, and that ſhe, without any Reſiſtance or Struggling, ſeem'd to endure it; he, for all this, was ſilent, for fear the Threatnings of the Renegade ſhould be put in Execution. *Zoraida* ſeeing us a Board, and that we were ready to handle our Oars to be gone, ſhe bid the Renegade tell me, ſhe deſir'd I would ſet her Father, and the other *Moors*, our Priſoners, on Shore; for elſe ſhe would throw herſelf into the Sea, rather than ſee a Father, who had us'd her ſo tenderly, be carry'd away Captive for her ſake before her Eyes. The Renegade told me what ſhe ſaid, to which I agreed; but the Renegade was of another Opinion; ſaying, that if we ſet them on Shore there, they would raiſe the Country, and give the Alarm to the City, by which ſome light Frigates might be diſpatch'd in queſt of us, and getting between us and the Sea, it would be impoſſible for us to make our Eſcape; and that all that could be done, was to ſet them at Liberty in the firſt Chriſtian Land we could reach. This ſeem'd ſo reaſonable to us all, that *Zoraida* herſelf, being inform'd of the Motives we had not to obey her at preſent, agreed to it. Immediately with great Silence and Content, we began to ply our Oars, recommending ourſelves to Providence

with

with all our Hearts, and endeavour'd to make for *Majorca*, which is the neareſt Chriſtian Land; but the North Wind riſing a little, and the Sea with it, we could not hold that Courſe, but were forc'd to drive along Shore towards *Oran*, not without great fear of being diſcover'd from *Sargel*, upon the Coaſt, about thirty Leagues from *Algiers*. We were likewiſe apprehenſive of meeting ſome of thoſe Galliots which come from *Tetuan* with Merchandize. Though, to ſay Truth, we did not ſo much fear theſe laſt; for except it were a cruizing Galliot, we all of us wiſh'd to meet one well loaden with Merchandize, for then we might ſo get a better Veſſel to tranſport us in. *Zoraida* had her Head hid between my Hands, that ſhe might not ſee her Father; and I could hear her call upon *Lela Marien* to help us. By that time we had got about Thirty Miles the Day broke, and we found ourſelves within a Mile of the Shore, which appear'd to us a deſart ſolitary Place, but yet we row'd hard to get off to Sea, for fear of being diſcover'd by ſome Body. When we were got about two Leagues out to Sea, we propos'd to take Turns in Rowing, that ſome might refreſh themſelves; but the Men at the Oar ſaid it was not time yet to reſt, and that they could eat and row too, if thoſe who did not row would aſſiſt them, and give them Meat and Drink; this we did, and a little while after the Wind riſing at large from Sea, we ſet Sail for *Oran*, not being able to hold any other Courſe. We made above eight Miles an Hour, being in no fear of any thing but meeting ſome Cruizers. We gave Victuals to our *Mooriſh* Priſoners, and the Renegade comforted them, and told them they were not Slaves, but that they ſhould be ſet at liberty upon the firſt Opportunity. The ſame thing was ſaid to the Father of *Zoraida*;

who anſwer'd, I might expect from your Courteſy other things perhaps, O Chriſtians, but that you ſhould give me my Liberty, I am not ſimple enough to believe; for you never would have run the Hazard of taking it from me, if you intend to reſtore it ſo eaſily; particularly, ſince you know who I am, and what you may get for my Ranſom, which if you will but name, I will from this Moment offer you all that you can deſire for me, and for that unfortunate Daughter of mine, or for her alone, ſince ſhe is the better part of me. When he had ſaid this, he burſt out into Tears ſo violently, that *Zoraida* could not forbear looking up at him, and indeed he mov'd Compaſſion in us all, but in her particularly; inſomuch, as ſtarting from my Arms, ſhe flew to her Father's, and putting her Head to his, they began again ſo paſſionate and tender a Scene, that moſt of us could not forbear accompanying their Grief with our Tears; but her Father ſeeing her ſo richly dreſs'd, and ſo many Jewels about her, ſaid to her, in his Language, What is the meaning of this, Daughter? for laſt Night, before this terrible Misfortune befel us, thou wert in thy ordinary Dreſs; and now, without ſcarce having had the time to put on ſuch things, I ſee thee adorn'd with all the Fineries that I could give thee, if we were at Liberty and deſign'd to be merry? This gives me more Wonder and Trouble than even our ſad Misfortune; therefore anſwer me. The Renegade interpreted all that the *Moor* ſaid, and we ſaw that *Zoraida* anſwer'd not one Word; but on a ſudden, he ſpying the little Casket in which ſhe was us'd to put her Jewels, which he thought had been left in *Algiers*, remain'd yet more aſtoniſh'd, and ask'd her how that Trunk could come into our Hands, and what was in it? to which the Renegade, without expecting

pecting *Zoraida*'s Anſwer, reply'd, do not trouble thyſelf to ask thy Daughter ſo many Queſtions, for with one Word I can ſatisfy them all. Know then that ſhe is a Chriſtian, and 'tis ſhe that has filed off our Chains, and given us Liberty; ſhe is with us by her own Conſent, and I hope well pleas'd, as People ſhould be who come from Darkneſs to Light, and from Death to Life. Is this true, Daughter? ſaid the *Moor*. It is ſo, reply'd *Zoraida*. How then, ſaid the old Man, art thou really a Chriſtian? and art thou ſhe that has put thy Father into the power of his Enemies? To which *Zoraida* reply'd, I am ſhe that is a Chriſtian, but not ſhe that has brought thee into this Condition, for my Deſign never was to injure my Father, but only to do myſelf good. And what good haſt thou done thyſelf? ſaid the *Moor*. Ask that of *Lela Marien*, reply'd *Zoraida*, for ſhe can tell thee beſt. The old Man had no ſooner heard this, but he threw himſelf, with incredible Fury, into the Sea, and without doubt he had been drown'd in it, had not his Garments, which were ſomewhat large, kept him ſome time above Water. *Zoraida* cry'd out to us to help him, which we all did ſo readily, that we pull'd him out by his Veſt, but half drown'd, and without any feeling. This ſo troubl'd *Zoraida*, that ſhe threw herſelf upon her Father and began to lament and take on as if her Father had been really dead. We turn'd him on his Belly, and by the much Water that came out of him, he recover'd a little in about two Hours time. The Wind in the mean while was come about, and forc'd us aſhore, ſo that we were oblig'd to ply our Oars not to be driven upon the Land. It was our Fortune that we got into a ſmall Bay, which is made by a Promontory, call'd the Cape of the *Caba Rumia*; which, in our Tongue, is the Cape

of *The wicked Chriſtian Woman*; and it is a Tradition among the *Moors*, that there lies buried *Caba*, the Daughter of Count *Julian*, who was the Cauſe of the loſs of *Spain*; and they think it ominous to be forc'd into that Bay, for they never go in otherwiſe than by Neceſſity; but to us it was no unlucky Harbour, but a ſafe Retreat, conſidering how high the Sea went by this time. We poſted our Centries on Shore, but kept our Oars ready to be ply'd upon Occaſion, taking in the mean time ſome Refreſhment of what the Renegade had provided, praying heartily to God and the Virgin *Mary*, to protect us, and help us to bring our Deſign to a happy Concluſion. Here, at the Deſire of *Zoraida*, we reſolv'd to ſet her Father on Shore, with all the other *Moors*, whom we kept faſt ty'd; for ſhe had not Courage, nor could her tender Heart ſuffer any longer, to ſee her Father and her Countrymen ill us'd before her Eyes; but we did not think to do it before we were juſt ready to depart, and then they could not much hurt us, the Place being a ſolitary one, and no Habitations near it. Our Prayers were not in vain; the Wind fell and the Sea became calm, inviting us thereby to purſue our intended Voyage: We unty'd our Priſoners and ſet them on Shore, one by one, which they were mightily aſtoniſh'd at: When we came to put *Zoraida*'s Father on Shore, who by this time was come to himſelf, he ſaid, why do you think, Chriſtians, that this wicked Woman deſires I ſhould be ſet at Liberty? Do you think it is for any Pity ſhe takes of me? No certainly, but it is becauſe ſhe is not able to bear my Preſence, which hinders the Proſecution of her ill Deſires: I wou'd not have you think neither that ſhe has embrac'd your Religion, becauſe ſhe knows the Difference between yours and ours, but becauſe ſhe has heard that ſhe may

live

live more looſely in your Country than at Home: and then turning himſelf to *Zoraida*, while I and another held him faſt by the Arms, that he might commit no Extravagance, he ſaid, O infamous and blind young Woman, where art thou going in the power of theſe Dogs, our natural Enemies? Curs'd be the Hour in which I begot thee, and the Care and Affection with which I bred thee. But I, ſeeing he was not like to make an end of his Exclamations ſoon, made haſte to ſet him on Shore, from whence he continu'd to give us his Curſes and Complaints; begging on his Knees of *Mahomet* to beg of God Almighty to confound and deſtroy us; and when, being under Sail, we cou'd no longer hear him, we ſaw his Actions, which were to tear his Hair and his Beard, and roll himſelf upon the Ground; but he once ſtrain'd his Voice ſo high, that we heard what he ſaid, which was, Come back, my dear Daughter, for I forgive thee all; Let thoſe Men have the Treaſure which is already in their Poſſeſſion, and do thou return to comfort thy diſconſolate Father, who muſt elſe loſe his Life in theſe ſandy Deſarts. All this *Zoraida* heard, and ſhed abundance of Tears, but cou'd anſwer nothing, but beg that *Lela Marien*, who had made her a Chriſtian, wou'd comfort him. God knows, ſaid ſhe, I cou'd not avoid doing what I have done; and that theſe Chriſtians are not oblig'd to me, for I cou'd not be at reſt till I had done this, which to thee, dear Father, ſeems ſo ill a thing. All this ſhe ſaid, when we were got ſo far out of his Hearing, that we cou'd ſcarce ſee him. So I comforted *Zoraida* as well as I cou'd, and we all minded our Voyage. The Wind was now ſo right for our Purpoſe, that we made no doubt of being the next Morning upon the *Spaniſh* Shore; but as it ſeldom happens that any Felicity

comes ſo pure as not to be temper'd and allay'd by ſome mixture of Sorrow; either our ill Fortune, or the *Moor's* Curſes had ſuch an effect (for a Father's Curſes are to be dreaded, let the Father be what he will) that about Midnight, when we were under full Sail, with our Oars laid by, we ſaw, by the Light of the Moon, hard by us, a round Veſſel with all her Sails out, coming a head of us, which ſhe did ſo cloſe to us, that we were forc'd to ſtrike our Sail not to run foul of her; and the Veſſel likewiſe ſeem'd to endeavour to let us go by; they had come ſo near us to ask from whence we came, and whither we were going? But doing it in *French*, the Renegade forbid us to anſwer, ſaying without doubt theſe are *French* Pirates, to whom every thing is Prize. This made us all be ſilent; and as we ſail'd on, they being under the Wind, let fly two Guns, both, as it appear'd, with Chain-ſhot, for one brought our Maſt by the Board, and the other went through us, without killing any Body; but we, perceiving we were ſinking, call'd to them to come and take us, for we were going to be drown'd; they then ſtruck their own Sails, and putting out their Boat, there came about a dozen *French* on Board us, all well arm'd, and their Matches lighted. When they were cloſe to us, ſeeing we were but few, they took us a Board their Boat, ſaying that this had happen'd to us for not anſwering their Queſtions. The Renegade had time to take the little Coffer or Trunk, full of *Zoraida's* Treaſure, and heave it over-board, without being perceiv'd by any Body. When we were on Board their Veſſel, after having learnt from us all they cou'd, they began to ſtrip us, as if we had been their mortal Enemies: They plunder'd *Zoraida* of all the Jewels and Bracelets ſhe had on her Hands and Feet; and that did not ſo much

much trouble me, as the Apprehenſion I was in for that rich Jewel of her Chaſtity, which ſhe valu'd above all the reſt. But that ſort of People ſeldom have any Deſires above the ordinary gains of Riches, which they ſaw in abundance before their Eyes; And their Covetouſneſs was ſo ſharpen'd by it, that even our Slaves Habits tempted them. They conſulted what to do with us; and ſome were of Opinion to throw us over-board, wrapt up in a Sail, becauſe they intended to put into ſome of the *Spaniſh* Ports, under the Notion of being of *Britany*; and if they carry'd us with them, they might be puniſh'd, and their Roguery come to light: But the Captain, who thought himſelf rich with *Zoraida*'s Plunder, ſaid he wou'd not touch in any Port of *Spain*, but make his way through the *Streights* by Night, or as he could, for *Rochel*, from whence he came. This being reſolv'd, they found out the Expedient of giving us their Long-boat, and all we might want of Proviſion for our ſhort Navigation. As ſoon as it was Day, and that we deſcry'd the *Spaniſh* Shore (at which Sight, ſo deſirable a thing is Liberty, all our Miſeries vaniſh'd from our Thoughts in a Moment) they began to prepare things, and about Noon they put us on Board, giving us two Barrels of Water, and a ſmall quantity of Bisket; and the Captain, touch'd with ſome Remorſe for the lovely *Zoraida*, gave her, at parting, about Forty Crowns in Gold, and would not ſuffer his Soldiers to take from her thoſe very Cloaths which now ſhe has on. We went a Board, ſhewing ourſelves rather thankful than complaining. They got out to Sea, making for the *Streights*, and we having the Land before us for our North Star, ply'd our Oars, ſo that about Sunſet we were near enough to have landed before it was quite dark; but conſidering the Moon was hid

in Clouds, and the Heavens were growing dark, and we ignorant of the Shore, we did not think it ſafe to venture on it, tho' many among us were ſo deſirous of Liberty, and to be out of all Danger, that they wou'd have landed, though on a deſart Rock; and by that means, at leaſt, we might avoid all little Barks of the Pirates of the *Barbary* Coaſt, ſuch as thoſe of *Tetuan*, who come from Home when 'tis dark, and by Morning are early upon the *Spaniſh* Coaſt; where they often make a Prize, and go home to Bed the ſame Day. But the other Opinion prevail'd, which was to row gently on, and if the Sea and Shore gave leave, to land quietly where we cou'd. We did accordingly, and about Midnight we came under a great Hill, which had a ſandy Shore, convenient enough for our landing. Here we run our Boat in as far as we cou'd; and being got on Land, we all kiſs'd it for joy, and thank'd God with Tears for our Deliverance. This done, we took out the little Proviſion we had left, and climb'd up the Mountain, thinking ourſelves more in ſurety, for we cou'd hardly perſwade ourſelves, nor believe that the Land we were upon was the Chriſtian Shore. We thought the Day long a coming, and then we got to the top of the Hill, to ſee if we cou'd diſcover any Habitations; but we could no where deſcry either Houſe or Perſon, or Path. We reſolv'd, however, to go further in, as thinking we could not miſs at laſt of ſome Body to inform us where we were: That which troubl'd me moſt was, to ſee my poor *Zoraida* go on Foot among the ſharp Rocks, and I would ſometimes have carry'd her on my Shoulders; but ſhe was as much concern'd at the Pains I took, as ſhe cou'd be at what ſhe endur'd; ſo leaning on me ſhe went on with much Patience and Content. When we had gone about a quar-

a quarter of a League, we heard the ſound of a little Pipe, which we took to be a certain Sign of ſome Flock near us; and looking well about, we perceiv'd, at laſt, at the Foot of a Cork-tree, a young Shepherd, who was cutting a Stick with his Knife with great Attention and Repoſe. We call'd to him, and he having look'd up, ran away as hard as he could. It ſeems, as we afterwards heard, the firſt he ſaw were the Renegade and *Zoraida*, who being in the *Mooriſh* Dreſs, he thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him; and running into the Wood, cry'd all the way as loud as he could, *Moors*, *Moors*, Arm, Arm, the *Moors* are landed. We hearing this Out-cry, did not well know what to do: But conſidering that the Shepherd's Out-cries could only raiſe the Country, and that the Horſe-guard of the Coaſt would be upon us, we agreed that the Renegade ſhould pull off his *Turkiſh* Habit, and ſhould put on a Slave's Coat, which one of us lent him, though he that lent it him remain'd in his Shirt. Thus recommending ourſelves to God, we went on by the ſame way that the Shepherd ran, ſtill expecting when the Horſe would come upon us; and we were not deceiv'd, for in leſs than two Hours, as we came down the Hills into a Plain, we diſcover'd about fifty Horſe coming upon a half Gallop towards us; when we ſaw that, we ſtood ſtill, expecting of them; when they came up, and inſtead of ſo many *Moors*, ſaw ſo many poor Chriſtian Captives, they were aſtoniſh'd. One of them ask'd us if we were the Occaſion that a young Shepherd had given the Alarm to the Country? Yes, ſaid I, and upon that began to tell him who we were, and whence we came; but one of our Company knew the Horſe-man that had ask'd us the Queſtion, and without letting me go on, ſaid, God be prais'd, Gentlemen,

for bringing us to ſo good a part of the Country, for if I miſtake not, we are near the *Velez de Malaga*; and if the many Years of my Captivity have not taken my Memory from me too, I think, that you, Sir, who ask us theſe Queſtions, are my Uncle *Don Pedro Buſtamante*. The Chriſtian Slave had hardly ſaid this, but the Gentleman lighting from his Horſe, came haſtily to embrace the young Slave, ſaying, dear Nephew, my Joy, my Life, I know thee, and have often lamented thy Loſs with thy dear Mother and thy other Relations, whom thou wilt yet find alive. God has preſerv'd them, that they may have the Pleaſure of ſeeing thee. We had heard thou wert in *Algiers*, and by what I ſee of thy Dreſs, and that of all this Company, you muſt all have had ſome miraculous Deliverance. It is ſo, reply'd the young Man, and we ſhall have time enough now to tell all our Adventures. The reſt of the Horſemen hearing we were Chriſtians eſcap'd from Slavery, lighted likewiſe from their Horſes, offering them to us to carry us to the Town of *Velez de Malaga*, which was about a League and a half off. Some of them went where we had left our Boat, and got it into the Port. We got behind ſome of them, and *Zoraida* behind the Gentleman, Uncle to our Captive. All the People, who had already heard ſomething of our Adventure, came out to meet us; they did not wonder to ſee Captives at Liberty, nor *Moors* Priſoners; for in all that Coaſt they are us'd to it; but they were aſtoniſh'd at the Beauty of *Zoraida*, which at that Inſtant ſeem'd to be in its point of Perfection; for, as well with the Agitation of Travelling, as with the Joy of being ſafe in Chriſtendom, without the terrible Thought of being retaken, ſhe had ſuch a beautiful Colour in her Countenance, that were it

it not for fear of being too partial, I durſt ſay there was not a more beautiful Creature in the World, at leaſt that I had ſeen. We went ſtraight to the Church, to thank God for his great Mercy to us; and as we came into it, and that *Zoraida* had look'd upon the Pictures, ſhe ſaid there were ſeveral Faces there that were like *Lela Marien's*; we told her they were her Pictures, and the Renegade explain'd to her as well as he could the Story of them, that ſhe might adore them, as if in reality each of them had been the true *Lela Marien*, who had ſpoke to her; and ſhe, who has a good and clear Underſtanding, comprehended immediately all that was ſaid about the Pictures and Images. After this, we were diſpers'd, and lodg'd in different Houſes of the Town; but the young Chriſtian Slave of *Velez* carry'd me, *Zoraida*, and the Renegade to his Father's Houſe, where we were accommodated pretty well, according to their Fortune, and us'd with as much Kindneſs as their own Son. After ſix Days ſtay at *Velez*, the Renegade having made Proofs of his Honeſty, went to *Granada*, there to be re-admitted by the holy Inquiſition into the Boſom of the Church. The other Chriſtians, being at Liberty, went each Man whither he thought fit. *Zoraida* and I remained without other help than the forty Crowns which the Pirate gave her, with which I bought this Aſs on which ſhe rides; and hitherto have been to her a Father and a Friend, but not a Husband: We go with an Intention of ſeeing whether my Father be alive, or any of my Brothers has had better Fortune than I; tho' ſince it has pleas'd Heaven to give me *Zoraida*, and make me her Partner, I reckon no better Fortune could befall me. The Patience with which ſhe bears the inconvenience of Poverty, the deſire ſhe ſhews of being made a Chriſtian,

do

do give me Subject of continual Admiration, and oblige me to ſerve and love her all the Days of my Life. I confeſs, the Expectation of being hers is not a little allay'd with the Uncertainties of knowing whether I ſhall find in my Country any one to receive us, or a Corner to paſs my Life with her; and perhaps Time will have ſo alter'd the Affairs of our Family, that I ſhall not find any Body that will know me, if my Father and Brothers are dead.

This is, Gentlemen, the Sum of my Adventures, which if it has any thing entertaining, you are beſt Judges. I wiſh I had told them more compendiouſly; and yet, I aſſure you, the fear of being tedious has made me cut ſhort many Circumſtances of my Story.

CHAP. XV.

An Account of what happen'd afterwards in the Inn, with ſeveral other Occurrences worth Notice.

HERE the Stranger ended his Story, and Don *Ferdinand* making him a Compliment in the behalf of the whole Company, Truly, Captain, ſaid he, the wonderful and ſurprizing Turns of your Fortune are not only entertaining, but the pleaſing and graceful manner of your Relation is as extraordinary as the Adventures themſelves; we are all bound to pay you our Acknowledgments; and I believe we could be delighted with a ſecond Recital, though 'twere to laſt till to Morrow, provided it were made by you. *Cardenio* and the reſt of the Company join'd with him in offering their utmoſt Service in the Re-eſtabliſhment of his Fortune, and that with ſo much Sincerity and Earneſtneſs,

neſs, that the Captain had reaſon to be ſatisfied of their Affection. Don *Ferdinand* particularly propos'd to engage the Marqueſs his Brother to ſtand Godfather to *Zoraida*, if he would return with him; and farther, promis'd to provide him with all things neceſſary to ſupport his Figure and Quality in Town; but the Captain making them a very handſome Compliment for their obliging Favours, excus'd himſelf from accepting thoſe kind Offers at that time. By this time it grew towards the dark of the Evening, when a Coach ſtop'd at the Inn, and with it ſome Horſe-men, who ask'd for a Lodging. The Hoſteſs anſwer'd, that they were as full as they could pack. Were you ten times fuller, anſwer'd one of the Horſemen, here muſt be room made for my Lord Judge, who is in this Coach. The Hoſteſs hearing this was very much concern'd; ſaid ſhe, as ill luck will have it, we have not one Bed empty in the Houſe; but if his Lordſhip brings a Bed with him, as perhaps he may, he ſhall command my Houſe with all my Heart, and I and my Husband will quit our own Chamber to ſerve him; do ſo then, ſaid the Man: And by this time a Gentleman alighted from the Coach, eaſily diſtinguiſhable for a Man of Dignity and Office, by his long Gown and great Sleeves. He led a young Lady by the Hand, about ſixteen Years of Age, dreſs'd in a riding Suit; her Beauty and charming Air attracted the Eyes of every Body with Admiration, and had not the other Ladies been preſent, any one might have thought it difficult to have match'd her outward Graces.

Don *Quixote* ſeeing them come near the Door, Sir, ſaid he, you may enter undiſmay'd, and refreſh yourſelf in this Caſtle, which though little, and indifferently provided, muſt nevertheleſs allow

low room, and afford Accommodation to Arms and Learning; and more eſpecially to Arms and Learning, that like yours, bring Beauty for their Guide and Conductor. For certainly at the approach of this lovely Damſel, not only Caſtles ought to open and expand their Gates; but even Rocks divide their ſolid Bodies, and Mountains bow their Ambitious Creſts, to make her Entrance, and afford her a Retreat. Enter therefore, Sir, this Paradiſe, where you ſhall find a bright Conſtellation, worthy to ſhine in conjunction with that Heaven of Beauty which you bring: Here ſhall you find Arms in their height, and Beauty in Perfection. Don *Quixote's* Speech, Mien, and Garb, put the Judge to a ſtrange Nonplus; and he was not a little ſurpriz'd on t'other Hand at the ſudden appearance of the Three Ladies, who being inform'd of the Judge's coming, and the young Lady's Beauty, were come out to ſee and entertain her. But Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, addreſſing him in a Stile very different from the Knight, ſoon convinc'd him that he had to do with Gentlemen, and Perſons of Note, tho' Don *Quixote's* Figure and Behaviour put him to a ſtand, not being able to make any reaſonable Conjecture of his Extravagance. After the uſual Civilities paſs'd on both Sides, they found upon examination, that the Women muſt all lie together in Don *Quixote's* Apartment, and the Men remain without to guard them. The Judge conſenting that his Daughter ſhou'd wait on the Ladies, he remain'd contented with his own Bed, and part of the Inn-keeper's for himſelf and the Gentlemen, and ſo made a ſhift to paſs the Night.

The Captain, upon the firſt ſight of the Judge, had a ſtrong Preſumption that he was one of his Brothers, and preſently ask'd one of his Servants his

his Name and Country. The Fellow told him, his Name was *Juan Perez de Viedma*, and that, as he was inform'd, he was born in the Highlands of *Leon*. This, with his own Obſervations, confirm'd his Opinion, that this was the Brother who had made Study his Choice; whereupon calling aſide Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, he told them with great Joy what he had learn'd, with what the Servant further told him, that his Maſter being made a Judge of the Court of *Mexico*, was then upon his Journey to the *Indies*; that the young Lady was his only Daughter, whoſe Mother died in Child-birth, ſettled her Dowry upon her Daughter for a Portion, and that the Father had ſtill liv'd a Widower, and was very Rich. Upon the whole Matter, he ask'd their Advice, whether they thought it proper for him to diſcover himſelf preſently to his Brother, or by ſome means try how his Pulſe beat firſt in relation to his loſs, by which he might gueſs at his Reception. Why ſhould you doubt of a kind one, Sir, ſaid the Curate? Becauſe I am poor, Sir, ſaid the Captain, and would therefore by ſome Device ſathom his Affections; for ſhould he prove aſhamed to own me, I ſhould be more aſhamed to diſcover myſelf. Then leave the Management to me, ſaid he Curate; the Affable and Courteous Behaviour of the Judge ſeems to me ſo very far from Pride, hat you need not doubt a Welcome; but howver, becauſe you deſire it, I engage to find a way o ſound him. Supper was now upon the Table, nd all the Gentlemen ſat down, but the Captain, who eat with the Ladies in the next Room; when the Company had half ſup'd, My Lord Judge, ſaid the Curate, I remember about ſome Years ago, I was happy in the Acquaintance and Friendſhip of a Gentleman of your Name, when I was

I was Priſoner in *Conſtantinople*; he was a Cap-
tain of as much Worth and Courage as any in
the *Spaniſh* Infantry, but as unfortunate as brave.
What was his Name, pray Sir, ſaid the Judge?
Ruy Perez de Viedma, anſwer'd the Curate, of
Town in the Mountains of *Leon*. I remembe
he told me a very odd Paſſage between his Father
his two Brothers, and himſelf; and truly had
come from any Man below his unſuſpected Credi
and Reputation, I ſhould have thought it no mor
than a Story: He ſaid, that his Father made a
equal Dividend of his Eſtate among his three Sons
giving them ſuch Advice as might have fitted th
Mouth of *Cato*; that he made Arms his choice
and with ſuch ſucceſs, that within a few Yea
(by the pure Merit of his Bravery) he was mad
Captain of a Foot-Company, and had a fair pro
pect of being advanc'd to a Colonel; but his For
tune forſook him, where he had moſt reaſon to ex
pect her Favour; for, in the memorable Battle
Lepanto, where ſo many Chriſtians recover'd the
Liberty, he unfortunately loſt his. I was taken
Goletta, and after different Turns of Fortune w
became Companions at *Conſtantinople*; thence w
were carry'd to *Algiers*, where one of the ma
ſtrange Adventures in the World befel this Ge
tleman. The Curate then briefly ran through th
whole Story of the Captain and *Zoraida*, (the Judg
ſitting all the time more attentive than he ever di
on the Bench) to their being taken and ſtrip
by the *French*; and that he had heard nothing
them after that, nor could ever learn whethe
they came into *Spain*, or were carried Priſoner
into *France*.

The Captain ſtood liſt'ning in a Corner, and o
ſerv'd the Motions of his Brother's Countenanc
while the Curate told his Story: Which, wh

e had finiſh'd, the Judge breathing out a deep
igh, and the Tears ſtanding in his Eyes: O Sir,
aid he, if you knew how nearly your Relation
ouches me, you would eaſily excuſe the violent
ruption of theſe Tears. The Captain you ſpoke
f is my eldeſt Brother, who, being of a ſtronger
Conſtitution of Body, and more elevated Soul,
nade the Glory and Fame of War his Choice, which
as one of the three Propoſals made by my Father,
s your Companion told you. I apply'd myſelf to
tudy, and my younger Brother has purchas'd a
aſt Eſtate in *Peru*, out of which he has tranſmit-
ed to my Father enough to ſupport his liberal
iſpoſition; and to me, wherewithal to continue
y Studies, and advance myſelf to the Rank and
uthority which now I maintain. My Father is
ill alive, but dies daily for Grief he can learn
othing of his eldeſt Care; and importunes Heaven
ceſſantly, that he may once more ſee him before
eath cloſe his Eyes. 'Tis very ſtrange, conſider-
g his Diſcretion in other Matters, that neither
oſperity nor Adverſity could draw one Line
om him, to give his Father an Account of his
rtunes. For had he or we had the leaſt Hint of
s Captivity, he needed not have ſtaid for the
iracle of the *Mooriſh* Lady's Cane for his Delive-
nce. Now am I in the greateſt uneaſineſs in the
orld, leſt the *French*, the better to conceal their
obbery, may have kill'd him; the Thoughts of
s will damp the Pleaſure of my Voyage, which
hought to proſecute ſo pleaſantly. Could I but
eſs, dear Brother, continu'd he, where you
ght be found, I would hazard Life and Fortune
your Deliverance. Could our aged Father once
derſtand you were alive, though hidden in the
epeſt and darkeſt Dungeon in *Barbary*, his Eſtate,
ne, and my Brother's, all ſhould fly for your
Ran-

Ranſom. And for the Fair and Liberal *Zoraid*
what Thanks, what Recompence could we provid
O, might I ſee the happy Day of her Spiritu
Birth and Baptiſm, to ſee her joined to him
Faith and Marriage, how ſhould we all rejoic
Theſe and ſuch like Expreſſions the Judge utter
with ſo much Paſſion and Vehemency, that
mov'd a Concern in every Body.

The Curate, foreſeeing the happy Succeſs of
Deſign, reſolv'd to prolong the Diſcovery no
ther; and to free the Company from ſuſpence,
went to the Ladies Room, and leading out *Zorai*
follow'd by the reſt, he took the Captain by t'oth
Hand, and preſenting them to the Judge; ſuppr
your Grief, my Lord, ſaid he, and glut your He
with Joy; behold what you ſo paſſionately deſir
your dear Brother, and his fair Deliverer; t
Gentleman is Captain *Viedma*, and this the Be
tiful *Algerine*; the *French* have only reduc'd th
to this low Condition, to make Room for y
Generous Sentiments and Liberality. The C
tain then approaching to embrace, the Judge h
him off with both his Hands, to view him well;
once knowing him, he flew into his Arms w
ſuch Affection, and ſuch abundance of Tears, t
all the Spectators ſympathiz'd in his Paſſions. T
Brothers ſpoke ſo feelingly, and their mutual
fection was ſo moving, the Surprize ſo wonder
and their Joy ſo tranſporting, that it muſt be
purely to Imagination to conceive. Now they
one another the ſtrange Turns and Mazes of th
Fortunes, then renew their Careſſes to the hei
of Brotherly Tenderneſs. Now the Judge embra
Zoraida, then makes her an Offer of his wh
Fortune; next makes his Daughter embrace h
then the ſweet and innocent Converſe of the be
tiful Chriſtian, and the lovely *Moor*, ſo touch'd
wh

hole Company, that they all wept for Joy. In
e mean time Don *Quixote* was very ſolidly atten-
ve, and wond'ring at theſe ſtrange Occurrences,
tributed them purely to ſomething anſwerable
the Chimerical Notions which are incident to
hivalry. The Captain and *Zoraida*, in concert
ith the whole Company, reſolv'd to return with
eir Brother to *Sevil*, and thence to adviſe their
ther of his Arrival and Liberty, that the old
entleman ſhould make the beſt ſhift he could to
t ſo far to ſee the Baptiſm and Marriage of *Zo-*
ida, while the Judge took his Voyage to the *In-*
s, being oblig'd to make no delay, becauſe the
dian Fleet were ready at *Sevil*, to ſet ſail in a
onth for *New-Spain*.

Every thing being now ſettled, to the univerſal
tisfaction of the Company, and being very late,
ey all agreed for Bed, only Don *Quixote*, who
uſt neceſſarily guard the Caſtle whilſt they ſlept,
ſt ſome Tyrant or Giant, covetous of the great
reaſure of Beauty which it inclos'd, ſhould make
me dangerous Attempt. He had the Thanks of
e Houſe, and the Judge being farther inform'd
his Humour, laugh'd very heartily. *Sancho Pança*
s very uneaſy and waſpiſh for want of Sleep,
' the beſt provided with a Bed, beſtowing him-
f on his Pack-Saddle; but he paid dearly for it,
we ſhall hear preſently. The Ladies being re-
'd to their Chamber, and every Body elſe with-
awn to reſt, and Don *Quixote* planted Centinel
the Caſtle-Gate, the Ladies heard of a ſudden
me Body ſinging ſo ſweetly, that he allur'd all
eir Attentions, but chiefly *Dorothea*'s, with whom
e Judge's Daughter *Donna Clara de Viedma* lay.
one could imagine, who could make ſuch pretty
uſick without an Inſtrument; ſometimes it
unded as from the Yard, ſometimes as from the
Stable.

Stable. With this *Cardenio* knock'd ſoftly at their Door, Ladies, Ladies, ſaid he, are you awake? Can you ſleep when ſo charmingly Serenaded? Don't you hear how ſweetly one of the Foot-men ſings? Yes, Sir, ſaid *Dorothea*, we hear him plainly. Then *Dorothea* hearkning as attentively as ſhe could, heard this Song.

CHAP. XVI.

The Story of the young Muleteer, with other ſtrange Adventures that happen'd in the Inn.

A SONG.

I.

TOſs'd in Doubts and Fears I rove
On the ſtormy Seas of Love;
Far from Comfort, far from Port,
Beauty's Prize, and Fortune's Sport:
Yet my Heart diſclaims Deſpair,
While I trace my leading Star.

II.

But Reſerv'dneſs, like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories ſhroud.
Pierce the gloom, reviving Sight,
Be auſpicious as you're bright.
As you hide or dart your Beams,
Your Adorer ſinks or ſwims.

Dorothea thought it wou'd not be much amiſs to give *Donna Clara* the Opportunity of hearing ſo excellent a Voice, wherefore jogging her gently, firſt on one ſide, and then on t'other, and the young Lady waking, I ask your Pardon, my Dear, cry'd *Doro-*

Dorothea, for thus interrupting your Repoſe; and I hope you'll eaſily forgive me, ſince I only wake you that you may have the pleaſure of hearing one of the moſt charming Voices, that poſſibly you ever heard in your Life. *Donna Clara*, who was hardly awake, did not perfectly underſtand what *Dorothea* ſaid, and therefore deſir'd her to repeat what ſhe ſpoke to her before. *Dorothea* did ſo; which then oblig'd *Donna Clara* alſo to liſten; but ſcarce had ſhe heard the early Muſician ſing two Verſes, e'er ſhe was taken with a ſtrange trembling, as if ſhe had been ſeiz'd with a violent Fit of a Quartan Ague, and then cloſely embracing *Dorothea*, Ah! dear Madam, cry'd ſhe, with a Sigh, why did you wake me? Alas! the greateſt Happineſs I cou'd now have expected, had been to have ſtopt my Ears. That unhappy Muſician! How's this, my Dear, cry'd *Dorothea*, have you not heard, that the young Lad who ſung now is but a Muleteer? Oh no, he's no ſuch thing, reply'd *Clara*, but a young Lord, Heir to a great Eſtate, and has ſuch a full poſſeſſion of my Heart, that if he does not ſlight it, it muſt be his for ever. *Dorothea* was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the young Lady's paſſionate Expreſſions, that ſeem'd far to exceed thoſe of Perſons of her tender Years: You ſpeak ſo myſteriouſly, Madam, reply'd ſhe, that I can't rightly underſtand you, unleſs you will pleaſe to let me know more plainly, what you wou'd ſay of Hearts and Sighs, and this young Muſician, whoſe Voice has caus'd ſo great an alteration in you. However, ſpeak no more of 'em now; for I'm reſolv'd I'll not loſe the pleaſure of hearing him ſing. Hold, continu'd ſhe, I fancy he's going to entertain us with another Song. With all my Heart, return'd *Clara*, and with that ſhe ſtopt her Ears, that ſhe might not hear him; at which again *Dorothea* cou'd not

chooſe

chooſe but admire; but liſt'ning to his Voice, ſhe heard the following Song.

HOPE.

I.

UNconquer'd Hope, thou Bane of Fear,
And laſt Deſerter of the Brave;
Thou ſoothing Eaſe of Mortal Care,
Thou Traveller beyond the Grave.
Thou Soul of Patience, airy Food,
Bold Warrant of a diſtant Good,
Reviving Cordial, kind Decoy:
Tho' Fortune frowns, and Friends depart,
Tho' Sylvia *flies me, flatt'ring Joy,*
Nor Thou, nor Love, ſhall leave my doating Heart.

II.

The Phœnix Hope can wing her flight
Thro' the vaſt Deſarts of the Skies,
And ſtill defying Fortune's ſpight,
Revive, and from her Aſhes riſe.
Then ſoar, and promiſe, tho' in vain,
What Reaſon's ſelf deſpairs to gain,
Thou only, O preſuming Truſt,
Can'ſt feed us ſtill, yet never cloy:
And ev'n a Virtue when unjuſt,
Poſtpone our Pain, and antedate our Joy.

III.

No Slave, to lazy Eaſe reſign'd,
E'er triumph'd over noble Foes.
The Monarch Fortune moſt is kind
To him who bravely dares oppoſe.
They ſay, Love ſets his Bleſſings high,
But who would prize an eaſy Joy!

Then

Then I'll my ſcornful Fair purſue,
Tho' the coy Beauty ſtill denies;
I grovel now on Earth, 'tis true,
But rais'd by her, the humble Slave may riſe.

Here the Voice ended, and *Donna Clara*'s Sighs began, which caus'd the greateſt Curioſity imaginable in *Dorothea*, to know the Occaſion of ſo moving a Song, and of ſo ſad a Complaint; wherefore ſhe then entreated her to purſue the Diſcourſe ſhe had begun before. Then *Clara*, fearing *Lucinda* wou'd over-hear her, getting as near *Dorothea* as was poſſible, laid her Mouth ſo cloſe to *Dorothea*'s Ear, that ſhe was out of danger of being underſtood by any other; and began in this manner. He who ſung is a Gentleman's Son of *Aragon*, his Father is a great Lord, and dwelt juſt over againſt my Father's at Court; and tho' our Windows in the Winter were cover'd with Oil'd-cloath, and in the Summer ſhaded with Lattice, yet (I can't tell by what Accident) this young Gentleman, who then went to School, had a Sight of me, and whether it were at Church, or at ſome other Place, I can't juſtly tell you; but (in ſhort) he fell in love with me, and made me ſenſible of his Paſſion from his own Windows, which were oppoſite to mine, with ſo many Signs, and ſuch Showers of Tears, that at once forc'd me both to believe and to love him, not knowing how great his Paſſion was for me. Amongſt the uſual Signs that he made me, one was that of joining his Hands together, intimating by that his Deſire to marry me; which, tho' I heartily wiſh'd, I cou'd not communicate to any one, being Motherleſs, and having none near me whom I might truſt with the Management of ſuch an Affair; and was therefore conſtrain'd to bear it in Silence, without permitting him any

other Favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the Lattice or Oil'd-Cloath a little, when my Father and his were abroad. At which he wou'd be ſo tranſported with Joy, that you wou'd certainly have thought he had been diſtracted. At laſt, my Father's Buſineſs call'd him away; yet not ſo ſoon, but that the young Gentleman had notice of it ſome time before his Departure; whence he had it I know not, for 'twas impoſſible for me to acquaint him with it. This ſo ſenſibly afflicted him, as far as I underſtand, that he fell ſick; ſo that I cou'd not get a Sight of him all that Day of our Departure, ſo much as to look a Farewel on him. But after two Days Travel, juſt as we came into an Inn, in a Village a Day's Journey hence, I ſaw him at the Lodging-door, dreſs'd ſo exactly like a Muleteer, that it had been utterly impoſſible for me to have known him, had not his perfect Image been ſtamp'd in my Soul. Yes, yes, dear Madam, I knew him, and was amaz'd and overjoy'd at Sight of him; and he ſaw me unknown to my Father, whoſe Sight he carefully avoids, when we croſs the Ways in our Journey, and when we come to any Inn: And now, ſince I know what he is, and what Pain and Fatigue it muſt neceſſarily be to him to travel thus far a foot, I am ready to die myſelf with the Apprehenſion of what he ſuffers; and wherever he ſets his Feet, there I ſet my Eyes. I can't imagine what he propoſes to himſelf in this Attempt; nor by what means he cou'd thus make his Eſcape from his Father, who loves him beyond Expreſſion; both becauſe he has no other Son to inherit, and becauſe the young Gentleman's Merits oblige him to it; which you muſt needs confeſs when you ſee him: And I dare affirm, beſide, that all he has ſung was his own immediate Thought; for, as I have

ave heard, he is an excellent Scholar, and a great oet. And now, whenever I ſee him, or hear him ing, I ſtart and tremble, as at the ſight of a Ghoſt, eſt my Father ſhou'd know him, and ſo be in-orm'd of our mutual Affection. I never ſpoke ne Word to him in my Life; yet I love him ſo early, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd live without im. This, dear Madam, is all the Account I can ive you of this Muſician, with whoſe Voice you ave been ſo well entertain'd, and which alone ight convince you that he is no Muleteer, as you ere pleas'd to ſay, but one who is Maſter of a eat Eſtate, and of my poor Heart, as I have al-ady told you.

Enough, dear Madam, reply'd *Dorothea*, kiſſing r a thouſand times: 'Tis very well, compoſe ourſelf till Day-light; and then I truſt in Heaven ſhall ſo manage your Affairs, that the End of em ſhall be as fortunate as the Beginning is inno-nt. Alas! Madam, return'd *Clara*, what End n I propoſe to myſelf; ſince his Father is ſo rich, d of ſo noble a Family, that he will hardly ink me worthy to be his Son's Servant, much s his Wife? And then again, I would not arry without my Father's Conſent for the Uni-rſe. All I can deſire, is, that the young Gentle-n would return home, and leave his Purſuit of : Happily, by a long Abſence, and the great ſtance of Place, the Pain, which now ſo much ifts me, may be ſomewhat mitigated; tho' I r what I now propoſe as a Remedy, would her increaſe my Diſtemper: Though I can't agine whence, or by what means, this Paſſion him ſeiz'd me, ſince we are both ſo young, be-much about the ſame Age, I believe; and my her ſays I ſhan't be Sixteen till next *Michaelmas*. *rothea* could not forbear laughing to hear the

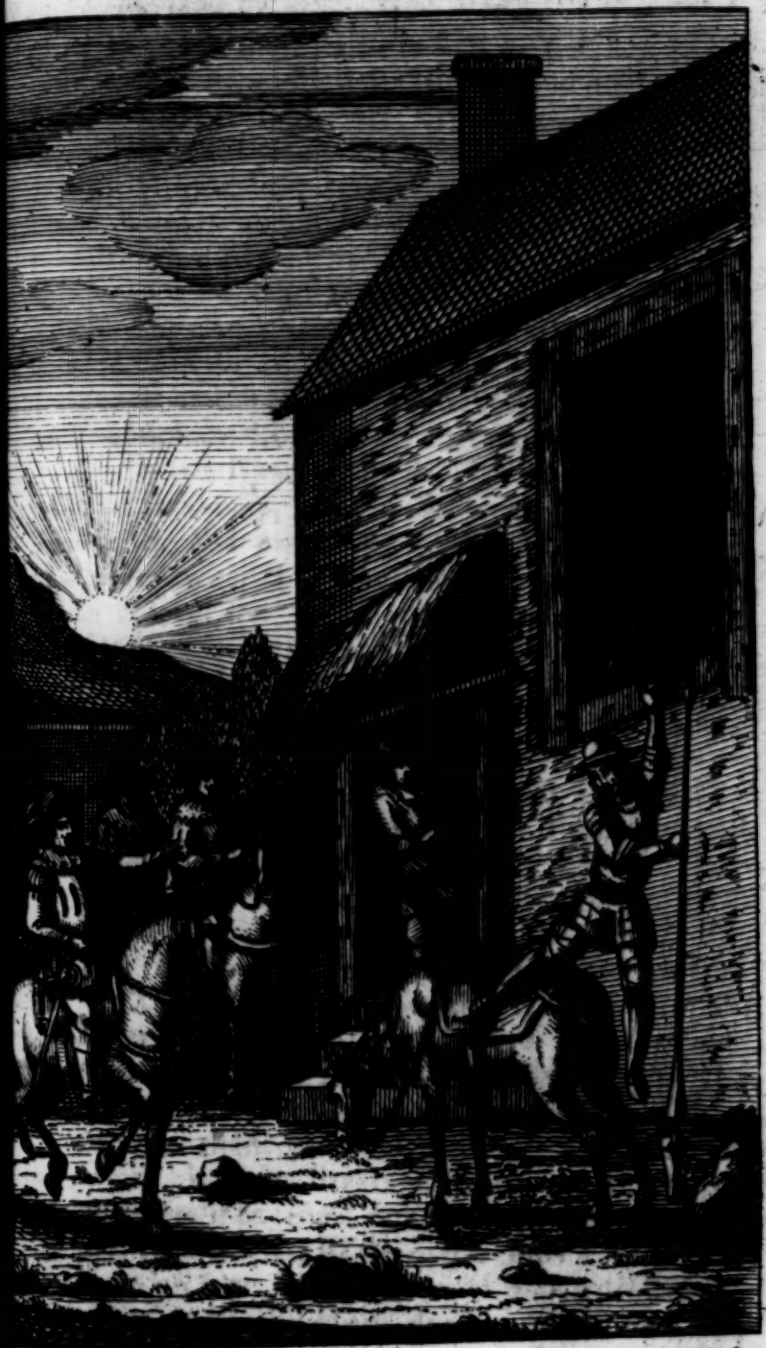
young Lady talk ſo innocently. My Dear (ſaid *Dorothea*) let us repoſe ourſelves the little remaining Part of the Night, and when Day appears we will put a happy Period to your Sorrows; o my Judgment fails me. Then they addreſs'd themſelves again to ſleep; and there was a deep Silenc throughout all the Inn; only the Inn-keeper' Daughter and *Maritornes* were awake, who knowing Don *Quixote*'s peccant Humour very well, an that he ſat arm'd on Horſe-back, keeping Guar without Doors, a Fancy took 'em, and they agree to have a little Paſtime with him, and hear ſom of his fine raving Speeches.

You muſt know then, that there was but on Window in all the Inn that look'd out into th Field, and that was only a Hole, out of which the us'd to throw their Straw: To this ſame Hole the came theſe two demy Ladies, whence they ſaw Do *Quixote* mounted, and leaning on his Javelin, an often fetching ſuch mournful and deep Sighs, th his very Soul ſeem'd to be torn from him at eac of them: They obſerv'd beſides, that he ſaid in ſoft amorous Tone, O my divine *Dulcinea* of T *boſo!* the Heaven of all Perfections! the End an Quinteſſence of Diſcretion! the Treaſury of ſwe Aſpect and Behaviour! the Magazine of Virtu and, in a Word, the Idea of all that is profitabl modeſt or delightful in the Univerſe! Wh noble Thing employs thy Excellency at this pr ſent? May I preſume to hope that thy Soul entertain'd with the Thoughts of thy Captiv Knight, who voluntarily expoſes himſelf to many Dangers for thy ſake? O thou Triforme Luminary, give me ſome Account of her! perha thou art now gazing with Envy on her, as ſh walking either through ſome ſtately Gallery her ſumptuous Palaces, or leaning on her happ Windo

Window, there meditating how, with ſafety of her Honour and Grandeur, ſhe may ſweeten and alleviate the Torture which my poor afflicted Heart ſuffers for love of her; with what Glories ſhe ſhall crown my Pains, what Reſt ſhe ſhall give to my Cares, what Life to my Death, and what Reward to my Services? And thou, more glorious Planet, which, by this time, I preſume, art harneſſing thy Horſes to pay thy earlieſt Viſit to my adorable *Dulcinea*; I entreat thee, as ſoon as thou doſt ſee her, to ſalute her with my moſt profound Reſpects: But take heed, that when thou look'ſt on her, and addreſſeſt thyſelf to her, that thou doſt not kiſs her Face; for if thou doſt, I ſhall grow more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of the ſwift Ingrate, who made thee run and ſweat ſo over the Plains of *Theſſaly*, or the Banks of *Peneus*: I have forgotten through which of them thou ran'ſt ſo raging with Love and Jealouſy. At theſe Words the Inn-keeper's Daughter began to call to him ſoftly: Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, come a little nearer this way, if you pleaſe. At theſe Words Don *Quixote* turn'd his Head, and the Moon ſhining then very bright, he perceiv'd ſome Body call'd him from the Hole, which he fancy'd was a large Window full of Iron-bars, all richly gilt, ſuitable to the ſtately Caſtle, for which he miſtook the Inn; and all on a ſudden, he imagin'd that the Beautiful Damſel, Daughter to the Lady of the Caſtle, overcome by the Charms of his Perſon, return'd to court him, as ſhe did once before. In this Thought that he might not appear uncivil or ungrateful, he turn'd *Rozinante* and came to the Hole; where ſeeing the two Laſſes, Fair Damſels, ſaid he, I cannot but pity you in your miſplac'd Affection, ſince it is altogether impoſſible you ſhould meet with any Return from the Object of

your Wiſhes proportionable to your great Merit and Beauty; but yet you ought not by any mean to condemn this unhappy Knight-Errant for th Coldneſs, ſince Love has utterly incapacitated hi to become a Captive to any other but to her, wh at firſt Sight, made herſelf abſolute Miſtreſs of hi Soul. Pardon me therefore, excellent Lady, an retire to your Apartment. Let not, I beſeec you, any farther Arguments of Love force me t be leſs grateful or civil than I would: But if i your Paſſion you have for me, you can bethin yourſelf of any thing elſe wherein I may do yo any Service, Love alone excepted, command freely; and I ſwear to you by my abſent, ye moſt charming Enemy, to ſacrifice it to you imme diately; though it be a Lock of *Meduſa*'s Hai which are all Snakes, or the very Sun-beams e clos'd in a glaſs Vial.

My Lady needs none of thoſe things, Sir Knig reply'd *Maritornes*. What then would ſhe co mand? ask'd Don *Quixote*. Only the Honour one of your fair Hands, return'd *Maritornes*, ſatisfy, in ſome meaſure, that violent Paſſ which has oblig'd her to come hither with great hazard of her Honour: For if my Lo her Father, ſhould know it, one of her beauti Ears were the leaſt part he would take off h Oh! that he durſt attempt it, cry'd Don *Quixote* but I know he dare not, unleſs he has a mind t die the moſt unhappy Death that ever Father ſuf fer'd, for ſacrilegiouſly depriving his amoro Daughter of one of her delicate Members. *Ma ritornes* made no doubt that he would comply wit her Deſire, and having already laid her Deſig got in a trice to the Stable, and brought *Sanch Pança*'s Aſs's Halter to the Hole, juſt as Do *Quixote*, ſtanding upon *Rozinante*'s Saddle, mo eaſil



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eaſily to reach the barricado'd Window, where he imagin'd the enamour'd Lady ſtaid; and lifting up his Hand to her, ſaid, Here, Madam, take the Hand, or rather, as I may ſay, the Executioner of all earthly Miſcreants; take, I ſay, that Hand, which never Woman touch'd before; no, not even ſhe herſelf who has intire Poſſeſſion of my whole Body; nor do I hold it up to you, that you may kiſs it, but that you may obſerve the Contexture of the Sinews, the Ligament of the Muſcles, and the Largeneſs and Dilatation of the Veins; whence you may conclude how ſtrong that Arm muſt be, to which ſuch a Hand is join'd. We ſhall take notice of that preſently, reply'd *Maritornes*, and caſt the Nooſe ſhe had made in the Halter on his Wriſt; and then deſcending from the Hole, ſhe ty'd the other end of the Halter very faſt to the Lock of the Door. Don *Quixote* being ſenſible that the Bracelet ſhe had beſtow'd on him was very rough, cry'd, you ſeem rather to abuſe than compliment my Hand; but I beſeech you treat it not ſo unkindly, ſince that is not the Cauſe that I do not entertain a Paſſion for you; nor is it juſt or equal, you ſhould diſcharge the whole Tempeſt of your Vengeance on ſo ſmall a Part. Conſider, thoſe who love truly, can never be ſo cruel in their Revenge. But not a Soul regarded what he ſaid; for as ſoon as *Maritornes* had faſten'd him, ſhe and her Confederate, almoſt dead with laughing, ran away, and left him ſo ſtrongly oblig'd, that 'twas impoſſible he ſhould diſengage himſelf.

He ſtood then, as I ſaid, on *Rozinante*'s Saddle, with all his Arm drawn into the Hole, and the Rope faſten'd to the Lock, being under a fearful Apprehenſion, that if *Rozinante* mov'd but never ſo little on any ſide, he ſhould ſlip and hang by the Arm, and therefore durſt not uſe the leaſt

Motion in the World, though he might reaſonably have expected from *Rozinante's* Patience and gentle Temper, that if he were not urg'd, he would never have mov'd for a whole Age together of his own accord. In ſhort, the Knight perceiving himſelf faſt, and that the Ladies had forſaken him, immediately concluded that all this was done by way of Inchantment, as in the laſt Adventure in the very ſame Caſtle, when the Inchanted *Moor* (the Carrier) did ſo damnably mawl him. Then he began alone to curſe his want of Diſcretion and Conduct, ſince having once made his Eſcape out of that Caſtle in ſo miſerable a Condition, he ſhould venture into it a ſecond time: For, by the way, 'twas an Obſervation among all Knights-Errant, that if they were once foil'd in an Adventure, 'twas a certain Sign it was not reſerv'd for them, but for ſome other to finiſh; wherefore they would never prove it again. Yet, for all this, he ventur'd to draw back his Arm, to try if he could free himſelf; but he was ſo faſt bound, that his Attempt prov'd fruitleſs. 'Tis true 'twas with Care and Deliberation he drew it, for fear *Rozinante* ſhould ſtir: And then fain would he have ſeated himſelf in the Saddle; but he found he muſt either ſtand, or leave his Arm for a Ranſom. A hundred times he wiſh'd for *Amadis's* Sword, on which no Inchantment had Power; then he fell a curſing his Stars; then reflected on the great Loſs the World would ſuſtain all the time he ſhould continue under this Inchantment, as he really believ'd it; then his adorable *Dulcinea* came afreſh into his Thoughts; many a time did he call to his truſty Squire *Sancho Pança*; who, bury'd in a profound Sleep, lay ſtretch'd at length on his Aſs's Pannel, never ſo much as dreaming of the Pangs his Mother felt when ſhe bore him; then the

the Aid of the Necromancers *Lirgandeo* and *Aquife* was invok'd by the unhappy Knight. And, in fine, the Morning ſurpriz'd him, rack'd with Deſpair and Confuſion, bellowing like a Bull; for he cou'd not hope from Day-light any Cure, or Mitigation of his Pain, which he believ'd would be eternal, being abſolutely perſwaded he was inchanted, ſince he perceiv'd that *Rozinante* mov'd no more than a Mountain; and therefore he was of Opinion, that neither he nor his Horſe ſhould eat, drink, or ſleep, but remain in that State till the Malignancy of the Stars were o'er-paſt, or till ſome more powerful Magician ſhould break the Charm.

But 'twas an erroneous Opinion; for it was ſcarce Day-break, when four Horſe-men, very well accoutred, their Fire-locks hanging at the Pummels of their Saddles, came thither, and finding the Inn-Gate ſhut, call'd and knock'd very loud and hard; which Don *Quixote* perceiving from the Poſt where he ſtood Centinel, cry'd out with a rough Voice and a haughty Mien, Knights or Squires, or of whatſoever other Degree you are, knock no more at the Gates of this Caſtle; ſince you may aſſure yourſelves, that thoſe who are within at ſuch an Hour as this, are either taking their Repoſe, or are not accuſtom'd to open their Fortreſs, till *Phœbus* has diſplay'd himſelf upon the Globe: Retire therefore, and wait till it is clear Day, and then we will ſee whether 'tis juſt or no, that they ſhou'd open their Gates to you. What a Devil (cry'd one of them) what Caſtle or Fortreſs is this, that we ſhou'd be oblig'd to ſo long a Ceremony? Prithee, Friend, if thou art the Inn-keeper, bid them open the Door to us; for we ride Poſt, and can ſtay no longer than juſt to bait our Horſes. Gentlemen, ſaid Don *Quixote*, do I look like an Inn-keeper then? I can't tell

what thou'rt like, reply'd another; but I'm ſure thou talk'ſt like a Mad-man, to call this Inn a Caſtle. It is a Caſtle, return'd Don *Quixote*, ay, and one of the beſt in the Province; and contains one who has held a Scepter in her Hand, and a Crown on her Head. It might more properly have been ſaid exactly contrary, reply'd the Traveller, a Scepter in her Tail, and a Crown in her Hand: Yet 'tis not unlikely that there may be a Company of Strollers within; and thoſe do frequently hold ſuch Scepters, and wear ſuch Crowns as thou prateſt of: For certainly no Perſon worthy to ſway a Scepter, or wear a Crown, would condeſcend to take up a Lodging in ſuch a paultry Inn as this, where I hear ſo little Noiſe. Thou haſt not been much converſant in the World (ſaid Don *Quixote*) ſince thou art ſo miſerably ignorant of Accidents ſo frequently met with in Knight-Errantry. The Companions of him that held this tedious Diſcourſe with Don *Quixote*, were tired with their fooliſh Prattle ſo long together, and therefore they return'd with greater Fury to the Gate, where they knock'd ſo violently and loud, that they wak'd both the Inn keeper and his Gueſts; and ſo the Hoſt roſe to attend 'em.

In the mean time *Rozinante*, penſive and ſad, with Ears hanging down, and motionleſs, bore up his outſtretch'd Lord; when one of the Horſes of thoſe Four that came thither laſt, walk'd towards *Rozinante* to ſmell him, and he truly being real Fleſh and Blood, tho' very like a Wooden Block, cou'd not chuſe but be ſenſible of it, nor forbear turning to ſmell the other, which ſo ſeaſonably came to comfort and divert him; but he had hardly ſtir'd one Inch from his Place, when Don *Quixote*'s Feet, that were cloſe together, ſlipt aſunder, and tumbling from the Saddle, he had inevitably

inevitably fallen to the Grouud, had not his Wriſt been ſecurely faſten'd to the Rope; which put him to ſo great a Torture, that he cou'd not imagine but that his Hand was cutting off, or his Arm tearing from his Body; yet he hung ſo near the Ground, that he cou'd juſt reach it with the tips of his Toes, which added to his Torment; for perceiving how little he wanted to the ſetting his Feet wholly on the Ground, he ſtrove and tug'd as much as he cou'd to effect it; not much unlike thoſe that have the Strapado, who put themſelves to greater Pain in ſtriving to ſtretch their Limbs, deluded by the hopes of touching the Ground, if they cou'd but inch themſelves out a little longer.

CHAP. XVII.

A Continuation of the ſtrange Adventures in the Inn.

THE miſerable Clamours of Don *Quixote* preſently drew the Inn-keeper to the Door, which he haſtily opening, was ſtrangely affrighted to hear ſuch lamentable Shouts, and the Strangers ſtood no leſs ſurpriz'd. *Maritornes*, whom the Cries had alſo rouz'd, gueſſing the Cauſe, ran ſtrait to the Barn, and ſlipping the Halter, releas'd the Don, who made her a very proſtrate Acknowledgment, by an unmerciful Fall on the Ground. The Inn-keeper and Strangers crowded immediately round him to know the Cauſe of his Misfortune. He, without regard to their Demands, unmanacles his Wriſt, bounces from the Ground, mounts *Rozinante*, braces his Target, couches his

Lance; and taking a large Circumference in the Field, came up with a Hand-Gallop: Whoever, ſaid he, dare deny the late wonderful Poſture of my Affairs, the juſt Title of Inchantment (by the gracious Permiſſion of my Lady the Princeſs *Micomicona*) I affirm, he lies, and will maintain my Aſſertion by immediate Combat. The Travellers ſtood amaz'd at Don *Quixote*'s Words, till the Hoſt remov'd their Wonder, by informing them of his uſual Extravagancies in this kind, and that his Behaviour was not to be minded. They then ask'd the Inn-keeper if a certain Youth, near the Age of Fifteen, had ſet up at his Houſe, mounted like a Muleteer; adding withal ſome farther Marks and Tokens, denoting *Donna Clara*'s Lover: He told them, that among the number of his Gueſts, ſuch a Perſon might paſs him undiſtinguiſh'd; but one of them accidently ſpying the Coach which the Judge rid in, call'd to his Companions; O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, here ſtands the Coach which we were told my young Maſter follow'd, and here he muſt be, that's certain: Let's loſe no time, one guard the Door, the reſt enter the Houſe to ferret him——— hold——— ſtay——(continu'd he) ride one about to the other ſide o'th' Houſe, leſt he 'ſcape us through the Back-Yard. Agreed, ſays another; and they poſted themſelves accordingly. The Inn-keeper, though he might gueſs that they ſought the young Gentleman whom they had deſcrib'd, was nevertheleſs puzzl'd in the cauſe of their ſo diligent Search. By this time, fair Day-light and the Out-cries of Don *Quixote* had rais'd the whole Houſe; the two Ladies, *Clara* and *Dorothea*, having reſted ill, being otherwiſe diſturb'd, one through Concern of being ſo near her Lover, and t'other by Grief of being diſtanc'd from hers. Don *Quixote* ſeeing the Travellers

Travellers neither regard him nor his Challenge, was ready to burſt with Fury and Indignation; and could he have diſpens'd with the Rules of Chivalry, which oblige a Knight-Errant to the finiſhing one Adventure before his embarking in another, he had aſſaulted them all, and forc'd them to anſwer him to their Coſt; but being unfortunately engag'd to re-inſtate the Princeſs *Micomicona*, his Hands were ty'd up, and he was compell'd to deſiſt, and expect where the Search and Diligence of the four Travellers would terminate: One of them found the young Gentleman faſt aſleep by a Footman, little dreaming of being follow'd or diſcover'd: The Fellow lugging him by the Arm, cries out, Ay, Ay, Don *Lewis*, theſe are very fine Cloaths you have got on, and very becoming a Gentleman of your Quality, indeed; this ſcurvy Bed too is very ſuitable to the Care and Tenderneſs your Mother brought you up with. The Youth having rub'd his drowſy Eyes, and fixing them ſtedfaſtly on the Man, knew him preſently for one of his Father's Servants, which ſtruck him ſpeechleſs with Surprize. The Fellow went on; there is but one way, Sir, pluck up your Spirits, and return with us to your Father, who is certainly a dead Man unleſs you be recover'd. How came my Father to know, anſwer'd Don *Lewis*, that I took this Way and this Diſguiſe? One of your Fellow Students, reply'd the Servant, whom you communicated your Deſign to, mov'd by your Father's Lamentation for your Loſs, diſcover'd it; the good old Gentleman diſpatch'd away four of his Men in ſearch of you; and here we are all at your Service, Sir, and the joyfulleſt Men alive; for our old Maſter will give us a hearty Welcome, having ſo ſoon reſtor'd him what he lov'd ſo much. That, next to Heaven, is as I

pleaſe,

pleaſe, ſaid Don *Lewis*. What would you, or Heaven either, pleaſe, Sir, but return to your Father? Come, come, Sir, talk no more on't, home you muſt go, and home you ſhall go. The Foot-man that lay with Don *Lewis*, hearing this Diſpute, roſe, and related the Buſineſs to Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the reſt that were now dreſs'd; adding withal, how the Man gave him the Title of Don, with other Circumſtances of their Conference. They being already charm'd by the Sweetneſs of his Voice, were curious to be inform'd more particularly of his Circumſtances, reſolving to aſſiſt him, in caſe of any Violence offer'd, went preſently to the Place where he ſtood contending with the Servant.

By this *Dorothea* had left her Chamber, and with her *Donna Clara* in great Diſorder. *Dorothea* beckoning *Cardenio* aſide, gave him a ſhort Account of the Muſician and *Donna Clara*; and he told her how the Servants that purſu'd him were arriv'd: *Donna Clara* over-hearing him, ſuffer'd ſuch Alterations, that had not *Dorothea* run and ſupported her, ſhe had ſunk to the Ground. *Cardenio* promiſing to bring the Matter to a fair and ſucceſsful End, adviſ'd *Dorothea* to retire with the indiſpos'd Lady to her Chamber. All the four that purſu'd Don *Lewis* were now come about him, preſſing his Return without Delay, to comfort his poor Father; he anſwer'd, 'Twas impoſſible, being engag'd to put a Buſineſs in Execution firſt, on which depended no leſs than his Honour, and his preſent and future Happineſs. They urg'd, that ſince they had found him, there was no returning for them without him, and if he would not go, he ſhould be carry'd: Not unleſs you kill me, anſwer'd the young Gentleman; upon which all the Company were

join'd

join'd in the Diſpute, *Cardenio*, Don *Ferdinand* and his Companions, the Judge, the Curate, the Barber, and Don *Quixote*, who thought it needleſs now to guard the Caſtle any longer. *Cardenio*, who knew the young Gentleman's Hiſtory, ask'd the Fellows upon what Pretence, or by what Authority they could carry the Lad away againſt his Will: Sir, anſwer'd one of them, we have Reaſon good for what we do; no leſs than his Father's Life depends upon his Return. Gentlemen, ſaid Don *Lewis*, 'tis not proper perhaps to trouble you with a particular Relation of my Affairs; only thus much, I am a Gentleman, and have no Dependance that ſhould force me to any thing beſide my Inclination: Nay, but Sir, anſwer'd the Servant, Reaſon, I hope, will force you; and though it cannot move you, it muſt govern us, who muſt execute our Orders, and force you back; we only act as we are order'd, Sir. Hold, ſaid the Judge, and let us know the whole State of the Caſe. O Lord, Sir, anſwer'd one of the Servants that knew him, my Lord Judge, does not your Worſhip know your next Neighbour's Child? See here, Sir, he has run away from his Father's Houſe, and has put on theſe dirty tatter'd Rags to the Scandal of his Family, as your Worſhip may ſee. The Judge then viewing him more attentively knew him, and ſaluting him, What Jeſt is this, Don *Lewis*, cry'd he? What mighty Intrigue are you carrying on, young Sir, to occaſion this Metamorphoſis, ſo unbecoming your Quality? The young Gentleman could not anſwer a Word, and the Tears ſtood in his Eyes; the Judge perceiving his Diſorder, deſir'd the four Servants to trouble themſelves no farther, but leave the Youth to his Management, engaging his Word to act to their Satisfaction; and re-

retiring with Don *Lewis*, he beg'd to know the Occaſion of his Flight.

During their Conference, they heard a great Noiſe at the Inn-door, occaſion'd by two Strangers, who, having lodg'd there over Night, and ſeeing the whole Family ſo buſied in a curious Enquiry into the Four Horſemen's Buſineſs, thought to have made off without paying their ſhot; but the Inn-keeper, who minded no Man's Buſineſs more than his own, ſtop'd them in the nick, and demanding his Money, upbraided their ungenteel Deſign very ſharply: They return'd the Compliment with Kick and Cuff ſo roundly, that the poor Hoſt cry'd out for Help; his Wife and Daughter ſaw none ſo idle as Don *Quixote*, whom the Daughter addreſſing, I conjure you, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, by that Virtue deliver'd to you from Heaven, to ſuccour my diſtreſs'd Father, whom two Villains are beating to Jelly. Beautiful Damſel, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, with a ſlow Tone and profound Gravity, your Petition cannot at the preſent Juncture prevail, I being with-held from undertaking any new Adventure, by an engaging Promiſe firſt to finiſh another; and all the Service you can expect, is only my Counſel in this important Affair; go with all ſpeed to your Father, with Advice to continue and maintain the Battel with his utmoſt Reſolution, till I obtain Permiſſion from the Princeſs *Micomicona* to reinforce him, which once granted, you need make no doubt of his Safety. Unfortunate Wretch that I am, ſaid *Maritornes*, who over-heard him; before you can have this Leave, my Maſter will be ſent to the other World. Then, Madam, ſaid he, procure me the Permiſſion I mention'd, and tho' he were ſent into the other World, I'll bring him back in ſpight of Hell and the Devil, or at leaſt ſo revenge his Fall on his Ene-

Enemies, as ſhall give ample Satisfaction to his ſurviving Friends; whereupon breaking off the Diſcourſe, he went and threw himſelf proſtrate before *Dorothea*, imploring her, in Romantick Stile, to grant him a Commiſſion to march and ſuſtain the Governor of that Caſtle, who was juſt fainting in a dangerous Engagement. The Princeſs diſpatch'd him very willingly; whereupon preſently buckling on his Target, and taking up his Sword, he ran to the Inn-Door, where the two Gueſts ſtood handling their Landlord very unmercifully: He there made a ſudden Stop, tho' *Maritornes* and the Hoſteſs preſs'd him twice or thrice to tell the Cauſe of his Delay in his promis'd Aſſiſtance to his Hoſt. I make a Pauſe, ſaid Don *Quixote*, becauſe I am commanded by the Law of Arms to uſe my Sword againſt none under the Order of Knighthood; but let my Squire be call'd, this Affair is altogether his Province. In the mean time Drubs and Bruiſes were interchangeably given and taken, and the poor Hoſt ſoundly beaten. His Wife, Daughter and Maid, who ſtood by, were like to run mad at Don *Quixote*'s hanging back, and the Inn-keeper's unequal Combat; where we ſhall leave him, with a Deſign to return to his Aſſiſtance preſently, tho' his Fool-hardineſs deſerves a ſound beating, for attempting a thing he was not likely to compaſs. We now return to what Don *Lewis* anſwer'd the Judge, whom we left retir'd with him; and demanding the Reaſon of his travelling on Foot, and in ſo mean a Diſguiſe. The young Gentleman preſſing his Hands very paſſionately, made this Reply, not without giving a Proof of the Greatneſs of his Sorrow by his Tears.

Without Ceremony or Preamble, I muſt tell you, dear Sir, that from the Inſtant that Heaven made us Neighbours, and I ſaw *Donna Clara*, your Daughter

Daughter and my Miſtreſs, I reſign'd to her the whole Command of my Affections; and if you, whom I moſt truly call my Father, don't prevent me, I ſhall this Day be happy in her Embraces; for her ſake have I abandon'd my Father's Houſe; for her have I thus diſguis'd my Quality; her would I thus have follow'd thro' the World: She was the North-Star to guide my wand'ring Courſe, and the Mark at which my Wiſhes flew. Her Ears indeed are utter Strangers to my Paſſion; but yet her Eyes may gueſs, by the Tears ſhe ſaw diſtill'd from mine. You know my Fortune and my Quality, if theſe can plead Sir, I lay them at her Feet; then make me this Inſtant your happy Son; and if my Father, biaſs'd by contrary Deſigns, ſhould not approve my Choice, yet Time may work ſome favourable Change, and alter his Mind. The Amorous Gentleman thus concluded. The Judge was much ſurpris'd at the handſome Diſcovery he made of his Affections, and was not a little puzzl'd how to behave himſelf in ſo ſudden and unexpected a Matter; he therefore, without any poſitive Anſwer, adviſ'd him only to compoſe his Thoughts, to divert himſelf with his Servants, and to prevail with them to allow him that Day to conſider on what was proper to be done. Don *Lewis* expreſs'd his Gratitude by forcibly kiſſing the Judge's Hands, and bathing them in his Tears, enough to move the Heart of a Rock, much more a Judge's, who (being a Man o'th' World) had preſently the Advantage of the Match and Preferment of his Daughter in the Wind; tho' he much doubted the Conſent of Don *Lewis*'s Father, who he knew deſign'd to match his Son into the Nobility.

By this time Don *Quixote*'s Entreaties more than Threats had parted the Fray at the Inn-Door; the Strangers paying their Reckoning went off, and

and Don *Lewis's* Servants ſtood expecting the Reſult of the Judge's Diſcourſe with their young Maſter: When (as the Devil would have it) who ſhould come into the Inn but the Barber whom Don *Quixote* had rob'd of *Mambrino's* Helmet, and *Sancho* of the Pack-Saddle. As he was leading his Beaſt very gravely to the Stable, he ſpies *Sancho* mending ſomething about the Pannel; he knew him preſently, and ſetting upon him very roughly, Ah, Mr. Thief, Mr. Rogue, ſaid he, have I caught you at laſt, and all my Aſs's Furniture in your Hands too? *Sancho* finding himſelf ſo unexpectedly aſſaulted, and nettled at the diſhonourable Terms of his Language, laying faſt hold on the Pannel with one Hand, gave the Barber ſuch a Douſe on the Chops with t'other, as made his Mouth over-run with Blood; for all this the Barber ſtuck by his Hold, and cry'd out ſo loud, that the whole Houſe was alarm'd at the Noiſe and Scuffle: I command you, Gentlemen, continued he, to aſſiſt me in the King's Name; for this Rogue has rob'd me on the King's High-way, and would now murder me, becauſe I ſeize upon my Goods. That's a Lie, cry'd *Sancho*, 'twas no Robbery on the King's High-way; but lawful Plunder, won by my Lord Don *Quixote* fairly in the Field. The Don himſelf was now come up, very proud of his Squire's Behaviour on this Occaſion, accounting him thenceforth a Man of Courage, and deſigning him the Honour of Knighthood on the firſt Opportunity, thinking his Courage might prove a future Ornament to the Order. Among other things which the Barber urged to prove his Claim; Gentlemen, ſaid he, this Pack-Saddle is as certainly my Pack-Saddle, as I hope to die in my Bed; I know it as well as if it had been bred and born with me; nay, my very Aſs will witneſs for me; do but try

the

the Saddle on him, and if it does not fit him as close as close can be, then call me a Liar— Nay, more than that, Gentlemen, that very Day when they rob'd me of my Pack-Saddle, they took away a special new Baſon which was never us'd, and which coſt me a Crown. Here Don *Quixote* could no longer contain himſelf; but thruſting between them, he parted them; and having caus'd the Pack-Saddle to be depoſited on the Ground to open View, till the mighty Truth came to a final Deciſion: That this honourable Company may know, cry'd he, in what a manifeſt Errour this good Squire perſiſts, take notice how he degrades that with the Name of Baſon, which was, is, and ſhall be the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which I fairly won from him in the Field, and lawfully made myſelf Lord of by Force of Arms. As to the Pack-Saddle, 'tis a Concern that's beneath my Regard; all I have to urge in that Affair, is, That my Squire beg'd my Permiſſion to ſtrip that vanquiſh'd Coward's Horſe of his Trappings to adorn his own; he had my Authority for the Deed, and he took them: And now for his converting it from a Horſe's Furniture to a Pack-Saddle, no other Reaſon can be brought, but that ſuch Transformations frequently occur in the Affairs of Chivalry. For a Confirmation of this, diſpatch, run *Sancho*, and produce the Helmet which this Squire would maintain to be a Baſon. O' my Faith, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, if this be all you can ſay for yourſelf, *Mambrino*'s Helmet will prove as arrant a Baſon, as this ſame Man's Furniture is a meer Pack-Saddle. Obey my Orders, ſaid Don *Quixote*, I cannot believe that every thing in this Caſtle will be guided by Inchantment. *Sancho* brought the Baſon, which Don *Quixote* holding up in his Hands, Behold, Gentlemen, continu'd he, with what Face can this im-

impudent Squire affirm this to be a Baſon, and not the Helmet I mention'd? Now I ſwear before you all, by the Order of Knighthood, which I profeſs, That this is the ſame individual Helmet which I won from him, without the leaſt Addition or Diminution. That I'll ſwear, ſaid *Sancho*; for ſince my Lord won it, he never fought but once in it, and that was the Battel wherein he freed thoſe ungracious Galley-Slaves, who by the ſame Token would have knock'd out his Brains with a Shower of Stones, had not this ſame honeſt Baſon-Helmet ſav'd his Skull.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Controverſy upon Mambrino's *Helmet and the Pack-Saddle diſputed and decided; with other Accidents, not more ſtrange than true.*

PRAY good Gentlemen (ſaid the Barber) let's have your Opinion in this Matter, I ſuppoſe you will grant this ſame Helmet to be a Baſon. He that dares grant any ſuch thing (ſaid Don *Quixote*) muſt know that he lies plainly, if a Knight; but if a Squire, he lies abominably. Our Barber (who was privy to the whole Matter) to humour the Jeſt, and carry the Diverſion a little higher, took up t'other Shaver. Mr. Barber, (you muſt pardon me, Sir, if I don't give you your Titles) I muſt let you underſtand (ſaid he) that I ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to your Trade, and have been a Free-Man in the Company theſe thirty Years, and therefore am not to learn what belongs to Shaving. You muſt likewiſe know that I have been a Soldier

dier too in my younger Days, and conſequently underſtand the Differences between a Helmet, a Morion, and a Cloſe-Helmet, with all other Accoutrements belonging to a Man of Arms. Yet I ſay (with Submiſſion ſtill to better Judgment) that this Piece, here in Diſpute before us, is as far from being a Baſon, as Light is from Darkneſs. Withal I affirm, on the other Hand, that altho' it be a Helmet, 'tis not a compleat one: Right, (ſaid the Don) for the lower Part and the Beaver are wanting. A clear Caſe, a clear Caſe, ſaid the Curate, *Cardenio*, Don *Ferdinand*, and his Companions, and the Judge himſelf (had not *Lewis*'s Concern made him thoughtful) would have humour'd the Matter. Lord have Mercy upon us now, (ſaid the poor Barber half diſtracted) is it poſſible that ſo many fine honourable Gentlemen ſhould know a Baſon or a Helmet no better than this comes to? Gadzookers, I defy the wiſeſt Univerſity in all *Spain* with their Scholarſhip, to ſhew me the like again. Well —— if it muſt be a Helmet, it muſt be a Helmet, that's all. —— And by the ſame Rule my Pack-Saddle muſt troop too; as this Gentleman ſays. I muſt confeſs, ſaid Don *Quixote*, as to outward Appearance it is a Pack-Saddle; but as I have already ſaid, I will not pretend to determine the Diſpute of this Point. Nay, ſaid the Curate, if Don *Quixote* ſpeak not, the Matter will never come to a Deciſion; becauſe in all Affairs of Chivalry, we muſt all give him the Preference. I ſwear, worthy Gentlemen, ſaid Don *Quixote*, that the Adventures I have encounter'd in this Caſtle are ſo ſtrange and ſupernatural, that I muſt infallibly conclude them the Effects of pure Magick and Inchantment. The firſt time I ever enter'd its Gates, I was ſtrangely embarraſs'd by an inchanted *Moor* that inhabited it, and *Sancho* himſelf had no bet-

better Entertainment from his Attendants; and laſt Night I hung ſuſpended almoſt two Hours by this Arm, without the Power of helping myſelf, or of aſſigning any reaſonable Cauſe of my Misfortune. So that for me to meddle or give my Opinion in ſo confus'd and intricate Events, would appear Preſumption; I have already given my final Determination as to the Helmet-Controverſy, but dare pronounce no definitive Sentence on the Pack-Saddle, but ſhall remit it to the diſcerning Judgment of the Company; perhaps the Power of Inchantment may not prevail on you that are not dub'd Knights, ſo that your Underſtandings may be free, and your judicial Faculties more piercing to enter into the true Nature of theſe Events, and not conclude upon them from their Appearances. Undoubtedly, anſwer'd Don *Ferdinand*, the Deciſion of this Proceſs depends upon our Sentiments, according to Don *Quixote*'s Opinion; that the Matter therefore may be fairly diſcuſs'd, and that we may proceed upon ſolid and firm Grounds, we'll put it to the Vote. Let every one give me his Suffrage in my Ear, and I will oblige myſelf to report them faithfully to the Board.

To thoſe that knew Don *Quixote* this prov'd excellent Sport; but to others unacquainted with his Humour, as Don *Lewis* and his four Servants, it appear'd the moſt ridiculous Stuff in Nature; three Travellers too that happen'd to call in by the Way, and were found to be *Officers of the Holy Brotherhood*, or *Purſuivants*, thought the People were all bewitch'd in good earneſt. But the Barber was quite at his Wit's end, to think that his Baſon, then, and there preſent before his Eyes, was become the Helmet of *Mambrino*; and that his Pack-Saddle was likewiſe going to be chang'd into ſome rich Capariſon. Every Body laugh'd very

ry heartily to ſee Don *Ferdinand* whiſpering each particular Perſon very gravely to have his Vote upon the important Contention of the Pack-Saddle. When he had gone the Rounds among his own Faction, that were all privy to the Jeſt; Honeſt Fellow, ſaid he very loudly, I grow weary of asking ſo many impertinent Queſtions; every Man has his Anſwer at his Tongue's End, that 'tis meer Madneſs to call this a Pack-Saddle, and that 'tis poſitively, *Nemine Contradicente*, right Horſe-Furniture, and great Horſe-Furniture too; beſides, Friend, your Allegations and Proofs are of no Force, therefore in ſpight of your Aſs and you, we will give it for the Defendant, that this is, and will continue the Furniture of a Horſe, nay, and of a great Horſe too. Now the Devil take me, ſaid the Barber, if you be not all damnably deceiv'd; and may I be hang'd if my Conſcience does not plainly tell me 'tis a downright Pack-Saddle: but I have loſt it according to Law, and ſo fare it well. —— But I am neither mad nor drunk ſure, for I am freſh and faſting this Morning from every thing but Sin.

The Barber's Raving was no leſs diverting than Don *Quixote*'s Clamours; Sentence is paſs'd, cry'd he; and let every Man take Livery of his Goods and Chattels, and Heaven give him Joy. This is a Jeſt, a meer Jeſt, ſaid one of the four Servants; certainly, Gentlemen, you can't be in earneſt, you're to wiſe to talk at this rate: For my part, I ſay and will maintain it, for there's no Reaſon the Barber ſhould be wrong'd, that this is a Baſon, and that the Pack-Saddle of a He-Aſs. Mayn't it be a She-Aſs's Pack-Saddle, Friend, ſaid the Curate? That's all one, Sir, ſaid the Fellow; the Queſtion is not whether it be a He or a She-Aſs's Pack-Saddle; but whether it be a Pack-Saddle or not,

that's

that's the Matter, Sir. One of the Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood*, who had heard the whole Controverſy, very angry to hear ſuch an Error maintain'd: Gentlemen, ſaid he, this is no more a Horſe's Saddle than 'tis my Father, and he that ſays the contrary is drunk or mad. You lie like an unmannerly Raſcal, ſaid the Knight; and at the ſame time with his Lance, which he had always ready for ſuch Occaſions, he diſcharg'd ſuch a Blow on the Officer's Head, that had not the Fellow leap'd aſide it would have laid him flat. The Lance, by the force of the Stroke, flew to pieces, and the reſt of the Officers ſeeing their Comrade ſo abus'd, cry'd out for Help, charging every one to aid and aſſiſt the *Holy Brotherhood*. The Innkeeper being one of the Fraternity, ran for his Sword and Staff, and then join'd his Fellows. Don *Lewis*'s Servants got round their Maſter to defend him from Harm, and ſecure him leſt he ſhould make his Eſcape in the Scuffle. The Barber ſeeing the whole Houſe turn'd topſy-turvy, laid hold again on his Pack-Saddle; but *Sancho*, who watch'd his Motions, was as ready as he, and ſecur'd t'other End of it.

Don *Quixote* drew and aſſaulted the Officers pell-mell, Don *Lewis* call'd to his Servants to join Don *Quixote*, and the Gentlemen that ſided with him; for *Cardenio*, Don *Ferdinand* and his Friends had engag'd on his Side. The Curate cry'd out, the Landlady ſhriek'd, her Daughter wept, *Marinornes* howl'd, *Dorothea* was diſtracted with Fear, *Lucinda* could not tell what to do, and *Donna Clara* was ſtrangely frighted; the Barber pummell'd *Sancho*, and *Sancho* belabour'd the Barber. One of Don *Lewis*'s Servants went to hold him, but he gave him ſuch a Rebuke on his Jaws, that his Teeth had like to have forſook their Station; and then

the Judge took him into his Protection. Don *Ferdinand* had got one of the Officers down, and laid him on Back and Side. The Inn-keeper ſtill cry'd out, Help the *Holy Brotherhood*; ſo that the whole Houſe was a Medley of Wailings, Cries, Shrieks, Confuſions, Fears, Terrors, Diſaſters, Slaſhes, Buffets, Blows, Kicks, Cuffs, Battery, and Bloodſhed.

In the greateſt Heat of this Hurly-burly it came into Don *Quixote*'s Head, that he was certainly involv'd in the Diſorder and Confuſion of King *Agramant*'s Camp; and calling out, with a Voice that ſhook the whole Houſe; Hold, valorous Knights, ſaid he, all hold your furious Hands, ſheath all your Swords, let none preſume to ſtrike on pain of Death, but hear me ſpeak. The loud and monſtrous Voice ſurpriz'd every Body into Obedience, and the Don proceeded: I told you before, Gentlemen, that this Caſtle was inchanted, and that ſome Legion of Devils did inhabit it; now let your own Eyes confirm my Words: Do you behold the ſtrange and horrid Confuſion of King *Agramant*'s Army remov'd hither, and put in Execution among us? See, ſee how there they fight for the Sword, and yonder for the Horſe; behold how ſome contend for the Helmet, and here others battel it for the Standard; and all fight we don't know how, nor can tell why. Let therefore my Lord Judge, and his Reverence Mr. Curate repreſent, one, King *Agramant*, and the other King *Sobrino*; and by their Wiſdom and Conduct appeaſe this Tumult; for, by the Powers Divine 'twere a wrong to Honour, and a blot on Chivalry to let ſo many Worthies, as here engage, fall on ſo ſlight a Cauſe.

Don *Quixote*'s Words were *Hebrew* to the Officers, who having been roughly handl'd by Don

denio, *Ferdinand*, and his Friends, would not give it over ſo. But the Barber was content, for *Sancho* had demoliſh'd his Beard and Pack-ſaddle both in the Scuffle: The Squire dutifully retreated at the firſt ſound of his Maſter's Voice; Don *Lewis*'s Servants were calm, finding it their beſt way to be quiet; but the Inn-keeper was refractory. He ſwore that Mad-man ought to be puniſh'd for his Ill-behaviour, and that every Hour he was making ſome Diſturbance or another in his Houſe. But at laſt, the Matter was made up, the Pack-ſaddle was agreed to be Horſe-Furniture, the Baſon a Helmet, and the Inn a Caſtle, till the Day of Judgment, if Don *Quixote* would have it ſo. Don *Lewis*'s Buſineſs came next in play. The Judge, in concert with Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, reſolv'd that Don *Ferdinand* ſhould interpoſe his Authority on Don *Lewis*'s behalf, and let his Servants know, That he would carry him to *Andaluſia*, where he ſhould be entertain'd according to his Quality by his Brother the Marqueſs, and they ſhould not oppoſe this Deſign, ſeeing Don *Lewis* was poſitively reſolv'd not to be forc'd to go back to his Father yet. Don *Ferdinand*'s Quality, and Don *Lewis*'s Reſolution prevail'd on the Fellows to order Matters ſo, that three of them might return to acquaint their old Maſter, and the fourth wait on Don *Lewis*. Thus this monſtrous heap of Confuſion and Diſorder was digeſted into Form, by the Authority of *Agramant*, and Wiſdom of King *Sobrino*.

But the Enemy of Peace, finding his Project of ſetting them all by the Ears ſo elluded, reſolv'd once again to have another Trial of Skill, and play the Devil with them all the ſecond bout: For though the Officers, underſtanding the Quality of their Adverſaries, were willing to deſiſt, yet

one of them, whom Don *Ferdinand* had kick'd most unmercifully, remembring that among other Warrants, he had one to apprehend Don *Quixote* for ſetting free the Galley-Slaves (which *Sancho* was ſadly afraid would come about) he reſolv'd to examine if the Marks and Tokens given of Don *Quixote* agreed with this Perſon; then drawing out a Parchment, and opening his Warrant, he made a ſhift to read it, at every other Word looking cunningly on Don *Quixote*'s Face; whereupon having folded up the Parchment, and taking his Warrant in the left Hand, he clap'd his right Hand faſt in the Knight's Collar, crying you're the King's Priſoner: Gentlemen, I am an Officer, here's my Warrant. I charge you all to aid and aſſiſt the *Holy Brotherhood.* Don *Quixote*, finding himſelf us'd ſo rudely by one whom he took to be a pitiful Scoundrel, kindl'd up into ſuch a Rage that he ſhook with Indignation; and catching the Fellow by the Neck, with both his Hands throttled him ſo eagerly, that if his Companion had not preſently freed him, the Knight would have ſqueez'd out his Life before he had quitted his Hold.

The Inn-keeper being oblig'd to aſſiſt his Brother-Officer, preſently join'd him: The Hoſteſs ſeeing her Husband engaging a ſecond time, rais'd a new Out-cry, her Daughter and *Maritornes* bore the burden of the Song, ſometimes praying, ſometimes crying, ſometimes ſcolding: *Sancho*, ſeeing what paſs'd, By the Lord, ſaid he, my Maſter is in the right; this Place is haunted, that's certain, there's no living quietly an Hour together. At laſt Don *Ferdinand* parted Don *Quixote* and the Officer, who were both pretty well pleas'd to quit their Bargain. However, the Officers ſtill demanded their Priſoner, and to have him deliver'd bound

bound into their Hands, commanding all the Company a ſecond time to help and aſſiſt them, in ſecuring that publick Robber upon the King's high Road.

Don *Quixote* ſmil'd at the ſuppos'd Simplicity of the Fellows; at laſt, with ſolemn Gravity, Come hither, ſaid he, you Offspring of Filth, and Extraction of Dunghills, dare you call looſing the Fetter'd, freeing the Captiv'd, helping the Miſerable, raiſing the Fall'n, and ſupplying the Indigent, dare you, I ſay, baſe-ſpirited Raſcals, call theſe Actions Robbery? Your Thoughts, indeed, are too grovelling and ſervile to underſtand, or reach the Pitch of Chivalry, otherwiſe you had underſtood, that even the Shadow of a Knight-Errant had Claim to your Adoration. You a Band of Officers; you're a Pack of Rogues, indeed, and Robbers on the High-way by Authority! What Blockhead of a Magiſtrate durſt iſſue out a Warrant to apprehend a Knight-Errant like me? Could not his Ignorance find out that we are exempt from all Courts of Judicature? That our Valour is the Bench, our Will the Common-Law, and our Sword the Executioner of Juſtice. Could not his Dulneſs inform him that no Rank of Nobility or Peerage enjoys more Immunities and Privileges? Has he any Precedent that a Knight-Errant ever paid Taxes, Subſidy, Poll-Money, or ſo much as Fare or Ferry? What Taylor ever had Money for his Cloaths, or what Conſtable ever made him pay a Reckoning for his Lodging in his Caſtle? What Kings are not proud of his Company; and what Damſels of his Love? And laſtly, did you ever read of any Knight-Errant that ever was, is, or ſhall be, that could not, with his ſingle Force, cudgel four hundred ſuch Rogues as you to pieces, if they have the Impudence to oppoſe him?

CHAP. XIX.

The notable Adventure of the Officers of the Holy Brotherhood, with Don Quixote's *great Ferocity and Inchantment.*

WHILST Don *Quixote* talk'd at this rate, the Curate endeavour'd to perſwade the Officers that he was diſtracted, as they might eaſily gather from his Words and Actions; and therefore, though they ſhould carry him before a Magiſtrate, he would be preſently acquitted, as being a Mad-man: He that had the Warrant made Anſwer, That 'twas not his Buſineſs to examine whether he were mad or not; he was an Officer in Commiſſion, and muſt obey Orders; and accordingly was reſolv'd to deliver him up to the ſuperior Power, which once done, they might acqnit him five hundred times if they wou'd. But for all that the Curate perſiſted they ſhould not carry Don *Quixote* away with them this time, adding, that the Knight himſelf wou'd by no means be brought to it; and, in ſhort, ſaid ſo much, and the Knight did ſo much, that they had been greater Fools than he, could they not have plainly ſeen his Madneſs. They therefore not only deſiſted, but offer'd their Service in compounding the Difference between *Sancho* and the Barber; their Mediation was accepted, they being Officers of Juſtice, and ſucceeded ſo well, that both Parties ſtood to their Arbitration, though not entirely ſatisfied with their Award, which order'd them to change their Pannels, but not their Halters nor the Girths. The Curate made up the Buſineſs of the Baſon, paying the Barber, underhand, eight Reals for

for his Intereſt, and getting a general Releaſe under his Hand of all Claims or Actions concerning it. Theſe two important Differences being ſo happily decided, the only Obſtacle to a general Peace, were Don *Lewis*'s Servants and the Inn-keeper; the firſt were at laſt prevail'd upon to accept the Propoſals offer'd, which were, that three of them ſhould go home, and the fourth attend Don *Lewis*, where Don *Ferdinand* ſhould appoint. Thus this Difference was alſo made up, to the unſpeakable Joy of *Donna Clara*. *Zoraida* not underſtanding every thing that paſt, was ſad and cheerful by turns, as ſhe obſerv'd others to be by their Countenances, eſpecially her beloved *Spaniard*, on whom her Eyes were more particularly fix'd. The Inn-keeper made a hideous Bawling; having diſcover'd that the Barber had receiv'd Money for his Baſon; he knew no Reaſon, he ſaid, why he ſhould not be paid as well as other Folks, and ſwore that *Rozinante* and *Sancho*'s Aſs ſhould pay for their Maſter's Extravagance before they ſhould leave his Stable: The Curate pacify'd him, and Don *Ferdinand* paid him his Bill. All things thus accommodated, the Inn no longer reſembled the Confuſion of *Agramant*'s Camp, but rather the univerſal Peace of *Octavius Cæſar*: Upon which the Curate and Don *Ferdinand* had the Thanks of the Houſe; as a juſt Acknowledgment for their ſo effectual Mediation.

Don *Quixote* being now free from the Difficulties and Delays that lately embarraſs'd him, held it high time to proſecute his Voyage, and bring to ſome Deciſion the general Enterprize which he had the Voice and Election for. He therefore fully reſolv'd to preſs his Departure, and fell on his Knees before *Dorothea*, but ſhe wou'd not hear him in that Poſture, but prevail'd upon him to riſe:

He then addreſſing her in his uſual Forms; Moſt beautiful Lady, ſaid he, 'tis a known Proverb, *That Diligence is the Mother of Succeſs*; and we have found the greateſt Succeſſes in War ſtill to depend on Expedition and Diſpatch, by preventing the Enemy's Deſign, and forcing a Victory before an Aſſault is expected. My Inference from this, moſt high and illuſtrious Lady, is, that our Reſidence in this Caſtle appears nothing conducive to our Deſigns, but may prove dangerous; for we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that our Enemy the Giant may learn by Spies, or ſome other ſecret Intelligence, the Scheme of our Intentions, and conſequently fortify himſelf in ſome inexpugnable Fortreſs, againſt the Power of our utmoſt Force, where the Strength of my invincible Arm may be uneffectual. Let us therefore, dear Madam, by our Diligence and ſudden Departure hence, prevent any ſuch his Deſigns, and force our good Fortune, by miſſing no Opportunity that we may lay hold of. Here he ſtopt, waiting the Princeſs's Anſwer. She, with a grave Aſpect, and Stile ſuiting his Extravagance, reply'd, The great Inclination and indefatigable Deſire you ſhew, worthy Knight, in redreſſing the Injur'd, and reſtoring the Oppreſs'd, lay a fair Claim to the Praiſes and univerſal Thanks of Mankind; but your ſingular Concern, and induſtrious Application in aſſiſting me, deſerve my particular Acknowledgments and Gratification; and I ſhall make it my peculiar Requeſt to Heaven, that your generous Deſigns, in my Favour, may be ſoon accompliſh'd, that I may be enabl'd to convince you of the Honour and Gratitude that may be found in ſome of our Sex. As to our Departure, I ſhall depend upon your Pleaſure, to whoſe Management I have not only committed the Care of my Perſon, but alſo reſign'd the whole

Power

Power of Command. Then, by the Aſſiſtance of the Divine Power, anſwer'd he, I will loſe no Opportunity of exalting your Highneſs, which you thus condeſcend to humble to my Orders; let our March be ſudden, for the Eagerneſs of my Deſires, the Length of the Journey, and the Dangers of Delay, are great Spurs to my Diſpatch; ſince therefore Heaven has not created, nor Hell ſeen the Man I ever fear'd; fly *Sancho*, ſaddle *Rozinante*, harneſs your Aſs, and make ready the Lady's Palfrey; let us take leave of the Governor here, and theſe other Lords, and ſet out from hence immediately.

Poor *Sancho* hearing all that paſs'd, ſhook his Head. Lord, Lord, Maſter, ſaid he, there's always more Tricks in a Town than are talk'd of (with Reverence be it ſpoken.) Ho! Villain, cry'd Don *Quixote*; What Tricks can any Town or City ſhew to impair my Credit? Nay, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you grow angry, I can hold my Tongue, if that be all; but there are ſome things which you ought to hear, and I ſhould tell as becomes a truſty Squire and honeſt Servant. Say what thou wilt, ſaid the Knight, ſo it tend not to Cowardice; for if thou art afraid, keep it to thyſelf, and trouble not me with the mention of Fear, which my Soul abhors. Pſhaw, hang Fear, Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, that's not the Matter; but I muſt tell you, Sir, that which is as certain and plain as the Noſe on your Face. This ſame Madam here, that calls herſelf the Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon*, is no more a Queen than my Grandam. For, do but conſider, Sir, if ſhe were ſuch a fine Queen, as you believe, can you imagine ſhe wou'd always be kiſſing and ſlabbering a certain Perſon, that ſhall be nameleſs in this Company? *Dorothea* bluſh'd at *Sancho*'s Words, for Don *Ferdinand* had,

indeed, ſometimes, and in private, taken the Freedom with his Lips, to reap ſome part of the Reward his Affection deſerv'd; which *Sancho* ſpying by chance, made ſome Conſtructions upon it, very much to the Diſadvantage of her Royalty; for, in ſhort, he concluded her no better than a Woman of Pleaſure. She nevertheleſs wou'd take no Notice of his Aſperſion, but let him go on; I ſay this, Sir, continu'd he, becauſe after our trudging thro' all Weathers, fair after foul, Day after Night, and Night after Day, this ſame Perſon in the Inn here, is like to divert himſelf at our Expence, and to gather the Fruit of our Labours. I think therefore, Maſter, there is no Reaſon, dy'e ſee, for ſaddling *Rozinante*, harneſſing my Aſs, or making ready the Lady's Palfrey; for we had better ſtay where we are; and let every Whore brew as ſhe bakes, and every Man that is hungry go to Dinner.

Heavens! Into what a Fury did theſe diſreſpectful Words of *Sancho* put the Knight? his whole Body ſhook, his Tongue faulter'd, his Eyes glow'd. Thou Villainous, Ignorant, Raſh, Unmannerly, Blaſphemous Detractor, ſaid he, how dar'ſt thou entertain ſuch baſe and diſhonourable Thoughts, much more utter thy rude and contemptible Suſpicions before me and this Honourable Preſence? Away from my Sight, thou Monſter of Nature, Magazine of Lies, Cupboard of Deceits, Granary of Guile, Publiſher of Follies, Foe of all Honour. Away, and never let me ſee thy Face again, on Pain of my moſt furious Indignation. Then bending his ſower Brows, puffing his Cheeks, and ſtamping on the Ground, he gave *Sancho* ſuch a Look as almoſt frighted the poor Fellow to Annihilation.

In the height of this Conſternation, all that the poor Squire could do, was to turn his Back, and ſneak out of the Room. But *Dorothea* knowing the Knight's Temper, undertook to mitigate his Anger; Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, ſaid ſhe, aſſwage your Wrath, I beſeech you; 'tis below your Dignity to be offended at theſe idle Words of your Squire; and I dare not affirm but that he has ſome colour of Reaſon for what he ſaid; for it were uncharitable to ſuſpect his ſincere Underſtanding, and honeſt Principles, of any falſe or malicious Slanders or Accuſation. We muſt therefore ſearch deeper into this Affair, and believe, That as you have found all Tranſactions in this Caſtle govern'd by Inchantments; ſo ſome diabolical Illuſion has appear'd to *Sancho*, and repreſented to his inchanted Sight what he aſſerts to my Diſhonour. Now by the Powers ſupreme, ſaid the Knight, your Highneſs has cut the Knot. The Miſdemeanour of that poor Fellow muſt be attributed purely to Inchantment, and the Power of ſome malicious Apparition; for the good Nature and Simplicity of the poor Wretch could never invent a Lie, or be guilty of an Aſperſion to any one's Diſadvantage. 'Tis evident, ſaid Don *Ferdinand*, we therefore all intercede in behalf of honeſt *Sancho*, that he may be again reſtor'd to your Favour, *ſicut erat in Principio*, before theſe Illuſions had impos'd upon his Senſe. Don *Quixote* comply'd, and the Curate brought in poor *Sancho* trembling, who on his Knees made an humble Acknowledgment of his Crime, and beg'd to have his Pardon confirm'd by a gracious Kiſs of his Maſter's Hand. Don *Quixote* gave him his Hand and his Bleſſing. Now *Sancho*, ſaid he, will you hereafter believe what I ſo often have told you,

that the Power of Inchantment over-rules every thing in this Caſtle? I will, and like your Worſhip, quoth *Sancho*, all but my toſſing in a Blanket; for really, Sir, that happen'd according to the ordinary courſe of Things. Believe it not, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for were I not convinc'd of the contrary, you ſhould have plentiful Revenge; but neither then, nor now, could I ever find any Object to reek my Fury or Reſentment on. Every one deſir'd to know what was the Buſineſs in Queſtion; whereupon the Inn-keeper gave them an Account of *Sancho*'s Toſſing, which ſet them all a laughing, and would have made *Sancho* angry, had not his Maſter afreſh aſſur'd him that 'twas only a meer Illuſion, which though the Squire believ'd not, he held his Tongue. The whole Company having paſs'd two Days in the Inn, bethought themſelves of departing; and the Curate and Barber found out a Device to carry home Don *Quixote*, without putting Don *Ferdinand* and *Dorothea* to the trouble of humouring his Impertinence any longer. They firſt agreed with a Waggoner that went by with his Team of Oxen, to carry him home: Then had a kind of a Wooden Cage made, ſo large that the Knight might conveniently ſit, or lie in it. Preſently after, all the Company of the Inn diſguis'd themſelves, ſome with Masks, others by diſfiguring their Faces, and the reſt by Change of Apparel, ſo that Don *Quixote* ſhou'd not take them to be the ſame Perſons. This done, they all ſilently enter'd his Chamber, where he ſlept very ſoundly after his late Fatigues: They immediately laid hold on him ſo forcibly, and held his Arms and Legs ſo hard, that he was not able to ſtir, or do any thing but ſtare on thoſe ſtrange Shapes which ſtood round him. This inſtantly confirm'd him in the ſtrange Fancy that had ſo

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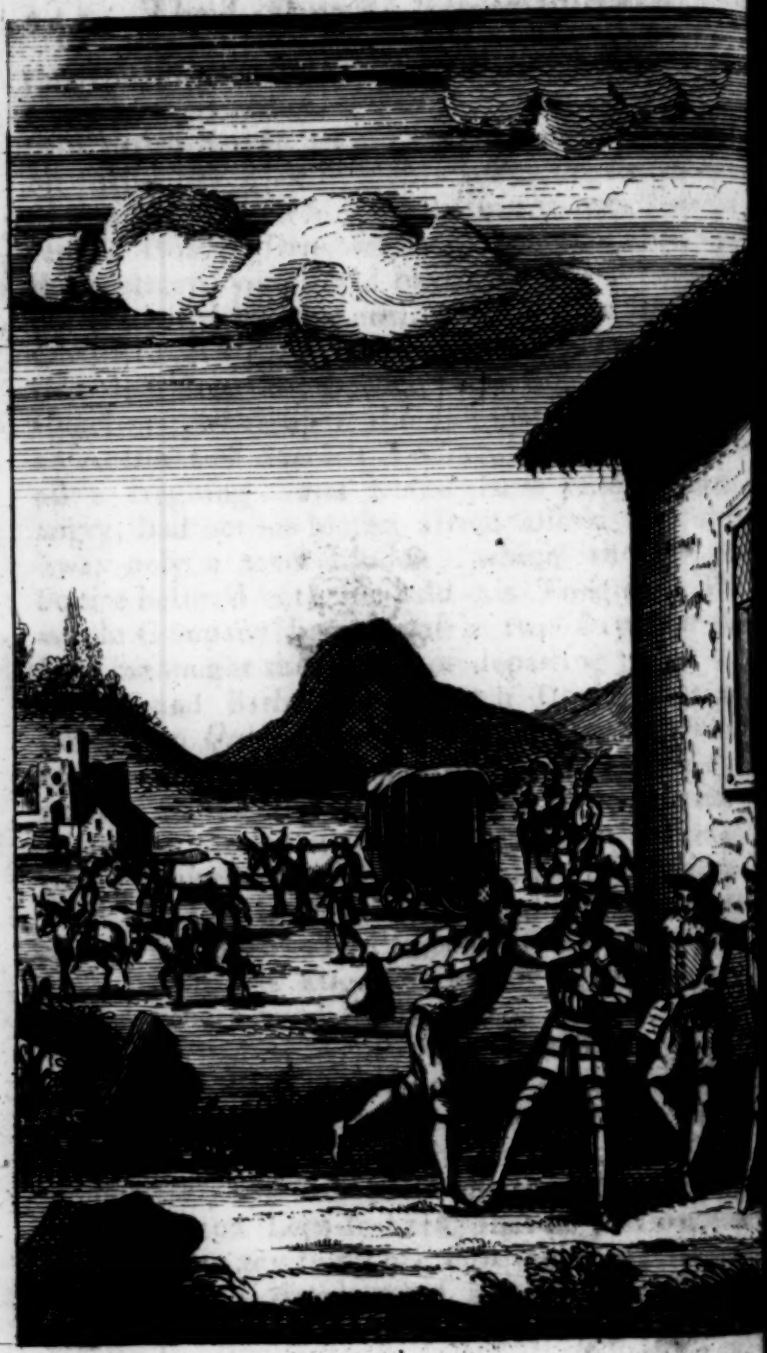

Don. Quixot Areſted and carried home in a Cage.
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long diſturb'd his craz'd Underſtanding, and made him believe himſelf undoubtedly inchanted; and thoſe frightful Figures to be the Spirits and Dæmons of the inchanted Caſtle. So far the Curate's Invention ſucceeded to his Expectation. *Sancho* being the only Perſon there in his right Shape and Senſes, beheld all this very patiently, and tho' he knew them all very well, yet was reſolv'd to ſee the End on't e'er he ventur'd to ſpeak his Mind. His Maſter likewiſe ſaid nothing, patiently expecting his Fate, and waiting the Event of his Misfortune. They had by this lifted him out of Bed, and placing him in the Cage, they ſhut him in, and nail'd the Bars of it ſo faſt, that no ſmall Strength cou'd force them open. Then mounting him on their Shoulders, as they convey'd him out of the Chamber-Door, they heard as dreadful a Voice as the Barber's Lungs cou'd bellow, ſpeak theſe Words.

Be not impatient, O Knight of the Woful Figure, at your Impriſonment, ſince 'tis ordain'd by the Fates, for the more ſpeedy Accompliſhment of that moſt noble Adventure, which your incomparable Valour has intended. For accompliſh'd it ſhall be, when the rampant *Manchegan* Lion, and the white *Toboſian* Dove ſhall be united, by humbling their lofty and erected Creſts to the ſoft Yoke of Wedlock, from whoſe wonderful Coition ſhall ſpring, to light the World, fierce Whelps which ſhall imitate the ravaging Paws of their valorous Sire. And this ſhall happen before the bright Purſuer of the fugitive Nymph ſhall, by his rapid and natural Courſe, take a double Circumference in Viſitation of the Luminous Signs. And thou, the moſt noble and faithful Squire that ever had Sword on Thigh, Beard on Face, or Senſe of Smell in Noſe, be not diſpirited or diſcontented at this

Captivity of the Flower of all Chivalry; for very ſpeedily, by the eternal Will of the World's Creator, thou ſhalt find thyſelf ennobl'd and exalted beyond the Knowledge of thy Greatneſs. And I confirm to thee, from the Sage *Mentironiana*, that thou ſhalt not be defrauded of the Promiſes made by thy noble Lord. I therefore conjure thee to follow cloſely the Steps of the couragious and inchanted Knight; for it is neceſſarily enjoin'd, that you both go where you both ſhall ſtay. The Fates have commanded me no more, farewel. For I now return, I well know whither.

The Barber manag'd the Cadence of his Voice ſo artifically towards the latter end of his Prophecy, that even thoſe who were made acquainted with the Jeſt, had almoſt taken it for Supernatural.

Don *Quixote* was much comforted at the Prophecy, apprehending preſently the Senſe of it, and applying it to his Marriage with *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, from whoſe happy Womb ſhould iſſue the Cubs (ſignifying his Sons) to the eternal Glory of *La Mancha*; upon the Strength of which Belief raiſing his Voice, and heaving a profound Sigh: Whatſoever thou art, ſaid he, whoſe happy Prognoſtication I own and acknowledge, I deſire thee to implore (in my Name) the wiſe Magician, whoſe Charge I am, that his Power may protect me in this Captivity, and not permit me to periſh before the Fruition of theſe grateful and incomparable Promiſes made to me; for the Confirmation of ſuch Hopes, I wou'd think my Priſon a Palace, my Fetters Freedom, and this hard Field-bed on which I lie, more eaſy than the ſofteſt Down, or moſt luxurious Lodgings. And as to the Conſolation offer'd my Squire *Sancho Panſa*, I am ſo convinc'd of his Honeſty, and he has prov'd his Honour in ſo many Adventures, that I miſtruſt not his

his deſerting me, through any Change of Fortune. And tho' his or my harder Stars ſhou'd diſable me from beſtowing on him the Iſland I have promis'd, or ſome Equivalent; his Wages at leaſt are ſecur'd to him by my laſt Will and Teſtament, tho' what he will receive, is more anſwerable, I confeſs, to my Eſtate and Ability, than to his Services and great Deſerts. *Sancho Pança* made him three or four very reſpectful Bows, and kiſs'd both his Hands (for one alone he cou'd not, being both ty'd together) and in an Inſtant the Dæmons hoiſted up the Cage, and yoked it very handſomely to the Team of Oxen.

CHAP. XX.

Proſecuting the Courſe of Don Quixote's *Inchantment, with other Memorable Occurrences.*

DON *Quixote* was not ſo much amaz'd at his Inchantment, as the Manner of it: Among all the Volumes of Chivalry that I have turn'd over, ſaid he, I never read before of Knight-Errants drawn in Carts, or tug'd along ſo leiſurely, by ſuch ſlothful Animals as Oxen. For they us'd to be hurry'd along with prodigious ſpeed, invelop'd in ſome dark and dusky Cloud; or in ſome fiery Chariot drawn by winged Griffins, or ſome ſuch expeditious Creatures; but I muſt confeſs, to be drawn thus by a Team of Oxen, ſtaggers my Underſtanding not a little; tho' perhaps the Inchantments of our Times take a different Method from thoſe in former Ages. Or rather the wiſe Magicians have invented ſome new Courſe in their Proceedings for me, being the

firſt

firſt Reviver and Reſtorer of Arms, which have ſo long been loſt in Oblivion, and ruſted thro' the Diſuſe of Chivalry. What is thy Opinion, my dear *Sancho*? Why truly, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, I can't tell what to think, being not ſo well read in theſe Matters as your Worſhip; yet for all that, I'm poſitive and can take my Oath on't, that theſe ſame Viſions that run up and down here are not Orthodox. Orthodox, my Friend, ſaid Don *Quixote*, how can they be Orthodox, when they are Devils, and have only aſſum'd theſe Phantaſtical Bodies to ſurprize us into this Condition? To convince you, endeavour to touch them, and you will find, their Subſtances are not material, but only ſubtle Air, and outward Appearance. Gadzookers, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, I have touch'd them, and touch'd them again, Sir; and I find this ſame buſy Devil here, that's fidling about, is as plump and fat as a Capon: Beſides, he has another Property, very different from a Devil; for the Devils, they ſay, ſmell of Brimſtone and other filthy Things, and this Spark has ſuch a fine Scent of Eſſence about him, that you may ſmell him at leaſt half a League. (Meaning Don *Ferdinand*, who, in all probability, like other Gentlemen of his Quality, had his Cloaths perfum'd.)

Alas, honeſt *Sancho*, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, the Cunning of theſe Fiends is above the reach of thy Simplicity; for you muſt know, that Spirits, as Spirits, have no Scent at all; and if they ſhou'd, it muſt neceſſarily be ſome unſavory Stench, becauſe they ſtill carry their Hell about them, and the leaſt of a Perfume or grateful Odour were inconſiſtent with their Torments; ſo that this Miſtake of yours muſt be attributed to ſome farther Deluſion of your Senſe. Don *Ferdinand* and *Cardenio*, upon theſe Diſcourſes between Maſter and

Man,

Man, were afraid that *Sancho* would ſpoil all, and therefore order'd the Inn-keeper privately to get ready *Rozinante* and *Sancho*'s Aſs; while the Curate agreed with the Officers for ſo much a Day to conduct them home. *Cardenio* having hung Don *Quixote*'s Target on the Pummel of *Rozinante*'s Saddle, and the Baſon on t'other ſide, he ſignify'd to *Sancho*, by Signs, that he ſhou'd mount his Aſs, and lead *Rozinante* by the Bridle; and laſtly plac'd two Officers with their Fire-locks on each ſide of the Cart.

Being juſt ready to march, the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, came to the Door to take their Leave of the Knight, pretending unſupportable Grief for his Misfortune. Reſtrain your Tears, moſt honourable Ladies, ſaid Don *Quixote*, for theſe Miſchances are incident to thoſe of my Profeſſion; and from theſe Misfortunes it is, we date the Greatneſs of our Glory and Renown; they are the Effects of Envy, which ſtill attend virtuous and great Actions, and brought upon us by the indirect means of ſuch Princes and Knights as are emulous of our Dignity and Fame; but ſpight of all Oppreſſion, ſpight of all the Magick that ever its firſt Inventor *Zoroaſtres* underſtood, Virtue will come off victorious; and triumphing over every Danger, will at laſt ſhine out in its proper Luſtre like the Sun to enlighten the World. Pardon me, fair Ladies, if (thro' Ignorance or Omiſſion of the Reſpects due to your Qualities) I have not behav'd myſelf to pleaſe you; for to the beſt of my Knowledge I never committed a wilful Wrong. And I crave the Aſſiſtance of your Prayers, towards my Enlargement from this Priſon, which ſome malicious Magician has confin'd me to; and the firſt Buſineſs of my Freedom, ſhall be a grateful Acknowledgment for the many and obliging

ging Favours confer'd upon me in this your Caſtle. Whilſt the Ladies were thus entertain'd by Don *Quixote*; the Curate and Barber were buſy taking their Leaves of their Company; and after mutual Complements and Embraces, they engag'd to acquaint one another with their ſucceeding Fortunes. Don *Ferdinand* entreated the Curate to give him a particular Relation of Don *Quixote*'s Adventures, aſſuring him, that nothing wou'd be a greater Obligation; and at the ſame time engag'd to inform him of all Occurrences in his own and *Lucinda*'s Return; with an Account of *Zoraida*'s Baptiſm, and Don *Lewis*'s Succeſs in his Amour.

The Curate having given his Word and Honour to ſatisfy Don *Ferdinand*, and the laſt Complements being paſt, was juſt going, when the Innkeeper made him a proffer of a Bundle of Papers found in the Folds of the ſame Cloak-Bag, where he got *The Curious Impertinent*, telling him withal, That they were all at his Service; becauſe ſince the Owner was not like to come and demand them, and he cou'd not read, they cou'd not better be diſpos'd of. The Curate thank'd him heartily, and opening the Papers, found them Entitl'd, *The Story of* Rinconete, *and* Cortadillo: The Title ſhewing it to be a Novel, and probably written by the Author of *The Curious Impertinent*, becauſe found in the ſame Wallet; he put it in his Pocket, with a Reſolution to peruſe it the very firſt Opportunity: Then mounting with his Friend the Barber, and both putting on their Masks, they follow'd the Proceſſion, which march'd in this Order. The Carter led the Van, and next his Cart, flank'd on right and left with two Officers and their Fire-locks; then follow'd *Sancho* on his Aſs, leading *Rozinante*; and laſtly the Curate and Barber on their mighty Mules brought up the Rear

of

of the Body, all with a grave and profound Air, marching no faſter than their heavy Oxen allow'd. Don *Quixote* ſat leaning againſt the back of the Cage with his Hands ty'd, and his Legs at length; but ſo ſilent and motionleſs, that he ſeem'd rather a Statue than a Man.

They had travell'd about two Leagues this ſlow and leiſurely pace, when their Conductor ſtopping in a little Valley, propos'd it as a fit Place to bait in; but he was prevail'd upon to defer halting a little longer, being inform'd by the Barber of a certain Valley beyond a little Hill in their View, better ſtor'd with Graſs, and more convenient for their Purpoſe: They had not travell'd much farther when the Curate ſpy'd coming a round pace after them ſix or ſeven Men very well mounted; they appear'd, by their briſk riding, to be mounted on Church-men's Mules, not carry'd as the Don was, by the ſlow Pace of an Ox: they endeavour'd before the Heat of the Day to reach their Inn, which was about a League farther. In ſhort, they ſoon came up with our ſlow Itinerants; and one of them, that was Canon of *Toledo*, and Maſter of thoſe that came along with him, marking the formal Proceſſion of the Cart, Guards, *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, the Curate, and the Barber; but chiefly the incag'd Don *Quixote*, cou'd not forbear asking what meant their ſtrange Method of ſecuring that Man; tho' he already believ'd (having obſerv'd the Guards) that he was ſome notorious Criminal in cuſtody of the *Holy Brotherhood*. One of the Fraternity told him, That he cou'd not tell the Cauſe of that Knight's Impriſonment, but that he might anſwer for himſelf, becauſe he beſt cou'd tell.

Don *Quixote* over-hearing their Diſcourſe, Gentlemen, ſaid he, if you are converſant and skill'd

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in Matters of Knight-Errantry, I will communicate my Misfortunes to you; if you are not, I have no reason to give myself the trouble. Truly, Friend, answer'd the Canon, I am better acquainted with Books of Chivalry than with *Villalpando's Summulæ*; and if that be all your Objection, you may safely impart to me what you please. With Heaven's Permission be it so, said Don *Quixote*; you must then understand, Sir Knight, that I am born away in this Cage by the force of Inchantments, thro' the envious Spight and Malice of some curs'd Magicians; for Virtue is more zealously persecuted by ill Men, than 'tis belov'd by the Good. I am, by Profession, a Knight-Errant, and none of those, I assure you, whose Deeds never merited a Place in the Records of Fame; but one, who in spight of Envy's self, in spight of all the Magi of *Persia*, the Brachmans of *India*, or the Gymnosophists of *Ethiopia*, shall secure to his Name a place in the Temple of Immortality, as a Pattern and Model to following Ages; that ensuing Knight-Errants, following my Steps, may be guided to the Top and highest Pitch of Heroick Honour: The noble Don *Quixote de la Mancha* speaks truth, said the Curate coming up to the Company, he is indeed inchanted in this Cart, not thro' his own Demerits or Offences, but the malicious Treachery of those whom Virtue displeases and Valour offends. This is, Sir, the Knight of the Woful Figure, of whom you have undoubtedly heard, whose mighty Deeds shall stand engrav'd in lasting Brass and time-surviving Marble, till Envy grows tir'd with labouring to deface his Fame, and Malice to conceal 'em.

The Canon hearing the Prisoner and his Guard talk thus in the same Stile, was in amaze, and bless'd himself for wonder, as did the rest of the Com-

Company; till *Sancho Pança* coming up to mend the Matter, Look ye, Sirs, ſaid he, I will ſpeak the Truth, take it well, or take it ill. My Maſter here, is no more inchanted than my Mother: He's in his ſober Senſes, he eats and drinks, and does his Needs, like other Folks, and as he us'd to do; and yet you'll perſwade me that a Man, who can do all this, is inchanted forſooth; he can ſpeak too, for if you'll let him alone, he'll prattle you more than thirty Attorneys. Then turning towards the Curate, O Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate, continu'd he, do you think I don't know you, and that I don't gueſs what all theſe new Inchantments drive at! Yes I do know you well enough, for all you hide your Face; and underſtand your Deſign, for all your ſly Tricks, Sir. But 'tis an old Saying, There's no ſtriving againſt the Stream; and the Weakeſt ſtill goes to the Wall. The Devil take the luck on't; had not your Reverence ſpoil'd our Sport, my Maſter had been marry'd before now to the Princeſs *Micomicona*, and I had been an Earl at leaſt; nay, that I was ſure of, had the worſt come to the worſt; but the old Proverb is true again, Fortune turns round like a Mill-wheel, and he that was yeſterday at the Top, lies to day at the Bottom. I wonder, Mr. Curate, you that are a Clergyman ſhou'd not have more Conſcience; conſider, Sir, that I have a Wife and Family who expect all to be great Folks, and my Maſter here is to do a World of good Deeds; and don't you think, Sir, that you won't be made to anſwer for all this one Day? Snuff me thoſe Candles, ſaid the Barber, hearing *Sancho* talk at this rate: What, Fool! are you brain-ſick of your Maſter's Diſeaſe too? if you be, you're like to bear him Company in his Cage, I'll aſſure you, Friend. What inchanted Iſland is this that floats in your Scull, or what

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Succubus has been riding thy Fancy, and got it with Child of theſe Hopes? With Child! Sir, what dy'e mean, Sir? ſaid *Sancho*, I ſcorn your Words, Sir; the beſt Lord in the Land ſhou'd not get me with Child, no, not the King himſelf, Heaven bleſs him. For tho' I'm a poor Man, yet I'm an honeſt Man, and an old Chriſtian, and don't owe any Man a Farthing; and tho' I deſire Iſlands, there are other Folks, not far off, that deſire worſe things. Every one is the Son of his own Works; I am a Man, and may be Pope of *Rome*, much ſooner Governor of an Iſland; eſpecially conſidering my Maſter may gain ſo many as he may want Perſons to beſtow 'em on. Therefore pray Mr. Barber, take heed what you ſay; for all conſiſts not in ſhaving of Beards, and there's ſome difference between a Hawk and a Hand-ſaw. I ſay ſo, becauſe we all know one another, and no Body ſhall put a falſe Card upon me. As to my Maſter's Inchantment, let it ſtand as it is, Heaven knows beſt; and a Stink is ſtill worſe for the ſtirring. The Barber thought Silence the beſt way to quiet *Sancho*'s Impertinence; and the Curate, doubting that he might ſpoil all, intreated the Canon to put on a little before, and he wou'd unfold the Myſtery of the encag'd Knight, which perhaps he would find one of the pleaſanteſt Stories he had ever heard: The Canon rid forward with him, and his Men follow'd, while the Curate made them a Relation of Don *Quixote*'s Life and Quality, and Madneſs and Adventures, with the original Cauſe of his Diſtraction, and the whole Progreſs of his Adventures, till his being ſhut up in the Cage, to get him home, in order to have him cur'd. They all admir'd at this ſtrange Account; and then the Canon turning to the Curate.

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Believe me, Mr. Curate, ſaid he, I am fully convinc'd, that theſe they call Books of Knight-Errantry, are very prejudicial to the Publick. And tho' I have been led away by an idle and falſe Pleaſure, to read the Beginnings of almoſt as many of 'em as have been Printed, I could never yet perſwade myſelf to go through with any one to the End; for to me they all ſeem to contain one and the ſame thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the reſt. The whole Compoſition and Stile reſemble that of the *Mileſian* Fables, which are a ſort of idle Stories, deſign'd only for Diverſion, and not for Inſtruction. It is not ſo with thoſe Fables which are call'd Apologues, that at once delight and inſtruct. But tho' the main Deſign of ſuch Books is to pleaſe; yet I cannot conceive how it is poſſible they ſhould perform it, being fill'd with ſuch a Multitude of unaccountable Extravagancies. For the Pleaſure which ſtrikes the Soul, muſt be deriv'd from the Beauty and Congruity it ſees or conceives in thoſe things the Sight or Imagination lays before it; and nothing in itſelf deformed or incongruous can give us any real Satisfaction. Now what Beauty can there be, or what Proportion of the Parts to the whole, or of the whole to the ſeveral Parts, in a Book, or Fable, where a Stripling at Sixteen Years of Age at one cut of a Sword cleaves a Giant, as tall as a Steeple, through the Middle, as eaſily as if he were made of Paſt-board? Or when they give us the Relation of a Battel, having ſaid the Enemy's Power conſiſted of a Million of Combatants; yet provided the Hero of the Book be againſt them, we muſt of neceſſity, tho' never ſo much againſt our Inclination, conceive that the ſaid Knight obtain'd the Victory only by his own Valour, and the Strength of his Powerful Arm? And what

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ſhall we ſay of the great Eaſe and Facility with which an abſolute Queen or Empreſs caſts herſelf into the Arms of an Errant and unknown Knight? What Mortal, not altogether barbarous and unpoliſh'd, can be pleas'd to read, that a great Tower, full of armed Knights, cuts through the Sea like a Ship before the Wind; and ſetting out in the Evening from the Coaſt of *Italy*, lands by break of Day in *Preſtor John*'s Country, or in ſome other never known to *Potolmy* or diſcover'd by *Columbus*? If it ſhou'd be anſwer'd, That thoſe Perſons who compoſe theſe Books, write them as confeſs'd Lies; and therefore are not oblig'd to obſerve Niceties, or have regard to Truth; I ſhall make this Reply, That Falſhood is ſo much the more commendable, by how much it more reſembles Truth, and is the more pleaſing, the more it is doubtful and poſſible. Fabulous Tales ought to be ſuited to the Reader's Underſtanding, being ſo contriv'd, that all Impoſſibilities ceaſing, all great Accidents appearing eaſy, and the Mind wholly hanging in Suſpence, they may at once ſurprize, aſtoniſh, pleaſe and divert; ſo that Pleaſure and Admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot be perform'd by him that flies from Probability and Imitation, which is the Perfection of what is written. I have not yet ſeen any Book of Knight-Errantry, that compoſes an entire Body of a Fable with all its Parts, ſo that the Middle is anſwerable to the Beginning, and the End to the Beginning and Middle; but on the contrary, they form them of ſo many Limbs, that they rather ſeem to deſign a Chimera or Monſter, than a well proportion'd Figure. Beſides all this, their Stile is uncouth, their Exploits incredible, their Love immodeſt, their Civility impertinent, their Battels tedious, their Language abſurd, their Voyages prepoſterous; and

and in ſhort, they are altogether void of ſolid Ingenuity, and therefore fit to be baniſh'd a Chriſtian Commonwealth, as uſeleſs and prejudicial. The Curate was very attentive, and believ'd him a Man of a ſound Judgment, and much in the right in all he had urg'd; and therefore told him, That he being of the ſame Opinion, and an Enemy to Books of Knight-Errantry, had burnt all that belong'd to Don *Quixote*, which were a conſiderable number. Then he recounted to him the Scrutiny he had made among them, what he had condemn'd to the Flames, and what ſpar'd; at which the Canon laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, That notwithſtanding all the Harm he had ſpoken of thoſe Books, yet he found one good thing in them, which was the Subject they furniſh'd a Man of Underſtanding with to exerciſe his Parts, becauſe they allow a large Scope for the Pen to dilate without any Check, deſcribing Shipwrecks, Storms, Skirmiſhes and Battels; repreſenting to us a brave Commander, with all the Qualifications requiſite in ſuch a one, ſhewing his Prudence in diſappointing the Deſigns of the Enemy, his Eloquence in perſuading or diſſuading his Soldiers, his Judgment in Council, his Celerity in Execution, and his Valour in aſſailing or repulſing an Aſſault; laying before us ſometimes a diſmal and melancholy Accident, ſometimes a delightful and unexpected Adventure; in one Place, a beautiful, modeſt, diſcreet and reſerv'd Lady; in another, a Chriſtian-like, brave and courteous Gentleman; here a boiſterous, inhumane, boaſting Ruffian; there an affable, warlike and wiſe Prince; lively expreſſing the Fidelity and Loyalty of Subjects, Generoſity and Bounty of Sovereigns. He may no leſs, ſometimes make known his Skill in Aſtrology, Coſmography, Muſick and Policy; and if he pleaſes,

he cannot want an Opportunity of appearing knowing even in Necromancy. He may deſcribe the Subtilty of *Ulyſſes*, the Piety of *Æneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Misfortunes of *Hector*, the Treachery of *Sinon*, the Friendſhip of *Euryalus*, the Liberality of *Alexander*, the Valour of *Cæſar*, the Clemency and Sincerity of *Trajan*, the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*, the Prudence of *Cato*; and in fine, all thoſe Actions that may make up a compleat Hero, ſometimes attributing them all to one Perſon, and at other times dividing them among many. This being ſo perform'd in a grateful Stile, and with ingenious Invention, approaching as much as poſſible to Truth, will doubtleſs compoſe ſo beautiful and various a Work, that, when finiſh'd, its Excellency and Perfection muſt attain the beſt end of Writing, which is at once to delight and inſtruct, as I have ſaid before: For the looſe Method practis'd in theſe Books, gives the Author liberty to play the Epick, the Lyrick, and the Dramatick Poet, and to run through all the other Parts of Poetry and Rhetorick; for Epicks may be as well writ in Proſe as in Verſe.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing a Continuation of the Canon's Diſcourſe upon Books of Knight-Errantry, and other curious Matters.

YOU are much in the right, Sir, reply'd the Curate; and therefore thoſe who have hitherto publiſh'd Books of that Kind are the more to be blam'd, for having had no regard to good Senſe, Art or Rules; by the Obſervation of which they might have made themſelves

as famous in Proſe, as the two Princes of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poetry are in Verſe. I muſt confeſs, ſaid the Canon, I was once tempted to write a Book of Knight-Errantry myſelf, obſerving all thoſe Rules; and to ſpeak the Truth, I writ above an hundred Pages, which, for a better Tryal, whether they anſwered my Expectation, I communicated to ſome learned and judicious Men fond of thoſe Subjects, as well as to ſome of thoſe ignorant Perſons, who only are delighted with Extravagancies; and they all gave me a ſatisfactory Approbation. And yet I made no farther Progreſs, as well in regard I look upon it to be a thing no way agreeable with my Profeſſion, as becauſe I am ſenſible the Illiterate are much more numerous than the Learned; and tho' it is better to be commended by the ſmall Number of the Wiſe, than ſcorn'd by the ignorant Multitude; yet I will not expoſe myſelf to the Cenſure of the giddy Vulgar, whoſe principal Buſineſs it is to read ſuch Books. But the greateſt Motive I had to lay aſide, and think no more of finiſhing it, was an Argument I form'd to myſelf, deduc'd from the Plays now uſually acted: For, thought I, if Plays now in uſe, as well thoſe which are altogether of the Poet's Invention, as thoſe that are grounded upon Hiſtory, be all of them, or, at leaſt, the greateſt part, made up of moſt abſurd Extravagancies and Incoherences; and yet the Multitude ſees them with Satisfaction, eſteems and approves them, tho' they are ſo far from being good; if the Poets who write, and the Players who act them, ſay they muſt be ſo contriv'd and no otherwiſe, becauſe they pleaſe the Generality of the Audience; and if thoſe which are regular and according to Art, ſerve only to pleaſe half a ſcore judicious Perſons who underſtand them, whilſt the reſt of the Company

cannot reach the Contrivance; and therefore the Poets and Actors say, they had rather get their Bread by the greater Number, than the Applause of the less: Then may I conclude the same will be the Success of this Book; so that when I have rack'd my Brain to observe the Rules, I shall reap no other Advantage, than to be laugh'd at for my Pains. I have sometimes endeavour'd to convince the Actors that they are deceiv'd in their Opinion, and that they will draw more Company and get better Credit by regular Plays, than by those preposterous Representations now in use; but they are so positive in their Humour, that no Strength of Reason, nor even Demonstration, can divert them from their Conceit. I remember I once was talking to one of those obstinate Fellows; Do you not remember, said I, that within these few Years three Tragedies were acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet of ours, which were so excellent that they surpriz'd, delighted, and rais'd the Admiration of all that saw them, as well the Ignorant as the Judicious; and the Actors got more by those three, than by thirty of the best that have been writ since? Doubtless, Sir, said the Actor, you mean the Tragedies of *Isabella*, *Phillis* and *Alexandra*? The very same, I reply'd, and do you judge whether they observ'd the Rules of the Drama; and whether by doing so they lost any thing of their Esteem, or fail'd of pleasing all sorts of People? So that the Fault lies not in the Audience's desiring Absurdities, but in those who know not how to give 'em any thing else. Nor was there any thing preposterous in several other Plays, as for Example, *Ingratitude reveng'd*, Numancia, *the amorous Merchant*, *and the favourable Enemy*; nor in some others, compos'd by judicious Poets to their Honour and Credit, and to the

the Advantage of thoſe that acted them. Much more I added, which, in my Opinion, ſomewhat confounded, but no way ſatisfy'd or convinc'd him, ſo as to change his Opinion. You have touch'd upon a Subject, Sir, ſaid the Curate, which has ſtir'd up in me an old Averſion I have for the Plays now in uſe, which is not inferior to that I bear to Books of Knight-Errantry. For whereas Plays, according to the Opinion of *Cicero*, ought to be Mirrors of Humane Life, Patterns of good Manners, and the very Repreſentatives of Truth; thoſe now acted are Mirrors of Abſurdities, Patterns of Follies, and Images of Lewdneſs. For inſtance, what can be more abſurd, than for the ſame Perſon to be brought on the Stage a Child in Swadling-bands, in the firſt Scene of the firſt Act, and to appear in the ſecond grown a Man? What can be more ridiculous than to repreſent to us a fighting old Fellow, a cowardly Youth, a rhetorical Footman, a politick Page, a churliſh King, and an unpoliſh'd Princeſs? What ſhall I ſay of their Regard to the Time in which thoſe Actions they repreſent, either might or ought to have happen'd, having ſeen a Play, in which the Firſt Act began in *Europe*, the Second in *Aſia*, and the Third ended in *Africk*? Probably, if there had been another Act, they would have carry'd it into *America*; and thus it would have been acted in the four Parts of the World. But if Imitation be a principal Part of the Drama, how can any tolerable Judgment be pleas'd, when repreſenting an Action that happen'd in the time of King *Pepin* or *Charlemaign*, they ſhall attribute it to the Emperor *Heraclius*, and bring him in carrying the Croſs into *Jeruſalem*, and recovering the Holy Sepulchre,

'Tis to be obſerved, that the Spaniſh *Plays have only three Jornadas or Acts.*

pulchre, like *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, there being a vaſt diſtance of time betwixt theſe Actions? Thus they will clap together pieces of Hiſtory in a Play of their own framing, mixing in it Relations of things that have happen'd to different People and in ſeveral Ages. This they do without any Contrivance that might make it the more probable, and with ſuch viſible Miſtakes as are altogether inexcuſable; but the worſt of it is, that there are Idiots who look upon this as Perfection, and think every thing elſe to be mere Pedantry. But if we look into the pious Plays, what a multitude of falſe Miracles ſhall we find in them, how many Errors and Contradictions, how often the Miracles wrought by one Saint attributed to another? Nay, even in the prophane Plays, they preſume to work Miracles upon the bare Imagination, and Conceit that ſuch a ſupernatural Work, or a Machine, as they call it, will be Ornamental, and draw the common Sort to ſee the Play.

Theſe things are a Reflection upon Truth itſelf, a leſs'ning of Hiſtory, and a Reproach to all *Spaniſh* Wits; becauſe Strangers, who are very exact in obſerving the Rules of the Drama, look upon us as an ignorant and barbarous People, when they ſee the Abſurdities and Extravagancies of our Plays. Nor would it be any Excuſe to alledge, that the principal Deſign of all good Governments, in permitting Plays to be publickly acted, is to amuſe the Commonalty with ſome lawful Recreation, and ſo to divert thoſe ill Humours which Idleneſs is apt to breed: And that ſince this End is attain'd by any ſort of Plays, whether good or bad, it is needleſs to preſcribe Laws to them, or oblige the Poets or Actors to compoſe and repreſent ſuch as are approv'd by them. I ſay, that this End propos'd wou'd be infinitely better anſwer'd by

by good Plays, than by bad ones. He who ſees a Play that is regular and anſwerable to the Rules of Poetry, is pleas'd with the Comedy, inform'd by the ſerious Part, ſurpriz'd at the variety of Accidents, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by Frauds, inſtructed by Examples, incens'd againſt Vice, and enamour'd with Virtue; for a good Play muſt cauſe all theſe Emotions in the Soul of him that ſees it, tho' he were never ſo inſenſible and unpoliſh'd. And it is abſolutely impoſſible, that a Play which has all theſe Qualifications, ſhould not infinitely divert, ſatisfy and pleaſe, beyond another that wants them, as moſt of them do which are now uſually acted. Neither are the Poets who write them in Fault, for ſome of them are very ſenſible of their Errors, and capable of performing their Duty; but Plays being now altogether become Venial, they ſay, and with Reaſon, that the Actors would not purchaſe them, unleſs they were of that Stamp; and therefore the Poet endeavours to ſuit the Humour of the Actor, who is to pay him for his Labour. For proof of this let any Man obſerve that infinite number of Plays compos'd by an exuberant *Spaniſh* Wit, ſo full of Gaity and Humour, in ſuch lofty Verſe and Language, ſo ſententious; and to conclude, in ſuch a majeſtick Stile, that his Fame is ſpread through the Univerſe: Yet becauſe he ſuited himſelf to the Fancy of the Actors, many of them have fallen ſhort of their due Perfection, tho' ſome have reach'd it. Others write Plays ſo inconſiderately, that after they have appear'd on the Stage, the Actors have been forc'd to fly and abſcond, for fear of being puniſh'd, as it has often happen'd, for having affronted Kings, and diſhonour'd whole

Lopez de Vega, *who writ an incredible number of Plays.*

Families. Theſe, and many other ill Conſequences I omit, would ceaſe, by appointing an intelligent and judicious Perſon at Court to examine all Plays before they were acted, that is, not only thoſe which are repreſented at Court, but throughout all *Spain*; ſo that, without his Licence, no Magiſtrate ſhould ſuffer any Play to appear in Publick. Thus Players would be careful to ſend their Plays to Court, and might then act them with Safety, and thoſe who writ would be more circumſpect, as ſtanding in awe of an Examiner that could judge of their Works. By theſe means we ſhould be furniſh'd with good Plays, and the End they are deſign'd for would be attain'd, the People diverted, the *Spaniſh* Wits eſteem'd, the Actors ſecur'd, and the Government ſav'd the trouble of puniſhing them. And if the ſame Perſon, or another, were intruſted to examine all new Books of Knight-Errantry, there is no doubt but ſome might be publiſh'd with all that Perfection you, Sir, have mention'd, to the Increaſe of Eloquence in our Language, to the utter Extirpation of the old Books, which would be born down by the new; and for the innocent Paſtime, not only of idle Perſons, but of thoſe who have moſt Employment; for the Bow cannot always ſtand bent, nor can humane Frailty ſubſiſt without ſome lawful Recreation.

The Canon and Curate were come to this Period, when the Barber, overtaking them, told the latter, that this was the Place he had pitch'd on for baiting, during the heat of the Day. The Canon, induc'd by the Pleaſantneſs of the Valley, and the Satisfaction he found in the Curate's Converſation, as well as to be farther inform'd of Don *Quixote*'s Adventures, bore them company, giving order to ſome of his Men to ride to the next Inn; and

and if his Sumpter-mule were arriv'd, to ſend him down all Proviſions to that Valley, where the Coolneſs of the Shade, and the Beauty of the Proſpect gave him a fair Invitation to dine; and that they ſhou'd make much of themſelves and their Mules with what the Inn cou'd afford.

In the mean time *Sancho* having diſengag'd himſelf from the Curate and Barber, and finding an Opportunity to ſpeak to his Maſter alone, he bruſh'd up to the Cage where the Knight ſate. That I may clear my Conſcience, Sir, ſaid he, 'tis fitting that I tell you the plain Truth of your Inchantment here: Who, wou'd you think now, are thoſe two Fellows that ride with their Faces cover'd? Even the Parſon of our Pariſh, and the Barber; none elſe I'll aſſure you, Sir. And they are in a Plot againſt you, out of meer Spight, becauſe your Deeds will be greater than theirs: This being preſuppos'd, it follows, that you are not inchanted, but only cozen'd and abus'd; and if you'll but anſwer me one Queſtion fairly and ſquarely, you ſhall find this out to be a palpable Cheat, and that there is no Inchantment in the Caſe, but meerly your Senſes turn'd topſy turvy.

Ask me what Queſtions you pleaſe, dear *Sancho*, ſaid the Knight, and I will as willingly reſolve them. But for thy Aſſertion, that thoſe who guard us are my old Companions the Curate and Barber, 'tis Illuſion all. The power of Magick indeed, as it has an Art to cloath any thing in any Shape, may have dreſs'd theſe Dæmons in their Appearances to infatuate thy Senſe, and draw thee into ſuch a Labyrinth of Confuſion, that even *Theſeus*'s Clue cou'd not extricate thee out of it; and this with a deſign, perhaps, to plunge me deeper into Doubts, and make me endanger my Underſtanding, in ſearching into the ſtrange Contrivance

of my Inchantment, which, in every Circumſtance, is ſo different from all I ever read. Therefore reſt ſatisfy'd that theſe are no more what thou imagin'ſt, than I am a *Turk*. But now to thy Queſtions, propoſe them, and I will endeavour to anſwer.

Bleſs me, ſaid *Sancho*, this is Madneſs upon Madneſs; but ſince 'tis ſo, anſwer me one Queſtion. Tell me, as you hope to be deliver'd out of this Cage here, and as you hope to find yourſelf in my Lady *Dulcinea*'s Arms when you leaſt think on't; as you————Conjure me no more, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, but aſk freely, for I have promis'd to anſwer punctually. That's what I want, ſaid *Sancho*, and you muſt tell me the Truth, and the whole Truth, neither more nor leſs, upon the Honour of your Knighthood. Prithee no more of your Preliminaries or Preambles, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I tell thee I will anſwer to a tittle. Then, ſaid *Sancho*, I aſk, with Reverence be it ſpoken, whether your Worſhip, ſince your being cag'd up, or inchanted, if you will have it ſo, has not had a Motion, more or leſs, as a Man may ſay? I underſtand not that Phraſe, anſwer'd the Knight. Heighday! quoth *Sancho*, don't you know what I mean? Why there's ne'er a Child in our Country, that underſtands the Chriſt-croſs-Row, but can tell you. I mean, have you a mind to do what another can't do for you? O now I underſtand thee, *Sancho*, ſaid the Knight; and to anſwer directly to thy Queſtion, poſitively yes, very often; and therefore prithee help me out of this Streight; for, to be free with you, I am not altogether ſo ſweet and clean as I cou'd wiſh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

A Relation of the wiſe Conference between Sancho *and his Maſter.*

AH! Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, have I caught you at laſt? This is what I wanted to know from my Heart and Soul. Come, Sir, you can't deny, that when any Body is out of ſorts, ſo as not to eat, or drink, or ſleep, or do any natural Occaſions that you gueſs, then we ſay commonly they're bewitch'd or ſo: From whence may be gather'd, that thoſe who can eat their Meat, drink their Drink, ſpeak when they're ſpoken to, and go to the Back-ſide when they have Occaſion for't, are not bewitch'd or inchanted. Your Concluſion is good, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, as to one ſort of Inchantment; but as I ſaid to thee, there's variety of Inchantments, and the Changes in them thro' the Alteration of Times and Cuſtoms branch them into ſo many Parts, that 'tis impoſſible to fix them under the Force of any ſingle Concluſion. In my own Conſcience I am verily perſuaded of my Inchantment, and this ſuppreſſes any Uneaſineſs in my Conſcience, which might ariſe upon any Suggeſtion to the contrary. To think myſelf thus idly and diſhonourably born about in a Cage, and withheld like a lazy idle Coward from the great Offices of my Function, when at this Hour perhaps Hundreds of Wretches may want my Aſſiſtance, wou'd be unſupportable. Then your Worſhip's only way is to endeavour to get your Heels at Liberty, ſaid *Sancho*. Come, Sir, let me alone, I'll get you out I warrant you; and then get you on your truſty *Rozinante*'s Back, and a Fig for

them all. The poor thing here jogs on as drooping and heartleſs, as if he were inchanted too. Take my Advice for once now, and if things don't go as your Heart cou'd wiſh, we have time enough to creep into our Cage again, and on the Word of a loyal Squire I'll go in with you, and be content to be inchanted as long as you pleaſe.

I commit the Care of my Freedom to thy Management, ſaid Don *Quixote:* Lay hold on the Opportunity, Friend *Sancho*, and thou ſhalt find me ready to be govern'd in all Particulars; tho' I am ſtill afraid thou wilt find thy Cunning ſtrangely over-reach'd in thy pretended Diſcovery. The Knight and Squire had laid their Plot, when they reach'd the Place that the Canon, Curate, and Barber had pitch'd upon to alight in. The Cage was taken down, and the Oxen unyoak'd to graze; when *Sancho* addreſſing the Curate, Pray, ſaid he, will you do ſo much, as let my Lord and Maſter come out a little to ſlack a Point, or elſe the Priſon will not be ſo clean as the Preſence of ſo worthy a Knight as my Maſter requires. The Curate underſtanding him, anſwer'd that he would comply, but that he fear'd Don *Quixote*, finding himſelf once at Liberty, wou'd give them the ſlip. I'll be Bail for him, ſaid *Sancho*, Body for Body, Sir; and I, ſaid the Canon, upon his bare Parole of Honour. That you ſhall have, ſaid the Knight; beſides, you need no Security beyond the Power of Art, for inchanted Bodies have no Free-will to diſpoſe of themſelves, nor to move from one Place to another, without Permiſſion of the Necromancer, in whoſe Charge they are. The Magical Charms might rivet 'em for three whole Centuries to one Place, and fetch 'em back ſwift as the Wind, ſhould the Inchanted have fled to ſome other Region. Laſtly, as a moſt convincing Argument for

for his Releaſe, he urg'd, that unleſs they would free him, or get farther off, he would be neceſſitated to offend their Senſe of Smelling. They gueſs'd his meaning preſently, and gave him his Liberty; and the firſt uſe he made of it, was to ſtretch his benumb'd Limbs three or four times; then marching up to *Rozinante*, he ſlap'd him twice or thrice on the Buttocks: I truſt in Heaven, thou Flower and Glory of Horſe-fleſh, ſaid he, that we ſhall ſoon be reſtor'd to our former Circumſtances; I, mounted on thy Back, and thou between my Legs, while I exerciſe the Function for which Heaven has beſtow'd me on the World. Then walking a little aſide with *Sancho*, he return'd, after a convenient Stay, much lighter in Body and Mind, and very full of his Squire's Project.

The Canon gaz'd on him, admiring his unparallell'd ſort of Madneſs, the rather, becauſe in all his Words and Anſwers he diſplay'd an excellent Judgment; and, as we have already obſerv'd, he only rav'd when the Diſcourſe fell upon Knight-Errantry: Which moving the Canon to Compaſſion, when they had all ſeated themſelves on the Graſs, expecting the coming up of his Sumpter-Mule; Is it poſſible, Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Don *Quixote*, that the unhappy reading of Books of Knight-Errantry ſhould have ſuch an Influence over you as to deſtroy your Reaſon, making you believe you are now inchanted, and many other ſuch Extravagancies, as remote from Truth, as Truth itſelf is from Falſhood? How is it poſſible that humane Senſe ſhou'd conceive there ever were in the World ſuch multitudes of famous Knights-Errant, ſo many Emperors of *Trebizond*, ſo many *Amadis's*, *Felixmartes* of *Hircania*, Palfreys, rambling Damſels, Serpents, Monſters, Giants,

Giants, unheard of Adventures, ſo many ſorts of Inchantments, ſo many Battels, terrible Encounters, pompous Habits and Tournaments, amorous Princeſſes, Earls, Squires, and jeſting Dwarfs, ſo many Love-Letters and Gallantries, ſo many Amazonian Ladies, and, in ſhort, ſuch an incredible Number of extravagant Paſſages, as are contain'd in Books of Knight-Errantry? As for my own Particular, I confeſs, that while I read 'em, and do not reflect that they are nothing but Falſhood and Folly, they give me ſome Satisfaction; but I no ſooner remember what they are, but I caſt the beſt of them from me, and wou'd deliver them up to the Flames if I had a Fire near me; as well deſerving that Fate, like falſe Impoſtors that act contrary to the common Courſe of Nature; and Inventors of new Sects, and a new manner of Living, that ſeduce the ignorant Vulgar to give Credit to all their Abſurdities: Nay, they preſume to diſturb the Brains of ingenious and well-bred Gentlemen, as appears by the Effect they have wrought on your Judgment, having reduc'd you to ſuch a Condition, that it is neceſſary to ſhut you up in a Cage, and carry you on a Cart drawn by Oxen, like ſome Lion or Tyger that is carry'd about from Town to Town to be ſhown. Have Pity on yourſelf, good Don *Quixote*, retrieve your loſt Judgment, and make uſe of thoſe Abilities Heav'n has bleſs'd you with, applying your excellent Talent to ſome other Study, which may be ſafer for your Conſcience, and more for your Honour: But if led away by your natural Inclination, you will read Books of Chivalry and great Exploits, read in the Holy Scripture the Book of *Judges*, where you will find wonderful Truths and glorious Actions not to be queſtion'd. *Luſitania* had a *Viriatus*, *Rome* a *Cæſar*, *Carthage* an *Hannibal*,

nibal, *Greece* an *Alexander*, *Caſtile* a Count *Fernan Gonzalez*, *Valencia* a *Cid*, *Andaluzia* a *Gonzalo Fernandes*, *Eſtremadura* a *Diego Garcia de Peredez*, *Xerez* a *Garcia Perez de Vergas*, *Toledo* a *Garcilaſſo*, and *Sevil* Don *Manuel de Leon*; the reading of whoſe brave Actions diverts, inſtructs, pleaſes, and ſurprizes the moſt judicious Readers. This will be a Study worthy your Talent, and by which you will become well read in Hiſtory, in love with Virtue, knowing in Goodneſs, improv'd in Manners, brave without Raſhneſs, and cautious without Cowardice; all which will redound to the Glory of God, your own Advancement, and the Honour of the Province of *La Mancha*, whence I underſtand you derive your Original. Don *Quixote* liſten'd with great Attention to the Canon's Diſcourſe, and perceiving he had done, after he had fix'd his Eyes on him for a conſiderable Space; Sir, ſaid he, all your Diſcourſe, I find, tends to ſignify to me, there never were any Knight-Errants, that all the Books of Knight-Errantry are falſe, fabulous, uſeleſs, and prejudicial to the publick; that I have done ill in reading, err'd in believing, and been much to blame in imitating them, by taking upon me the moſt painful Profeſſion of Chivalry. And you deny that ever there were any *Amadis*'s of *Gaul* or *Greece*, or any of thoſe Knights mention'd in thoſe Books. Even as you have ſaid, Sir, ſaid the Canon. You alſo were pleas'd to add, continu'd Don *Quixote*, that thoſe Books had been very hurtful to me, having depriv'd me of my Reaſon, and reduc'd me to be carry'd in a Cage; that therefore it wou'd be for my Advantage to take up in time, and apply myſelf to the reading of other Books, where I might find more Truth, more Pleaſure, and better Inſtruction. You are in the right, ſaid the Canon.

 Then

Then I am ſatisfy'd, reply'd Don *Quixote*, you yourſelf are the Man that raves and is inchanted, ſince you have thus boldly blaſphem'd againſt a Truth ſo univerſally receiv'd, that whoſoever preſumes to contradict it, as you have done, deſerves the Puniſhment you wou'd inflict on the Books, when in reading them they offend you. For it were as eaſy to perſuade the World that the Sun does not enlighten, the Froſt cool, and the Earth bear us, as that there never was an *Amadis*, or any of the other adventurous Knights, whoſe Actions are the Subject of ſo many Hiſtories. What Mortal can perſuade another, that there is no Truth in what is recorded of the Princeſs *Floripes*, and *Guy* of *Burgundy*, and of *Fierabras* at the Bridge of *Martible* in the Reign of *Charlemaign?* which Paſſages, I dare ſwear, are as true as that now it is Day. But if this be falſe, you may as well ſay there was no *Hector*, nor *Achilles*, nor a *Trojan* War, nor Twelve Peers of *France*, nor a King *Arthur* of *Britain*, who is now converted into a Crow, and hourly expected in his Kingdom. Some alſo may preſume to ſay, that the Hiſtory of *Guerino Meſchino*, and that of the Search after the *Sangrial* are both falſe; that the Amours of Sir *Triſtan* and Queen *Iſeo* are Apocryphal, as well as thoſe of Queen *Guiniver* and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*; and yet there are People living who can almoſt remember they have ſeen the old Lady *Quintanona*, who had the beſt Hand at filling a Glaſs of Wine of any Woman in all *Britain*. This I am ſo well aſſur'd of, that I can remember my Grandmother by my Father's Side, whenever ſhe ſaw an old Governante in her long Gown, us'd to tell me, Look yonder, Grandſon, there's an old Woman looks like Dame *Quintanona*; whence I infer, ſhe knew her, or at leaſt had ſeen her Picture. Now,

who can deny the Veracity of the Hiſtory of *Pierres* and the lovely *Magalona*, when to this Day the Pin, with which the brave *Pierres* turn'd his wooden Horſe that carry'd him through the Air, is to be ſeen in the King's Armory? which Pin is ſomewhat bigger than the Pole of a Coach, by the ſame Token it ſtands juſt by *Babieca*'s Saddle. At *Ronceſvalles* they keep *Orlando*'s Horn, that is as big as a great Beam; whence it follows, that there were Twelve Peers, that there were ſuch Men as *Pierres*, and the famous *Cid*, beſides many other adventurous Knights, whoſe Names are in the Mouths of all People. You may as well tell me, that the brave *Portugueſe*, *John de Merlo*, was no Knight-Errant; that he did not go into *Burgundy*, where, in the City of *Ras*, he fought the famous *Moſes Pierre*, Lord of *Chargny*, and in the City of *Baſil*, *Moſes Henry de Rameſtan*, coming off in both Places victorious, and loaded with Honour. You may deny the Adventures and Combats of the two heroick *Spaniards*, *Pedro Barba* and *Gutierre Quixada* (from whoſe Male Line I am lineally deſcended) who in *Burgundy* overcame the Sons of the Earl of St. *Paul*. You may tell that Don *Ferdinand de Guevara* never went into *Germany* to ſeek Adventures, where he fought Sir *George*, a Knight of the Duke of *Auſtria*'s Court. You may ſay the Tilting of *Suero de Quinnones del Paſſo*, and the Exploits of *Moſes Lewis de Falſes* againſt Don *Gonzalo de Guzman* a *Caſtilian* Knight, are meer Fables; and ſo of many other brave Actions perform'd by Chriſtian Knights, as well *Spaniards* as Foreigners, which are ſo authentick and true, that I ſay it over again, he who denies them has neither Senſe nor Reaſon. The Canon was aſtoniſh'd at the Medly Don *Quixote* made of Truths and Fables, and no leſs to ſee how well-read he

was

was in all things relating to the Atchievements of Knights-Errant; and therefore I cannot deny, Sir, anſwer'd he, but that there is ſome Truth in what you have ſaid, eſpecially in what relates to the *Spaniſh* Knights-Errant; and I will grant there were Twelve Peers of *France*, yet I will not believe they perform'd all thoſe Actions Archbiſhop *Turpin* aſcribes to them: I rather imagine they were brave Gentlemen made Choice of by the Kings of *France*, and call'd Peers, as being all equal in Valour and Quality; or if they were not, at leaſt they ought to have been ſo; and theſe compos'd a ſort of military Order, like thoſe of *Sant Jago* or *Calatrava* among us, into which all that are admitted, are ſuppos'd, or ought to be, Gentlemen of Birth and known Valour. And as now we ſay a Knight of St. *John*, or of *Alcantara*, ſo in thoſe Times they ſaid, A Knight who is one of the Twelve Peers, becauſe they were but Twelve of this military Order. Nor is it to be doubted but that there were ſuch Men as *Bernardo del Carpio* and the *Cid*, yet we have Reaſon to queſtion whether ever they perform'd thoſe great Exploits that are aſcrib'd to them. As to the Pin, Count *Pierres*'s Pin which you ſpoke of, and which you ſay ſtands by *Babieca*'s Saddle, I own my Ignorance, and confeſs I am ſo ſhort-ſighted, that tho' I ſaw the Saddle, yet I did not perceive the Pin, which is ſomewhat ſtrange, if it be ſo large as you deſcrib'd it. 'Tis there without doubt, reply'd Don *Quixote*, by the ſame Token they ſay it is kept in a Leathern Caſe to keep it from ruſting. That may very well be, ſaid the Canon, but upon the Word of a Prieſt I do not remember I ever ſaw it: Yet grant it were there, that does not enforce the Belief of ſo many *Amadis*'s, nor of ſuch a Multitude of Knights-Errant as the World talks of;

of; nor is there any Reaſon ſo worthy a Perſon, ſo judicious, and ſo well qualify'd as you are, ſhou'd imagine there is any Truth in the wild Extravagancies contain'd in all the fabulous nonſenſical Books of Knight-Errantry.

CHAP. XXIII.

The notable Diſpute between the Canon and Don Quixote; *with other Matters.*

VERY well, cry'd Don *Quixote*, then all thoſe Books muſt be Fabulous, tho' licens'd by Kings, approv'd by the Examiners, read with general Satisfaction, and applauded by the better Sort and the Meaner, Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned, Gentry and Commonalty; and, in ſhort, by all ſorts of Perſons of what State and Condition ſoever; and tho' they carry ſuch an appearance of Truth, ſetting down the Father, Mother, Country, Kindred, Age, Place and Actions to a tittle, and Day by Day, of the Knight and Knights of whom they treat? For ſhame, Sir, continu'd he, forbear uttering ſuch Blaſphemies; and believe me, I adviſe you to behave yourſelf as becomes a Man of Senſe, or elſe read them and ſee what Satisfaction you will receive. As for Inſtance, pray tell me, can there be any thing more delightful, than to read a lively Deſcription, which, as it were, brings before your Eyes the following Adventure? A vaſt Lake of boiling Pitch, in which an infinite multitude of Serpents, Snakes, Crocodiles, and other ſorts of fierce and terrible Creatures, are ſwimming and traverſing backwards and forwards, appears to a Knight-Errant's Sight. Then from the midſt of the

the Lake a moſt doleful Voice is heard to ſay theſe Words: O Knight, whoever thou art, who gazeſt on the dreadful Lake, if thou wilt purchaſe the Bliſs conceal'd under theſe diſmal Waters, make known thy Valour, by caſting thyſelf into the midſt of theſe black burning Surges; for unleſs thou doſt ſo, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty Wonders enclos'd in the Seven Caſtles of the Seven Fairies, that are ſeated under theſe gloomy Waves. And no ſooner have the laſt Accents of the Voice reach'd the Knight's Ears, but he, without making any further Reflection, or conſidering the Danger to which he expoſes himſelf, and even without laying aſide his ponderous Armour; only recommending himſelf to Heaven and to his Lady, plunges himſelf into the middle of the burning Lake; and when leaſt he imagines it, or can gueſs where he ſhall ſtop, he finds himſelf on a ſudden in the midſt of verdant Fields, to which the *Eliſian* bear no Compariſon. There the Sky appears to him more tranſparent, and the Sun ſeems to ſhine with a redoubl'd Brightneſs. Next he diſcovers a moſt delightful Grove made up of beautiful ſhady Trees, whoſe Verdure and Variety regale his Sight, while his Ears are raviſh'd with the wild and yet melodious Notes of an infinite number of pretty painted Birds, that hop and bill and ſport themſelves on the twining Boughs. Here he ſpies a pleaſant Rivulet, which, through its flowry Banks, glides along over the brighteſt Sand, and remurmurs over the whiteſt Pebbles that bedimple its ſmooth Surface, while that, through its liquid Chryſtal, feaſts the Eye with a Proſpect of Gold and Orient Pearl. There he perceives an artificial Fountain, form'd of party-colour'd Jaſper and poliſh'd Marble; and hard by another, contriv'd in Groteſque, where the ſmall

ſmall Cockle-ſhells, plac'd in orderly Confuſion among the white and yellow Shells, and mix'd with pieces of bright Chryſtal and counterfeit Emeralds, yield an agreeable Sight; ſo that Art imitating Nature, ſeems here to out-do her. At a diſtance, on a ſudden, he caſts his Eyes upon a ſtrong Caſtle, or ſtately Palace, whoſe Walls are of maſſy Gold, the Battlements of Diamonds, and the Gates of Hyacinths; in ſhort, its Structure is ſo wonderful, that tho' all the Materials are no other than Diamonds, Carbuncles, Rubies, Pearls, Gold, and Emeralds, yet the Workmanſhip exceeds them in Value. But having ſeen all this, can any thing be ſo charming as to behold a numerous Train of beautiful Damſels come out of the Caſtle in ſuch glorious and coſtly Apparel, as would be endleſs for me to deſcribe, were I to relate theſe things as they are to be found in Hiſtory? Then to ſee the Beauty that ſeems the chief of all the Damſels, take the bold Knight, who caſt himſelf into the burning Lake, by the Hand, and without ſpeaking one Word, lead him into the ſumptuous Palace, where he is cauſed to ſtrip as naked as he was born; then put into a delicious Bath, and perfum'd with precious Eſſences and odoriferous Oils; after which he puts on a fine Shirt, deliciouſly ſcented; and this done, another Damſel throws over his Shoulders a magnificent Robe, worth at leaſt a whole City, if not more. What a Sight is it, when in the next Place they lead him into another Room of State, where he finds the Tables ſo orderly cover'd, that he is ſurpriz'd and aſtoniſh'd? There they pour over his Hands, Water diſtill'd from Amber and odoriferous Flowers: He is ſeated in an Ivory Chair; and while all the Damſels that attend him obſerve a profound Silence, ſuch variety of Dainties is ſerv'd up,

up, and all ſo incomparably dreſs'd, that Appetite is at a ſtand, doubting on which to ſatisfy its Deſire; at the ſame time his Ears are ſweetly entertain'd with variety of excellent Muſick, none perceiving who makes it, or from whence it comes. But above all, what ſhall we ſay to ſee, after the Dinner is ended, and Tables taken away, the Knight left leaning back in his Chair, perhaps picking his Teeth, as is uſual; and then another Damſel, much more beautiful than any of the former, comes unexpectedly into the Room, and ſitting down by the Knight, begins to inform him what Caſtle that is, and how ſhe is inchanted in it; with many other Particulars, which ſurprize the Knight, and aſtoniſh thoſe that read his Hiſtory. I will enlarge no more upon this Matter, ſince from what has been ſaid, it may ſufficiently be infer'd, that the reading of any Paſſage in any Hiſtory of Knight-Errantry, muſt be very delightful and ſurprizing to the Reader. And do you, good Sir, believe me, and as I ſaid to you before, read theſe Books, which you may find will baniſh all Melancholy, if you are troubl'd with it, and ſweeten your Diſpoſition if it be harſh. This I can ſay for myſelf, that ſince my being a Knight-Errant, I am brave, courteous, bountiful, well-bred, generous, civil, bold, affable, patient, a Sufferer of Hardſhips, Impriſonment and Inchantments: And tho' I have ſo lately been ſhut up in a Cage, like a Mad-man, I expect, through the Valour of my Arm, Heaven favouring, and Fortune not oppoſing my Deſigns, to be a King within the compaſs of very few Days, that ſo I may give Proofs of my innate Gratitude and Liberality. For, on my Word, Sir, a poor Man is incapable of exerting his Liberality, tho' he be naturally never ſo well inclin'd. Now that Gratitude which only

only conſiſts in Wiſhes, may be ſaid to be dead, as Faith without good Works is dead. Therefore it is, I wiſh Fortune would ſoon offer ſome Opportunity for me to become an Emperor, that I might give Proofs of my Generoſity, by advancing my Friends, but eſpecially this poor *Sancho Pança* my Squire, who is the harmleſſeſt Fellow in the World; and I would willingly give him an Earldom, which I have long ſince promis'd him, but that I fear he has not Judgment enough to govern his Eſtate.

Sancho hearing his Maſter's laſt Words; Well, well, Sir, ſaid he, never do you trouble your Head about that Matter; all you have to do is to get me this ſame Earldom, and let me alone to govern it: I can do as my Betters have done before me, I can put in a Deputy, or a Servant, that ſhall take all the Trouble off my Hands, while I, as a great Man, ſhould loll at my Eaſe, receive my Rents, mind no Buſineſs, live merrily, and ſo let the World rub for *Sancho*. As to the Management of your Revenue, ſaid the Canon, a Deputy or Steward may do well, Friend; but the Lord himſelf is oblig'd to ſtir in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, to which there is not only a Sufficiency to govern requir'd, but a judicious Head alſo to diſtinguiſh nicely, conclude juſtly, and chuſe wiſely; for if this be wanting in the Principle, all will be wrong in the Medium and End. I don't underſtand your Philoſophy, quoth *Sancho*; all I ſaid, and I'll ſay it again, is, That I wiſh I had as good an Earldom as I cou'd govern; for I have as great a Soul as another Man, and as great a Body as moſt Men: And the firſt thing I wou'd do in my Government, I wou'd have no Body to controul me, I wou'd be abſolute; and who but I: Now, he that's abſolute, can do what he likes; he that can

can do what he likes, can take his Pleaſure; he that can take his Pleaſure, can be content; and he that can be content, has no more to deſire; ſo the Matter's over, and come what will come I'm ſatiſfied: If an Iſland, welcome; if no Iſland, fare it well; we ſhall ſee ourſelves in no worſe a Condition, as one blind Man ſaid to another. This is no ill reaſoning of yours, Friend, ſaid the Canon, tho' there is much more to be ſaid upon this Topick of Earldoms, than you imagine. Undoubtedly, ſaid Don *Quixote*, but I ſuit my Actions to the Example of *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire *Gandalin* Earl of the Firm-Iſland; which is a fair Precedent for preferring *Sancho* to the ſame Dignity, to which his Merit alſo lays an unqueſtionable Claim. The Canon ſtood amaz'd at Don *Quixote*'s methodical and orderly Madneſs, in deſcribing the Adventure of the Knight of the Lake, and the Impreſſion made on him by the fabulous Conceits of the Books he had read; as likewiſe at *Sancho*'s Simplicity in ſo eagerly contending for his Earldom, which made the whole Company very good Sport.

By this Time the Canon's Servants had brought the Proviſion, and ſpreading a Carpet on the Graſs, under the ſhady Trees, they ſat down to Dinner; when preſently they heard the Tinkling of a little Bell among the Copſes cloſe by them, and immediately afterwards they ſaw bolt out of the Thicket a very pretty She Goat, ſpeckled all over with black, white and brown Spots, and a Goatherd running after it; who, in his familiar Dialect, call'd to it to ſtay and return to the Fold; but the Fugitive ran towards the Company frighted and panting, and ſtopt cloſe by them, as if it had beg'd their Protection. The Goatherd overtaking it, caught it by the Horns, and in a chiding way, as if the Goat underſtood his Reſentments, you little

little wanton Nanny, ſaid he, you ſpotted Elf, what has made you trip ſo much of late? What Wolf has ſcar'd you thus, Huzzy? Tell me, little Fool, what is the matter? But the Cauſe is plain; thou art a Female, and therefore never can'ſt be quiet: Curſe on your freakiſh Humours, and all theirs whom you ſo much reſemble; turn back, my Love, turn back, and tho' thou can'ſt not be content with thy Fold, yet there you may be ſafe among the reſt of your Fellows; for if you, that ſhould guide and direct the Flock, love wandring thus, what muſt they do, what will become of them? The Goatherd's Talk to his Goat was entertaining enough to the Company, eſpecially to the Canon, who calling to him, Prithee, honeſt Fellow, ſaid he, have a little Patience, and let your Goat take its Liberty a while; for ſince it is a Female, as you ſay, ſhe will follow her natural Inclination the more you would confine it: Come then, and take a Bit, and a Glaſs of Wine with us, you may be better humour'd after that. He then reach'd him the Leg of a cold Rabbet, and ordering him a Glaſs of Wine; the Goatherd drank it off, and returning the Thanks, was pacify'd. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I wou'd not have you think me a Fool, becauſe I talk ſo ſeriouſly to this ſenſeleſs Animal, for my Words bear a myſterious Meaning; I am indeed, as you ſee, Ruſtick and Unpoliſh'd; tho' not ſo ignorant, but that I can converſe with Men, as well as Brutes. That is no Miracle, ſaid the Curate, for I have known the Woods breed learned Men, and ſimple Sheep-cotts contain Philoſophers. At leaſt, ſaid the Goatherd, they harbour Men that have ſome Knowledge of the World; and to make good this Truth, if I thought not the Offer impertinent, or

my Company troubleſome, you ſhou'd hear an Accident which but too well confirms what you have ſaid. For my part, anſwer'd Don *Quixote*, I will hear you attentively, becauſe, methinks, your coming has ſomething in it that looks like an Adventure of Knight-Errantry ; and I dare anſwer, the whole Company will not ſo much bring their Parts in queſtion, as to refuſe to hear a Story ſo pleaſing, ſurprizing and amuſing, as I fancy yours will prove. Then prithee Friend begin, for we will all give you our Attention. You muſt excuſe me for one, ſaid *Sancho*, I muſt have a Word or two in private with this ſame Paſty at yon little Brook ; for I deſign to fill my Belly for to Morrow and next Day ; having often heard my Maſter Don *Quixote* ſay, that whenever a Knight-Errant's Squire finds good Belly-timber, he muſt fall to and feed till his Sides are ready to burſt, becauſe they may happen to be bewilder'd in a thick Wood for five or ſix Days together ; ſo that if a Man has not his Belly full beforehand, or his Wallet well provided, he may chance to be Crows-meat himſelf, as many times it falls out. You're in the right, *Sancho*, ſaid the Knight ; but I have, for my part, ſatisfy'd my bodily Appetite, and now want only Refreſhment for my Mind, which I hope this honeſt Fellow's Story will afford me. All the Company agreed with Don *Quixote*, the Goatherd then ſtroaking his pretty Goat once or twice ; Lie down thou ſpeckl'd Fool, ſaid he, lie by me here ; for we ſhall have time enough to return home. The Creature ſeem'd to underſtand him, for as ſoon as her Maſter ſat down, ſhe ſtretch'd herſelf quietly by his Side, and look'd up in his Face, as if ſhe wou'd let him know that ſhe minded what he ſaid ; and then he began thus.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Goatherd's Tale.

ABOUT three Leagues from this Valley, there is a Village, which, tho' ſmall, yet is one of the richeſt hereabouts. In it there lives a Farmer in very great Eſteem; and tho' it's common for the Rich to be reſpected, yet is this Perſon more conſider'd for his Virtue, than for the Wealth he poſſeſſes. But what he accounted himſelf happieſt in, was a Daughter of ſuch extraordinary Beauty, Prudence, Wit and Virtue, that all who knew or beheld her, cou'd not but admire to ſee how Heaven and Nature had done their utmoſt to embelliſh her. When ſhe was but little ſhe was handſome, and as ſhe grew ſhe ſtill grew more handſome, till at the Age of Sixteen ſhe was moſt compleatly beautiful. The Fame of her Beauty began to extend to the neighbouring Villages; but why ſay I neighbouring Villages? it extended to the remoteſt Cities, and enter'd the Palaces of Kings, and the Ears of all manner of Perſons, who from all Parts flock'd to ſee her, as ſomething rare, or as a ſort of Prodigy. Her Father was ſtrictly careful of her, nor was ſhe leſs careful of herſelf; for there are no Guards, Bolts, or Locks, which preſerve a young Woman like her own Care and Caution———The Father's Riches, and the Daughter's Beauty, drew a great many, as well Strangers as Inhabitants of that Country, to ſue for her in Marriage; but ſuch was the vaſt number of the Pretenders, as did but the more confound and divide the old Man in his

Choice, upon whom to beſtow ſo valuable a Treaſure. Among the Crowd of her Admirers, was I; and good Reaſon I had to hope for Succeſs, from the Knowledge her Father had of me, being a Native of the ſame Place, of a good Family, and in the Flower of my Years, of a conſiderable Eſtate, and not to be deſpis'd for my Underſtanding. With the very ſame Advantages, there was another Perſon of our Village who made Court to her at the ſame time. This ſeem'd to hold all Inclination of the Father in ſuſpence, till his Daughter ſhould declare in favour of one of us: To bring this Affair therefore to the ſpeedier Iſſue, he reſolv'd to acquaint *Leandra*, for ſo was this Fair one call'd, that ſince we were Equals in all things, he left her entirely free to chuſe, which of us was moſt agreeable to herſelf. An Example worthy of being imitated by all Parents, who have any Regard for their Children. I don't mean that they ſhou'd be allow'd to chuſe in things ill or miſchievous; but only that propoſing to 'em ever thoſe things which are good, they ſhou'd be allow'd in them to gratify their Inclination. I don't know how *Leandra* approv'd this Propoſal; this I only know, that her Father put us both off, with the Excuſe of his Daughter's being too young to be yet diſpos'd of; and that he treated us both in ſuch general Terms, as neither cou'd well pleaſe nor diſpleaſe us——— My Rival's Name is *Anſelmo* mine *Eugenio*, for 'tis neceſſary you ſhou'd know the Names of the Perſons concern'd in this Tragedy, the Concluſion of which, tho' depending, yet may eaſily be perceiv'd likely to be unfortunate. About that time there came to our Village one *Vincent de la Roſa*, the Son of a poor labouring Man of the Neighbourhood. This *Vincent*

came

came out of *Italy*, having been a Soldier there, and in foreign Parts. He was but a Boy of twelve Years old, when a Captain, that happen'd to paſs by here, with his Company, took him out of this Country, and at the end of other twelve Years he return'd hither, habited like a Soldier, all gay and glorious, in a thouſand various Colours, bedeck'd with a thouſand Toys of Chryſtal, and Chains of Steel. To day he put on one piece of Finery, to morrow another; but all falſe, counterfeit and worthleſs. The Country People, who by Nature are malicious, and who living in Idleneſs are ſtill more inclin'd to Malice, obſerv'd this preſently, and counting all his fine things, they found that indeed he had but three Suits of Cloaths, which were of a different Colour with the Stockings and Garters belonging to 'em; yet did he manage 'em with ſo many Tricks and Inventions, that if one had not counted 'em, one wou'd have ſworn he had had above ten Suits, and above twenty Plumes of Feathers.———Let it not ſeem impertinent that I mention this Particular of his Cloaths and Habit, ſince ſo much of the Story depends upon it. Seating himſelf upon a Bench, under a large ſpreading Alder-tree, which grows in our Street, he us'd to entertain us all with his Exploits, while we ſtood gaping and liſtning at the Wonders he recounted: There was not that Country, as he ſaid, upon the Face of the Earth, which he had not ſeen, nor Battel which he had not been engag'd in; he had kill'd more *Moors*, for his own Share, than either *Tunis* or *Algier* cou'd hold; and had fought more Duels than *Gante*, *Luna*, *Diego Garcia de Peredez*, or a thouſand others that he nam'd, yet in all of 'em had the better, and never got a Scratch, or loſt a

Drop of Blood. Then again he pretended to ſhew us the Scars of Wounds he had receiv'd, which tho' they were not to be perceiv'd, yet he gave us to underſtand they were ſo many Musket-ſhots, which he had got in ſeveral Skirmiſhes and Rencounters. In ſhort, he treated all his Equals with an unparallel'd Arrogance; and even to thoſe who knew the Meanneſs of his Birth, he did not ſtick to affirm, after his manner, that his own Arm was his Father, his Atchievements were his Pedigree; and that except as to his being a Soldier, he ow'd no part of his Quality to the King himſelf.

Beſides all theſe Accompliſhments, he was a piece of a Muſician, and cou'd thrum a little upon the Guittar; but what his Excellency chiefly lay in was Poetry; and ſo fond was he of ſhewing his Parts that way, that upon every trifling Occaſion, he was ſure to make a Copy of Verſes a League and a half long. This Soldier whom I have deſcrib'd, this *Vincent de la Roſa*, this Hero, this Gallant, this Muſician, this Poet, was often ſeen and view'd by *Leandra*, from a Window of her Houſe which look'd into the Street; ſhe was ſtruck with the Tinſel of his Dreſs; ſhe was charm'd with his Verſes, of which he took care to diſperſe a great many Copies; her Ears were pleas'd with the Exploits he related of himſelf; and in ſhort, as the Devil wou'd have it, ſhe fell in Love with him, before ever he had the Confidence to make his Addreſſes to her: And, as in all Affairs of Love, that is the moſt eaſily manag'd, where the Lady's Affection is pre-engag'd; ſo was it here no hard thing for *Leandra* and *Vincent* to have frequent Meetings to concert their Matters; and before ever any one of her many Suiters had the leaſt

leaſt Surmiſe of her Inclination, ſhe had gratify'd it; and leaving her Father's Houſe (for ſhe had no Mother) had run away with this Soldier, who came off with greater Triumph in this Enterprize, than in any of the reſt he made his Boaſts of. The whole Village was ſurpriz'd at this Accident, as was every one that heard it. I was amaz'd, *Anſelmo* diſtracted, her Father in Tears, her Relations outragious, Juſtice is demanded; a Party with Officers is ſent out, who traverſe the Roads, ſearch every Wood, and, at the end of three Days, find the poor fond *Leandra* in a Cave of one of the Mountains, naked to her Shift, deſpoil'd of all the Money and rich Jewels which ſhe took from Home. They bring and preſent her to her Father; upon enquiry made into the Cauſe of her Misfortune, ſhe confeſs'd ingenuouſly, that *Vincent de la Roſa* had deceiv'd her, and upon promiſe of Marriage had prevail'd with her to leave her Father's Houſe, with the Aſſurance of carrying her to the richeſt and moſt delicious City of the World, which was *Naples*; that ſhe fooliſhly had given credit to him, and robbing her Father, had deliver'd the Treaſure into his Hands the firſt Night; that he carry'd her up a ſteep Mountain, and there confin'd her in that Cave where ſhe was found. In fine, ſhe ſaid, that tho' he had rifl'd her of all ſhe had, yet he had never attempted her Honour; but leaving her in that manner, he fled. It was no eaſy matter to make any of us entertain a good Opinion of the Soldier's Continence; but ſhe affirm'd it with ſo many repeated Aſſeverations, that in ſome meaſure it ſerv'd to comfort her Father in his Affliction, who valu'd nothing ſo much as his Daughter's Reputation. The very ſame Day that *Leandra* appear'd again, ſhe alſo

diſappear'd from us, for her Father immediately clap'd her up in a Monaſtery, in a Town not far off, in hopes that Time might wear away ſomething of her Diſgrace. Thoſe who were not intereſted in *Leandra*, excus'd her upon the account of her Youth. But thoſe who were acquainted with her Wit and Senſe, did not attribute her Miſcarriage to her Ignorance, but to the Levity and Vanity of Mind, natural to Woman-kind. Since the Confinement of *Leandra*, *Anſelmo*'s Eyes cou'd never meet with an Object which cou'd give him either Eaſe or Pleaſure; I too cou'd find nothing but what look'd ſad and gloomy to me in the abſence of *Leandra*. Our Melancholy increas'd, as our Patience decreas'd: We curſt a thouſand times the Soldier's Finery and Trinkets, and rail'd at the Father's want of Precaution: At laſt we agreed, *Anſelmo* and I, to leave the Village, and to retire to this Valley, where he feeding a large Flock of Sheep, and I as large a Herd of Goats, all our own, we paſs our time under the Trees, giving vent to our Paſſions, ſinging in Conſort the Praiſes or Reproaches of the beauteous *Leandra*, or elſe ſighing alone, make our Complaints to Heaven on our Misfortune. In imitation of us, a great many more of *Leandra*'s Lovers have come hither into theſe ſteep and craggy Mountains, and are alike employ'd; and ſo many there are of 'em, that the Place ſeems to be turn'd to the old *Arcadia* we read of. By the top of that Hill there is a number of the Shepherds and their Cottages; there is not a part of it in which is not to be heard the Name of *Leandra*. This Man curſes and calls her Wanton and Laſcivious, another calls her Light and Fickle; one acquits and forgives her, another arraigns and condemns her; one celebrates her Beauty,

Beauty, another rails at her ill Qualities; in ſhort, all blame, but all adore her: Nay, ſo far does this Extravagance prevail, that here are thoſe who complain of her Diſdain, who never ſpoke to her; and others who are jealous of Favours which ſhe never granted to any; for as I intimated before, her Inclination was not known before her Diſgrace. There is not a hollow Place of a Rock, a Bank of a Brook, or a ſhady Grove, where there is not ſome or other of theſe amorous Shepherds telling their doleful Stories to the Air and Winds. Echo has learnt to repeat the Name of *Leandra*, *Leandra* all the Hills reſound, the Brooks murmur *Leandra*, and 'tis *Leandra* that holds us all Inchanted, hoping without Hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Of all theſe fooliſh People, the Perſon who ſhews the leaſt, and yet has the moſt Senſe, is my Rival *Anſelmo*, who forgetting all other Cauſes of Complaint, complains only of her Abſence; and to his Lute, which he touches to Admiration, he joins his Voice in Verſes of his own compoſing, which declare the Greatneſs of his Genius. For my part, I take another Courſe, I think a better, I'm ſure an eaſier, which is to ſay all the ill things I can of Womens Levity, Inconſtancy, their broken Vows and Promiſes, of their Fondneſs of Show and Diſregard of Merit. This, Gentlemen, was the Occaſion of thoſe Words, which, at my coming hither, I addreſt to this Goat; for being a *ſhe*, I hate her, tho' ſhe is the beſt of my Herd. This is the Story which I promis'd to tell you; if you have thought it too long, I ſhall endeavour to requite your Patience in any thing I can ſerve you. Hard by is my Cottage, where I have ſome good freſh Milk and excellent Cheeſe, with ſeveral ſorts

of Fruits, which I hope you will find agreeable both to the Sight and Taſte.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Combat between Don Quixote *and the Goatherd: With the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which the Knight happily accompliſh'd with the Sweat of his Brows.*

THE Goatherd's Story was mightily lik'd by the whole Company, eſpecially by the Canon, who particularly minded the manner of his relating it, that had more of a Scholar and Gentleman, than of a rude Goatherd; which made him conclude the Curate had reaſon to ſay, that even the Mountains bred Scholars and Men of Senſe. They all made large Proffers of their Friendſhip and Service to *Eugenio*, but Don *Quixote* exceeded 'em all, and addreſſing himſelf to him, Were I, ſaid he, at this time in a capacity of undertaking any Adventure, I wou'd certainly begin from this very Moment to ſerve you; I wou'd ſoon releaſe *Leandra* out of the Nunnery, where undoubtedly ſhe is detain'd againſt her Will; and in ſpight of all the Oppoſition cou'd be made by the Lady Abbeſs and all her Adherents, I wou'd return her to your Hands, that you might have the ſole diſpoſal of her, ſo far, I mean, as is conſiſtent with the Laws of Knighthood, which expreſly forbid that any Man ſhou'd offer the leaſt Violence to a Damſel; yet (I truſt in Heaven) that the Power of a friendly Magician will prevail

vail againſt the force of a malicious Inchanter; and whenever this ſhall happen, you may aſſure yourſelf of my Favour and Aſſiſtance, to which I am oblig'd by my Profeſſion, that injoins me to relieve the Oppreſs'd.

The Goatherd, who till then had not taken the leaſt notice of Don *Quixote* in particular, now looking earneſtly on him, and finding his diſmal Countenance and wretched Habit were no great Encouragement for him to expect a Performance of ſuch mighty Matters, whiſper'd the Barber who ſat next him. Pray, Sir, ſaid he, who is this Man that talks ſo extravagantly? For I proteſt I never ſaw ſo ſtrange a Figure in all my Life. Whom can you imagine it ſhou'd be, reply'd the Barber, but the famous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Eſtabliſher of Juſtice, the Avenger of Injuries, the Protector of Damſels, the Terror of Giants, and the Invincible in Combats? The Account you give of this Perſon, return'd the Goatherd, is much like what we read in *Romances* and Books of Chivalry of thoſe doughty Dons, who, for their mighty Proweſs and Atchievements, were call'd Knight-Errants; and therefore I dare ſay you do but jeſt, and that this Gentleman's Brains have deſerted their Quarters.

Thou art an impudent inſolent Varlet, cry'd Don *Quixote*, 'tis thy Paper-ſcull is full of empty Rooms; I have more Brains than the Proſtitute thy Mother had about her when ſhe carry'd thy Lump of Nonſenſe in her Womb. With that, ſnatching up a Loaf that was near him, he ſtruck the Goatherd ſo furious a Blow with it, that he almoſt levell'd his Noſe with his Face. T'other, not accuſtom'd to ſuch Salutations, no ſooner perceiv'd how ſcurvily he was treated, but without

any Reſpect to the Table-cloath, Napkins, or to thoſe who were eating, he leap'd furiouſly on Don *Quixote*, and taking hold on his Collar with both his Hands, had certainly ſtrangl'd him, had not *Sancho Pança* come in that very nick of Time, and griping him faſt behind, thrown him back on the Table, bruiſing Diſhes, breaking Glaſſes, ſpilling and overturning all that lay upon it. Don *Quixote* ſeeing himſelf freed, fell violently again upon the Goatherd, who, all beſmear'd with Blood, and trampl'd to pieces under *Sancho*'s Feet, grop'd here and there for ſome Knife or Fork to take a fatal Revenge; but the Canon and Curate took Care to prevent his Purpoſe, and in the mean while, by the Barber's Aſſiſtance, the Goatherd got Don *Quixote* under him, on whom he let fall ſuch a Tempeſt of Blows, as caus'd as great a Shower of Blood to pour from the poor Knight's Face as had ſtream'd from his own. The Canon and Curate were ready to burſt with laughing, the Officers danc'd and jump'd at the Sport, every one cry'd Halloo! as Men uſe to do when two Dogs are ſnarling or fighting; *Sancho Pança* alone was vex'd, and rav'd becauſe he cou'd not quit himſelf from the ſtrict Embraces of one of the Canon's Serving-Men, who kept him from aſſiſting his Maſter. In ſhort, all were exceedingly merry, except the bloody Combatants, who had maul'd one another moſt miſerably, when on a ſudden they heard the Sound of a Trumpet ſo doleful, that it made 'em turn to liſten towards that Part from whence it ſeem'd to come: But he who was moſt troubl'd at this diſmal Alarm, was Don *Quixote*; therefore, tho' he lay under the Goatherd, full ſore againſt his Will, and was moſt lamentably bruis'd and batter'd, Friend Devil, cry'd he to him (for ſure nothing

leſs

leſs cou'd have ſo much Valour and Strength as to ſubdue my Forces) let us have a Ceſſation of Arms but for a ſingle Hour; for the dolorous Sound of that Trumpet ſtrikes my Soul with more Horrour, than thy hard Fiſts do my Ears with Pain, and methinks excite me to ſome new Adventure. With that the Goatherd, who was as weary of beating, as of being beaten, immediately gave him a Truce; and the Knight once more getting on his Feet, directed his then not haſty Steps to the Place whence the mournful Sound ſeem'd to come, and preſently ſaw a number of Men all in White, like Penitents, deſcending from a riſing Ground. The real Matter was this: The People had wanted Rain for a whole Year together, wherefore they appointed Rogations, Proceſſions and Diſciplines throughout all that Country, to implore Heaven to open its Treaſury, and ſhow'r down Plenty upon 'em; and to this End, the Inhabitants of a Village near that Place came in Proceſſion to a devout Hermitage built on one of the Hills which ſurrounded that Valley.

Don *Quixote* taking notice of the ſtrange Habit of the Penitents, and never reminding himſelf that he had often ſeen the like before, fancy'd immediately it was ſome new Adventure, and he alone was to engage in it, as he was oblig'd by the Laws of Knight-Errantry; and that which the more increas'd his Frenzy, was his miſtaking an Image which they carry'd (all cover'd with Black) for ſome great Lady, whom theſe miſcreant and diſcourteous Knights, he thought, were carrying away againſt her Will. As ſoon as this Whimſy took him in the Head, he mov'd with what Expedition he cou'd towards *Rozinante*, who was feeding up and down upon the Plains, and diſmounting

ting his Bridle from the Pummel, and his Target which hung on that, he bridl'd him in an Inſtant; then taking his Sword from *Sancho*, he got in a Trice on *Rozinante*'s Back; where embracing his Target, and addreſſing himſelf aloud to all there preſent, O valorous Company, cry'd he, you ſhall now perceive of how great Importance it is to Mankind, that ſuch illuſtrious Perſons as thoſe who profeſs the Order of Knight-Errantry ſhou'd exiſt in the World; now, I ſay, you ſhall ſee by my freeing that noble Lady, who is there baſely and barbarouſly carry'd away Captive, that Knights Adventurers ought to be held in the higheſt and greateſt Eſtimation. So ſaying, he ſtruck *Rozinante* with his Heels for want of Spurs; and forcing him to a Hand-gallop (for 'twas never read in any part of this true Hiſtory that *Rozinante* did ever run full ſpeed) he poſted to encounter the Penitents, in ſpight of all the Curate, Canon and Barber cou'd do to hinder him; much leſs cou'd *Sancho Pança*'s Outcries detain him, Maſter! Sir! Don *Quixote!* baul'd out the poor Squire, whither are you poſting? are you bewitch'd? does the Devil drive and ſet you on, thus to run againſt the Church? Ah Wretch that I am!———See, Sir! That is a Proceſſion of Penitents, and the Lady they carry is the Image of the immaculate Virgin, our bleſſed Lady. Take heed what you do, for at this Time it may be certainly ſaid you are out of your Wits.——But *Sancho* might as well have kept his Breath for another uſe, for the Knight was urg'd with ſo vehement a Deſire to encounter the white Men, and releaſe the mourning Lady, that he heard not a Syllable of it, or if he had he wou'd not have turn'd back, even at the King's expreſs Command. At laſt being come near the Pro-

Proceſſion, and ſtoping *Rozinante*, that already had a great Deſire to reſt a little, in a diſmal Tone, and with a hoarſe Voice, Ho! cry'd he, you there, who cover your Faces, perhaps becauſe you are aſham'd of yourſelves, and of the Crime you are now committing, give Heed and Attention to what I have to ſay!——The firſt who ſtop'd at this Alarm, were thoſe who carry'd the Image; when one of the four Prieſts that ſung the Litanies, ſeeing the ſtrange Figure that Don *Quixote* made, and the Leanneſs of *Rozinante*, with other Circumſtances which he obſerv'd in the Knight ſufficient to have forc'd Laughter, preſently made him this Anſwer; Good Sir! if you have any thing to ſay to us ſpeak it quickly; for theſe poor Men whom you ſee are very much tir'd, therefore we neither can, nor is it reaſonable we ſhou'd, ſtand thus in Pain to hear any thing that can't be deliver'd in two Words. I will ſay it in one, reply'd Don *Quixote*, which is this; I charge you immediately to releaſe that beautiful Lady, whoſe Tears and Looks full of Sorrow evidently ſhew you carry her away by Violence, and have done her ſome unheard of Injury. This do, or I, who was born to puniſh ſuch Outrages, will not ſuffer you to advance one Step with her, till ſhe is entirely poſſeſs'd of that Liberty ſhe ſo earneſtly deſires, and ſo juſtly deſerves. This laſt Speech made 'em all conclude that the Knight was certainly diſtracted, and caus'd a general Laughter: But this prov'd like Oil to Fire, and ſo inflam'd Don *Quixote*, that laying his Hand on his Sword, without more Words, he preſently aſſaulted thoſe who carry'd the Image. At the ſame time one of them quitting his Poſt, came to encounter our Hero with a wooden Fork, on which he ſupported the

 Bier

Bier whenever they made a Stand, and warding with it a weighty Blow which Don *Quixote* deſign'd and diſcharg'd at him, the Fork was cleft in two; but he who had the remaining Piece in his Hand, return'd the Knight ſuch a Thwack on his left Shoulder, that his Target not being able to reſiſt ſuch ruſtick Force, the poor unfortunate Don *Quixote* was ſtruck to the Ground and miſerably bruis'd.

Sancho Pança, who had follow'd him as faſt as his Breath and Legs wou'd permit, ſeeing him fall, cry'd out to his Adverſary to forbear ſtriking him, urging that he was a poor inchanted Knight, and one who in his whole Life had never done any Man Harm. But 'twas not *Sancho*'s Arguments that held the Country Fellow's Hands, the only Motive was, that he fear'd he had kill'd him, ſince he cou'd not perceive he ſtir'd either Hand or Foot; wherefore tucking his Coat up to his Girdle with all poſſible Expedition, he ſcour'd over the Fields like a Greyhound. Mean while Don *Quixote*'s Companions haſten'd to the Place where he lay, and thoſe of the Proceſſion, who ſaw him come running towards them, attended by the Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood* with their Croſs-bows, began to have Apprehenſions of ſome ill Deſign againſt 'em from the approaching Party, wherefore drawing up in a Body about the Image, the Diſciplinants lifting up their Hoods, and graſping faſt their Whips, as the Prieſts did their Tapers, they expected the Aſſault with the greateſt Bravery, reſolving to defend themſelves and offend their Enemy as long and as much as poſſible: But Providence had order'd the Matter much better than they cou'd hope; for while *Sancho*, who had thrown himſelf on his Maſter's Body, was lamenting

ting his Loſs, and the ſuppos'd Death of ſo noble and generous a Lord, in the moſt ridiculous manner that e'er was heard, the Curate of the Knight's Party was come up with the other who came in the Proceſſion, and was immediately known by him, ſo that their Acquaintance put an End to the Fears which both Sides were in of an Engagement. Don *Quixote*'s Curate in few Words acquainted the other with the Knight's Circumſtances; whereupon he and the whole Squadron of Penitents went over to ſee whether the unfortunate Knight were living or dead, and heard *Sancho Pança* with Tears in his Eyes bewailing over his Maſter: O Flower of Knighthood, cry'd he, that with one ſingle perlous Knock art come to an untimely End! Thou Honour of thy Family, and Glory of all *La Mancha!* nay, and of the whole varſal World beſide; which, now it has loſt thee, will be over-run by Miſcreants and Outlaws, who will no longer be afraid to be maul'd for their Miſdeeds. O bountiful above all the *Alexanders* in the World! thou who haſt rewarded me but for poor eight Months Service with the beſt Iſland that is waſh'd by Salt Water! Thou who wert humble to the Proud and haughty to the humble! Thou who durſt undertake Perils, and patiently endure Affronts! Thou who wert in love, no Body knows why! True Pattern of good Men, and Scourge of the Wicked, ſworn Foe to all Reprobates! and to ſay all at once that Man can ſay, thou Knight-Errant!

The woful Accents of the Squire's Voice at laſt recall'd Don *Quixote* to himſelf; when after a deep Sigh, the firſt thing he thought of was his abſent *Dulcinea*. O charming *Dulcinea*, cry'd he, the Wretch that lingers baniſh'd from your Sight endures

endures far greater Miſeries than this! And then looking on his faithful Squire, Good *Sancho*, ſaid he, help me once more into the Inchanted Chariot; for I am not in a Condition to preſs the Back of *Rozinante:* This Shoulder is all broke to pieces. With all my Heart, my good Lord, reply'd *Sancho*, and pray let me adviſe you to go back to our Village with thoſe Gentlemen who are your ſpecial Friends. At home we may think of ſome other Journey that may be more profitable and honourable than this. With reaſon haſt thou ſpoken, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote:* It will become our Wiſdom to be unactive, till the malevolent Aſpects of the Planets, which now reign, be over. This grave Reſolution was highly commended by the Canon, Curate, and Barber, who had been ſufficiently diverted by *Sancho Pança*'s ridiculous Lamentation. Don *Quixote* was plac'd in the Waggon as before, the Proceſſioners recover'd their former Order, and paſt on about their Buſineſs. The Goatherd took his Leave of the whole Company. The Curate ſatisfy'd the Officers for their Attendance, ſince they would ſtir no farther. The Canon deſir'd the Curate to ſend him an Account of Don *Quixote*'s Condition from that time forward, having a mind to know whether his Frenzy abated or increas'd; and then took his leave to continue his Journey. Thus the Curate, the Barber, Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho Pança* were left together; as alſo the good *Rozinante*, that bore all theſe Paſſages as patiently as his Maſter. The Waggoner then yoak'd his Oxen, and having ſet Don *Quixote* on a Truſs of Hay, jog'd on after his ſlow accuſtom'd Pace that way the Curate had directed. In ſix Days time they reach'd the Knight's Village: 'Twas about Noon when they enter'd the Town;

Town; and as this happen'd to be on a *Sunday*, all the People were in the Market-place, thro' the middle of which Don *Quixote*'s Cart muſt of neceſſity paſs. Every Body was curious to know what was in it; and the People were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when they ſaw and knew their Townſman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little Boy ran to the Knight's Houſe, and gave Intelligence to the Houſe-keeper and Niece, that their Maſter and Uncle was return'd, and very lean, pale and frightful as a Ghoſt, ſtretch'd out at length on a Bundle of Hay, in a Waggon, and drawn along by a Team of Oxen.

'Twas a piteous Sight to hear the Wailings of thoſe two poor Creatures; the Blows too which they gave themſelves, with the Curſes and Execrations they thunder'd out againſt all Books of Chivalry, were almoſt as numerous as their Sighs and Tears: But the height of their lamenting was when Don *Quixote* enter'd the Door. Upon the Noiſe of his Arrival *Sancho Pança*'s Wife made haſte thither to enquire after her good Man, who, ſhe was inform'd, went a Squiring with the Knight. As ſoon as ever ſhe ſet Eyes on him, the Queſtion ſhe ask'd him was this: Is the Aſs in Health, or no? *Sancho* anſwer'd, he was come back in better Health than his Maſter. Well, ſaid ſhe, Heaven be prais'd for the good News. But hark you, my Friend, continu'd ſhe, what have you got by this new Squireſhip? Have you brought me home e'er a Gown or Petticoat, or Shoos for my little Boys? In troth, ſweet Wife, reply'd *Sancho*, I have brought thee none of theſe things; I am loaded with better things. Ay, ſaid his Wife, that's well. Prithee let me ſee ſome of them fine things; for I vow I've a hugeous Mind to ſee 'em;

the

the Sight of 'em will comfort my poor Heart, which has been like to burſt with Sorrow and Grief ever ſince you went away. I'll ſhew 'em thee when we come Home, return'd *Sancho*; in the mean time reſt ſatisfy'd; for if Heaven ſee good that we ſhall once again come abroad in ſearch of other Adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou ſhalt find me ſome Earl, or the Governor of ſome Iſland; ay, of one of the very beſt in the whole World. I wiſh with all my Heart this may come to paſs, reply'd the good Wife; for, by my troth, Husband, we want it ſorely. But what do you mean by that ſame Word Iſlands? for believe me I don't underſtand it. All in good time, Wife, ſaid *Sancho*; Honey is not made for an Aſs's Mouth: I'll tell thee what 'tis hereafter. Thou wilt be amaz'd to hear all thy Servants and Vaſſals ne'er ſpeak a Word to thee without, an't pleaſe you Madam, an't like your Ladyſhip, and your Honour. What doſt thou mean, *Sancho*, by Ladyſhip, Iſlands and Vaſſals? ask'd *Joan Pança*, for ſo ſhe was call'd, tho' her Husband and ſhe were nothing a-kin, only 'tis a Cuſtom in *La Mancha* that the Wives are there call'd by their Husbands Sir-names. Prithee *Joan*, ſaid *Sancho*, don't trouble thy Head to know theſe Matters all at once, and in a heap, as a Body may ſay. Yet, by the way, one thing I will aſſure thee, That nothing in the varſal World is better for an honeſt Man, than to be Squire to a Knight-Errant while he's hunting of Adventures. 'Tis true, moſt Adventures he goes about do not anſwer a Man's Expectation ſo much as he cou'd wiſh; for of a Hundred that are met with, Ninety and Nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my coſt: I myſelf have got well kick'd

and

and toſs'd in ſome of 'em, and ſoundly drub'd and belabour'd in others; yet, for all that, 'tis rare Sport to be a watching for ſtrange Chances, to croſs Foreſts, to ſearch and beat up and down in Woods, to ſcramble over Rocks, to viſit Caſtles, and take up Quarters in an Inn at pleaſure, and all the while the Devil a Croſs to pay.

Theſe were the Diſcourſes with which *Sancho Pança* and his Wife *Joan* entertain'd one another, while the Houſe-keeper and Niece undreſt Don *Quixote* and put him into his Bed; where he lay looking very earneſtly on 'em, but cou'd not imagine where he was. The Curate charg'd the Niece to be very careful and tender of her Uncle, and to be very watchful, leſt he ſhou'd make a third Sally; telling 'em what Difficulty he had to get him home again. Here the Women began their Out-cries again: Here the Books of Knight-Errantry were again execrated and damn'd to the bottomleſs Pit. Here they beg'd thoſe curſed bewitching *Chimeras* and Lies might be thrown down into the very Centre, to the helliſh Father of 'em: For, they were ſtill almoſt diſtracted with the Fear of loſing their Maſter and Uncle afreſh, immediately upon his Recovery; which indeed ſucceeded according to their Fear. But tho' the Author of this Hiſtory has been very curious and diligent in his Inquiry after Don *Quixote's* Atchievements in his third Expedition in queſt of Adventures, yet he cou'd never learn a perfect Account of 'em, at leaſt from any Author of Credit: Fame and Tradition alone have preſerv'd ſome particulars of 'em in the Memoirs of ſeveral Inhabitants of *La Mancha*; as, that after the Knight's third Sally, he was preſent at certain famous Tilts and Tournaments made in the City

of

of *Saragoſa*, where he met with Occaſions worthy the Exerciſe of his Senſe and Valour: But how the Knight dy'd, our Author neither cou'd nor ever ſhou'd have learn'd, if by good Fortune he had not met with an antient Phyſician, who had a leaden Box in his Poſſeſſion, which, as he aſſur'd me, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written in *Gothic* Characters, but containing Verſes in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, in which many of his noble Acts were ſung, and *Dulcinea del Toboſo*'s Beauty celebrated, *Rozinante*'s Figure deſcrib'd, and *Sancho Pança*'s Fidelity applauded. They likewiſe gave an Account of Don *Quixote*'s Sepulchre, with ſeveral Epitaphs and Elogies on his Life and Manners. Thoſe that cou'd be thoroughly read and tranſcrib'd, are here added by the faithful Author of this new and incomparable Hiſtory; deſiring no other Recompenſe or Reward of the Readers, for all his Labour and Pains, in ſearching all the large and old Records of *La Mancha* to perfect this matchleſs Piece, but that they will be pleas'd to give it as much Credit as judicious Men uſe to give to Books of Knight-Errantry, which are now-a-days ſo generally taking. This is the utmoſt of his Ambition, and will be his Satisfaction, and will likewiſe encourage him to furniſh 'em with other matter of Entertainment; which, tho' poſſibly not altogether ſo true as this, yet it may be as fanciful and diverting. The firſt Words in the Parchment found in the Leaden Box are theſe:

Cachi-

Cachidiablo, Academick of *Argamaſilla*, on Don *Quixote*'s Monument.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a doughty Knight,
Who bruis'd, and ill in plight,
Jog'd over many a Track
On Rozinante's *Back.*
Cloſe by him Sancho's *laid,*
Whereat let none admire:
He was a Clown 'tis ſaid,
But ne'er the worſe a Squire.

Tictoc, Academick of *Argamaſilla*, on *Dulcinea del Toboſo*'s Monument.

EPITAPH.

HERE DULCINEA *lies,*
Once brawny, plump and luſty;
But now to Death a Prize,
And ſomewhat lean and muſty.
For her the Country Fry,
Like Quixote, *long ſtood ſteady.*
Well might ſhe carry't high;
Far leſs has made a Lady.

Theſe were the Verſes that cou'd be read: As for the reſt, the Characters being defac'd, and almoſt eaten away, they were deliver'd to a Univerſity Student, in order that he might give us his Con-

Conjectures concerning their Meaning. And we are inform'd, that after many Lucubrations, and much Pains, he has effected the Work; and intends to oblige the World with it, giving us at the ſame time ſome hopes of Don *Quixote*'s third Sally.

Por ſi altro cantera con miglior pletro.

The End of the Firſt Part, and of the Second Volume.